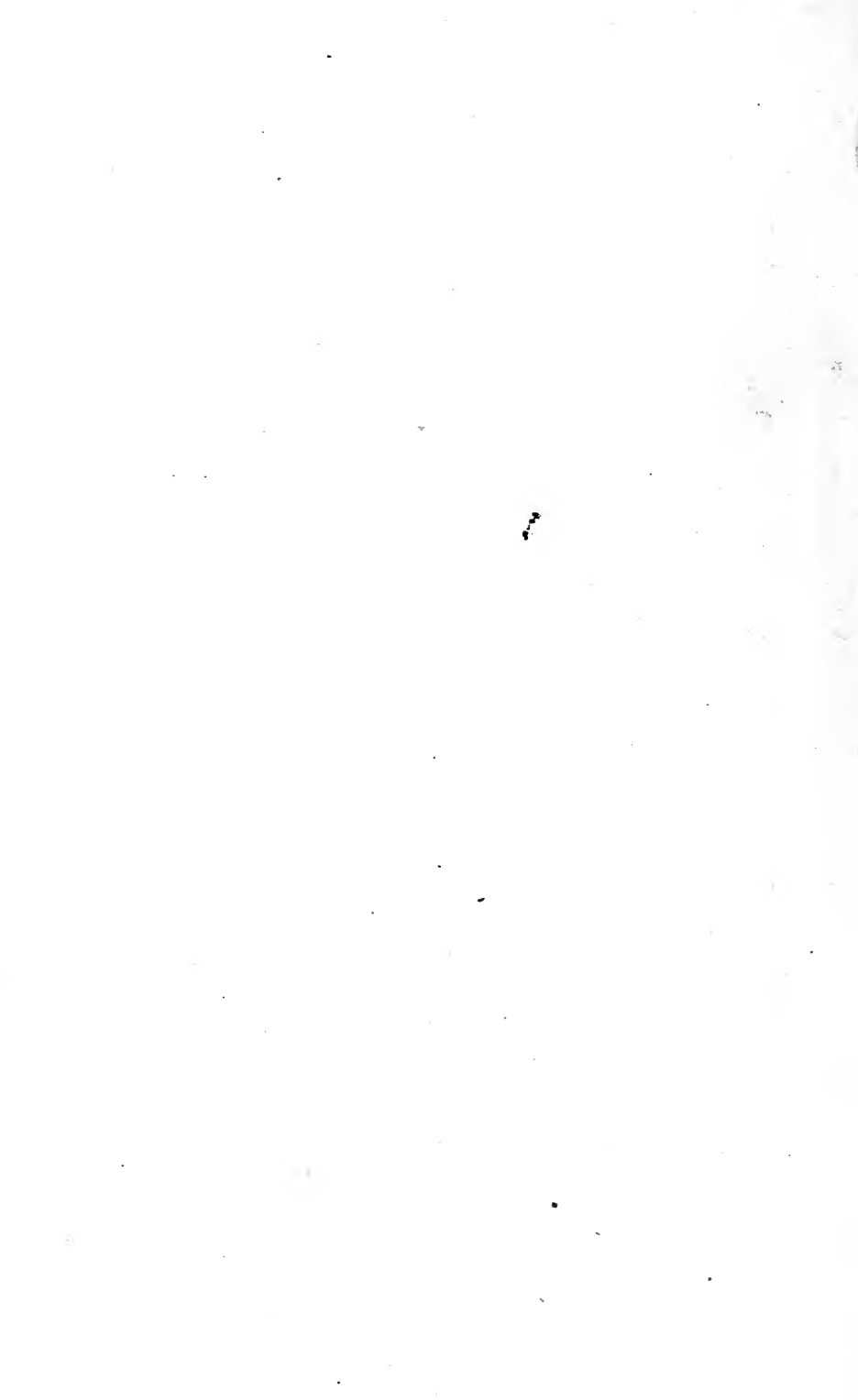




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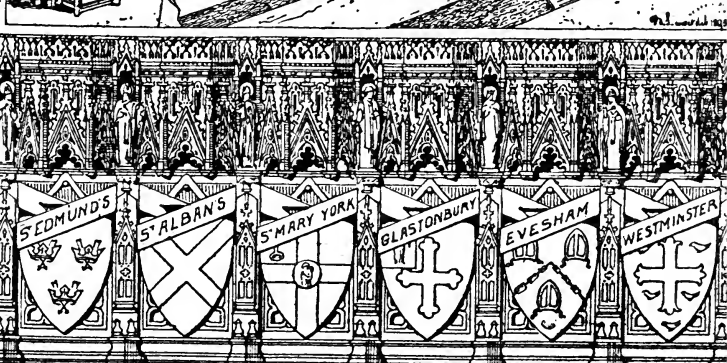
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FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII



THE
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Volume XVIII

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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No. I

FIFTY YEARS AT AMPLEFORTH

JUBILEE ADDRESS, DELIVERED AT THE EXHIBITION, JUNE 12, 1912, BY THE RIGHT REV. J. C. HEDLEY, O.S.B., BISHOP OF NEWPORT

THERE are many reasons why I feel it a consolation, and at the same time somewhat of a trial, to be allowed to address you on this fiftieth anniversary of the main building of this College of Ampleforth. A jubilee is primarily a festival of thanksgiving; but to those who have lived through the period that it includes, it brings back the memory of many hard lessons learnt, and the admonition of the lapse of years that have gone by for ever. Nevertheless it is good to recall the past. The oldest of all canticles exhorts the chosen people of God: "Remember the days of old; bring to mind each generation that is past; question thy father and he shall recount to thee, thy elders and they shall tell thee." (Deut. xxxii, 7.) In all history the Christian heart may trace the working of the Spirit of God for the instruction and the saving of men—even in the short half century of Christian history that has elapsed since we opened what, in 1861, we lovingly called "the New College."

As all may see this very day, that building seems fairly as fresh to-day as it was fifty-one years ago, and as fitted for its work. It is true, there was one disastrous time, fraught with apprehension, when this treacherous hill-side nearly wrecked it. But it has survived that danger, and it seems likely, with fair play, to last, not only fifty years longer, but for a reasonable number of centuries; re-inforced, no doubt, as it has been, and will be, with other scholastic buildings, but always a good and substantial citadel of a scholastic life and activity which we pray may be prolonged far into the days to come.

Those, however, who, like you and myself, have been to-day looking up to its walls and walking about its spaces, are really interested, not so much in its architecture and its material

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history, as in the human story that has wrought itself out under its roof and that has affected this school and this Benedictine monastery—a limited sphere, no doubt, but one which contains much that is dear to us in memory, in actuality, and in aspiration.

The Catholic colleges of this country are, and have been for over a century, a very striking illustration of the seriousness and tenacity with which, by God's blessing, Catholics have clung to their faith. It would be impossible to compare them one with another. They differ from one another so much in character, in history, in resources, and in their individual appeal to the Catholic community, that to reckon up their achievements or to explain their present effectiveness would involve too many considerations to give any profitable result. What we have to deal with to-day, then, is your own college—your own Alma Mater, and no other. You may claim on its behalf certain good results—a certain tradition—a certain success. You do not say that others were not, and are not, as good, or better; that question is, for the moment, out of the sphere of discussion.

Half a century is a long time in human lives. Those who, in 1861, were boys in this school, say from ten to twenty years of age, will now be from sixty to seventy—if they are alive. The monks who were twenty-five to thirty-five—very few remain—will be seventy-five to eighty-five. As a fact there is one who is eighty-one and three who are between seventy-three and seventy-eight. But for the most of them you have to go up on the hill to see their names, or to search in various corners of the land where, one after another, with pious rites and prayers, their mortal remains have been laid to rest. Meanwhile, the community has kept on renewing itself, and the school, changing insensibly every year by departures and accessions, has now, no doubt, in its flourishing ranks not a few who are the grandsons of those who first slept in that dormitory—or who certainly might be. Thus there are in the world at this moment, so far as death has spared them, not less than two generations of Catholic men—priests and laymen—who have passed through that college. If, on a rough calculation, we reckon that ten names left the college every year, we find that

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there would be five hundred altogether—five hundred individuals who have gone through a certain career in the world, long or short, and have besides influenced in ways we cannot calculate, spiritually, morally, and socially, very many more in every sphere of life. This may not be a very noteworthy or a very powerful element in the world's destiny during the last fifty years. But the part played by this school is real, as far as it goes, and for you who now represent the school, it is well worthy of your examination and reflections.

Things educational change very slowly in a settled and civilized country. But they do change. In fifty years, to borrow an astronomical illustration, one can set up a parallax. The base is sufficiently wide to enable us to note and measure movement—just as it takes the whole breadth of the earth's orbit, sometimes, to get a difference of angle whereby to measure the distance of a star. Most people would say that the educational level had risen, in fifty years. It would be very lamentable if it had not—after all the theories, schemes, acts of Parliament, and propagandism that has been going on during the whole of that period. You can see in your own school—or at least you know—that the level has risen. I think that a little philosophic reflection is capable of establishing that. But it is not very easy to say. For education is a many-sided process—and it sometimes happens that one or more of its essential elements are dropped or weakened during the same period that others are re-inforced and enhanced. To form the whole man—which is what education is—you have to form his mind, his will, his heart, his imagination, his sensible nature, and his organs and his limbs; nothing less. Everyone knows that, as a fact, one or other of these formative processes has in various countries and at various dates been overdone, on the one hand, and neglected, on the other; the result being to the philosophic mind, a man, let us admit, but a man with a touch of the monster; just as if he had too big a head, or only the rudiments of arms.

For myself—and I think all here will agree with me—I put down as the first and most powerful of educative forces what we call by the old-fashioned name of Piety. It is that acquaintance and friendship with God as our heavenly Father,

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which Christianity alone can prompt or produce. But the word itself was familiar to the world long before the New Testament; for example it is found in every few pages of Cicero—*Pietas*. To the Romans it did not mean what it means to us, because to them God meant sometimes one thing and sometimes another, but never what He means to us. But nevertheless it was an elementary and a fundamental human idea, pointing to something in man's nature that had to be reckoned with. That being so, it had to be an element of education. The philosophers of Greece and Rome were wiser than that by no means inconsiderable company of wise men of the present day, who will not admit that piety has any share in education properly so called. They tell you that Catholic education labours under this disadvantage—that the attention to piety both takes up precious time, and destroys the balance by diverting attention from the training of the intellect and the character. But, on the contrary, the truth is that piety in education is absolutely necessary for any true and rational balance—for without it there is no possible principle that will co-ordinate all the human faculties, will put them each in its place, or give each its real culture. You see this when you come to study the theories of education in ancient Greece. In Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle we find these theories described in many immortal pages, full of wisdom and interesting detail. But there is everywhere the absence of any complete idea of what a man really is; what the perfect man is. When history begins, the Greeks are worshipping gods, who are rather heroes than gods, but still are, as it were, fathers and friends to the multitude. By degrees, as the acute Greek intellect develops, the stories of these gods, their immoral actions, and their absurd attributes, more and more disgust thinking and philosophic minds, and the opinion of the learned becomes divided between unbelief in the histories and unbelief in the gods themselves. In Plato's view, the gods must be served, but the stories or myths which are so important for teaching the young what the gods are, must be rewritten or completely expurgated. But where were they to find a new Homer or a second Hesiod for that? All that the philosophers, therefore, could say of the gods, as far as educa-

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tion went, was that the young might, with care and proper selection, under the guidance of the wise, learn a certain morality and attain an idea of virtue from their histories; a morality that was at best very uncertain, very vague, and very likely to be objectionable. During all the great age of Greece, therefore, no training could really be given in piety, because there was no standard. Still, I will not say there was no piety. If a mind worships, it also clings and reveres. If a Greek did not become a rationalist and a free-thinker, and if he was not utterly corrupt, the great ideas of the Homeric poems, for example—ideas that are at least a splendid wreck of the truth given to the world by God in nature and revelation—could not help touching and swaying the heart, and lifting it to the reverence, and even to the love, of august powers above this world. But as a standard, as an end to be aimed at in education, piety was of little use in ancient Greece. As a fact, long before Plato lectured in the Academy, the failure or vagueness of the idea of God had led to the substitution of another standard altogether. This was the idea of the State, of one's country, one's native land (*patria*). In the pre-Socratic days—which Aristophanes would call the good old times—a boy was taught that his fatherland—generally a very small one—had a right to his whole service, to his soul and his body, his life and his death. In some states, this view led to the training of the young almost exclusively for war. So it was in Sparta. But in every state there was war-training; the solemn dedication of arms and their presentation to the youth at a suitable age; set lectures on the exploits of heroes and ancestors, impressive pilgrimages to the great shrines and temples, and long practice in warlike methods. To show cowardice, or to lose one's arms in battle was not only disgraceful—it was impious. Boys had to learn the laws and the constitution of the State; they learnt this generally to a tune, in the music school. Every means was taken of impressing upon them that they were members of a community, and that they must always think of the community first and themselves afterwards. There is something fine in this patriotism. We cannot doubt that, like all the really noble ideas of the heathen world, it is derived from a divine source. For it was in the primitive patriarchate that the families, tribes, and states

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of the ancient world originated; and from the beginning, wherever there was a family or tribe, it was blessed by God, and, as we gather from the book of Daniel, an angel was charged with its protection. But with Christians there is a perfect and complete realization of the idea of the family or fatherland which God blesses. This is found in the universal Church to which we all belong. The Church has been set up by Christ to teach, explain and insist upon—Himself. And therefore we owe our devotion to the Church as the divine dispensation which embodies piety. So that with us, patriotism is commendable and laudable—but it is secondary. No boy can be profitably taught to love and serve his country as a final end or purpose of life. There must always be reserves and conditions which arise out of a nobler end and a higher standard.

It is not only that Christian piety is the measure and the standard of morality and of the perfect man. A great and chief part of what a man is, is his religious faculty. Hence, religious education, or piety, so far from destroying the balance—from producing a one-sided man—is absolutely needed if the true balance is to be maintained. It can only be those who disbelieve in religion, in faith and in God, who would interfere with piety in education. For no one can be a man, in any perfect sense, unless he is in a more or less intimate relation and communion with God as his father and his friend. The idea of a personal loving God more than any other stimulates human nature, makes the faculties grow, causes the receptive powers to expand and mature, and produces the transforming effect which is the immediate result of all true education. And education in piety has the advantage that it can never be wasted, but is the best of preparations for the inevitable future.

If we ask whether the level of piety has risen during the last fifty years—has risen in this school since the first prayers were said in that college, and the first prefectorial exhortation given from the old “master’s desk”—I should not like to answer “Yes.” For it is one advantage of having the Church to watch over education, that Catholic education is, and has always been, religious and pious. The children of the earliest centuries, the children of the martyrs, like the great Origen,

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the young savages whom an Augustine or a Boniface gathered round the altars, the children of the Middle Ages who used the cathedral schools, the monastic schools and the grammar schools of this land, the children who thronged the great Catholic schools of the seventeenth century, your own countrymen who were taught at Douai, and your own immediate predecessors who first used this college—they were, as a rule, as pious and as well grounded in piety, as yourselves—not more or better, perhaps, but not less or worse. No doubt there are changes. Customs alter, fresh situations arise, devotions develop, temperament is modified. For instance, this generation of Ampleforth boys has admirably and touchingly responded to the impulse recently given by the Holy See to the use of the most holy Sacrament of the Altar. But when you think of this college of yours, as it stands here to-day, with fifty years of history invisibly written on its stones, and when you recall the generations of young hearts that have passed through it, and are gone, you may be grateful to God and proud that there has never been a time—never been a day—when it has not been hallowed by prayer and by exhortation to divine and eternal ideals, and by the practice of a piety which has been the best and most powerful formative force of their minds and souls.

Piety, however, is not everything. It is well recognized, that they who use this college have to attend to many matters, which indeed receive all their significance from piety, but which can concern piety only indirectly. I venture to call this other side of education *Honestas*.

Honestas—a much wider word than our English honesty—is the quality in a man's character of rectitude, uprightness, loftiness, nobility, and beauty—not in one direction only, but all through. No one can be *honestus* unless he has a fairly wide knowledge of the past and the present, unless he is taught to overcome selfishness, meanness, grossness, baseness, and narrowness. We call a man educated when he knows a fair amount, when his views and principles are lofty and noble, when his ends and motives are intellectual rather than sensual, when his behaviour shows refinement, and when his hands and his limbs are to some extent trained.

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This ideal of education raises many practical questions, which it has been the business of this college to solve during the last fifty years. First of all, there arises the difficulty of combining a liberal education with the special training and preparation required for making a living in the world. The theory of the Greeks, at all times and in all the States, was that the education of the young must not be special or professional. The view was that education was a general training of mind, body, and taste, to fit a man, not directly to earn money or a living, but to be a warrior, a judge, a governor, an arbiter of taste in beauty, and a cultured man. But it must be remembered that in the states of Greece education was only for what we may call a small upper class. It was only for citizens. The middle and lower classes in a Hellenic state were either foreign immigrants who possessed no civil rights, or serfs and slaves. It was only the free citizens who were elaborately educated. They were not all rich—far from it; but they formed a kind of aristocracy, who ran the commonwealth—who voted on every law and appointment, who discussed every question and crisis, who furnished the magistrates and office-holders of every kind, who were the main strength of the army and the fleet, and from whom commanders, governors, and legislators were always taken. We have a grand theory here—the theory of a class of men fitted by a liberal education of character to lead and govern the world. The theory has been carried into practice during long periods of history. But the aristocracy—if we may use this general phrase—have so often and so widely lost prestige by their shortcomings—by corruption, unjust dealing, oppression, luxury, and ignorance—that there is hardly at this moment in the world anywhere a liberally educated class that can guide or control a state. Still, in spite of the democratic conditions of the age, it is well that as many men as possible should be liberally educated. And this is the idea of a college like yours. For that, three things are required—the avoidance of premature specialization, the pursuit of mental training of a wide and fundamental kind, and six or seven calm and peaceful years, say from ten to seventeen. I please myself by thinking that, on the whole, the last fifty years in that building have followed out these principles. I

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know it has always been difficult to get a boy to stay long enough to be properly educated. I know also that there are apt to be what I venture to call weak condescensions to short-sighted demands, in cutting down the classics, in giving up Greek, in pursuing the merely mechanical acquisition of modern languages, etc. I do not venture to blame or even to advise. But it is certain that we can learn a good deal in liberal education from Hellenic principles.

One feature in the Hellenic liberal education was the training of the taste, or feeling, or imagination—we have no single word for *αἴσθησις*—by poetry and music. They considered—and it is absolutely true—that a refined sensibility is a great help to wide and noble thought. A gross and boorish character can never take in the higher and more exquisite conception of wisdom, justice and purity, until it has got rid of its boorishness and its coarseness. That is as true now as it was in the age of Pericles. But we cannot, I fear, trust to the purifying effect of poetry and music with the same confidence as the Greeks. We have no Homer; that is, we have no poetry which is at once heroic and supremely expressed. Moreover, our boys have not the Greek temperament—sensitive, excitable, eager, and hero-worshipping. In their earliest years the boys of Greece learnt Homer by heart, and sang and danced him—just as their fathers crowded in their thousands to hear him recited, and to assist at tragedy and comedy, and to listen to great orations. As for music, it is certainly true that our music is a long way in advance of anything known to the Greeks. Music in Greece was elementary. It was meant to accompany words. The lyre and the flute produced a few broad effects, which was indeed all that the undeveloped musical sense of that early people could respond to. For modern music, more than any other art, is a product of twenty centuries of scientific experiment. And yet it is most curious to read how powerfully the Greek musical sensitiveness, such as it was, was moved and swayed by what we should call the rude and primitive melodies thrummed on the lyre and blown with slow effort on their poor flutes. Great men, like Plato, Aristotle, and Pindar, ascribed powerful emotions to this childlike music, varying according to different scales or modes. It was only necessary to

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bring children under the influence of the right sort of harmony, they thought, and the right tone of character would be produced. Philosophers had recourse to the lyre to calm themselves. Lycurgus, when he wanted to prepare for his reforms, sent a lyric poet from Crete, who softened and subdued the stern and stark Spartans. The Dorian mode was reputed the most effective for purposes of education. Plato preferred the Phrygian; Aristotle the Lydian; there were many others, all differing in their character. I am far from saying that there is nothing in this. No one who is acquainted with the liturgical music of the Church can doubt that there is a wide class of musical effect that has disappeared from modern music. But anyhow, the principle that poetry, art, and music are powerful means to refine, and therefore powerful aids in education, is as true now as it was in ancient Greece. As for poetry, and literature generally, I know that there has always been at Ampleforth a good tradition of reading, study, recitation and composition. Art, also, has always entered into the curriculum and into daily life—and that College has shown on its walls every year artistic work of great excellence, whilst it has seen in its classes students whose brilliance in after life is widely recognized. For the refining effect of music, I would not look to the laborious practice on the piano or the violin or the clarionet, which occupies so much time in modern school life. Neither should I consider that the concerts—vocal or instrumental—have much effect on character. Still, even so, music at Ampleforth has trained the hands, the ear, and the fancy. But the elevating effect sought for by the Greeks, I should most certainly find in the music of the Church—of the Mass and the Vespers, and the hymns. There we have what comes nearest to broad, elementary, striking effects. The Church music at Ampleforth has been at times, and is now, very artistic and finished. But I do not know that elaborate art is necessary; it is enough for education in the highest sense that it should not be poor or vulgar and should correspond to its sacred purposes, and that it should be well presented. The recent instructions of the Holy See have all tended in the direction of simplicity and directness—and of the restoration of the liturgical chant. That chant, when it becomes familiar, has an extraordinary

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power of moving, a power far exceeding that of modern music; and that chant, and the other Church music of a college, combined and informed as it is with impressive words and acts, is calculated to produce upon a boy's nature a "purification," as Aristotle would call it, a refinement, an elevation, happy memories, and an abiding attachment to holy things, which are a most powerful means of forming character. I do not think there is any Ampleforth man who can look back to the days when he knelt as a boy in the church without an emotion that lingers in his fancy all through life, like incense, softening him, refining him and lifting him up.

There was another side of education, considered by the Greeks as needed for the perfect man—and that was athletics. At Ampleforth I believe that the training of the body is well attended to. The Greeks, in the earliest times, trained their bodies for the purposes of war; later on, for health as well. At Ampleforth, we have never really trained for war. The drilling which has passed through many phases in fifty years cannot be said to have any very intimate connexion with war, and even the cadets, who occasionally betake themselves to the tented field, are not all sure they will have to fight. But there has always been a reasonable feeling in this school, even before that college was built, that you must carefully and even scientifically exercise your body. Hence we have always fostered the games. There are people in these days who would substitute shooting, marching, and manœuvres for cricket and football. It is ancient Greece over again. Athletics began to be used to excess, and the wise men railed against them. In very early times, we have Xenophanes complaining: "If a man wins a victory at Olympia by speed of foot, or in the pentathlon, or in wrestling, or boxing, people will look up to him with admiration, he has a front seat in the theatre, and he has a presentation. Yet he is not as worthy as I; my wisdom is better than his strength." Euripides agreed: "Who ever helped his country by winning a crown for wrestling or running a race, or breaking another man's jaw? Garlands should be kept for the wise and good." But Aristophanes in the *Clouds* laments the good old times when real and sound athletics were the boast of Greece. Then, he says, children

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were seen and not heard; boys were hardy, despised the weather; there was no lounging; they stood up with square shoulders whilst the master taught them the good old songs of their country; they behaved modestly at meals; they frequented the gymnasium, rather than the baths or the agora; they ran races under the sacred olives. "This education," he said, "produces a good chest, sound complexion, broad shoulders, small tongue"; this was the education that "produced the heroes of Marathon." I have no doubt that Ampleforth athletics, now as during the past fifty years, have been as sensible and as moderate and as effective as a Greek philosopher would have wished. I do not see any signs of the pale-faced, stunted, and over-educated youth that seem, according to the poets, to have been a feature of Greece in the closing decades of the fifth century before Christ. The college of 1861 has never had to reproach itself with boys like that.

Taking everything into consideration, I think I may confidently ask the good friends who have assembled for this Jubilee, to join with us in thanksgiving to Almighty God for fifty years use of the good collegiate buildings which Prior Wilfrid Cooper put up; which Bishop Cornthwaite blessed; and which some of us here present helped to dedicate. For the boys of the present school it must be an impressive reflection that they have behind them a good deal more than fifty years of academic ancestry, and of venerable memories and traditions. "*Spartam nactus es*," said the Greek lawgiver, "*hanc exorna*"; "your country is Sparta; do your best to glorify it." So I may say to them: "Your school is Ampleforth; try to do it credit." It is a venerable school, with many years over its head, and many achievements to its history; it is a good school, an efficient school, and a lovable school; thank God for it.

On looking back in reflective mood into the past, I have more and more clearly come to the conclusion that at Ampleforth a boy has all through been, rather distinctively, taught to educate himself. I do not mean that he has not had good teaching and good masters; but unless a boy brings his own mind to bear on his education—unless he comes to use re-

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flection—to say “I made a mistake there”—“I must do better there”—“I must aim at this—I must avoid that”—he may learn languages and mathematics, but he will never be really educated. A boy may be brilliant, and a prize-winner, but may still fail in real education. Masters are aware of that; they know that they may be able to force and to cram, but that that is not education. All wise men know that the real worth of a school as a nursery of character and *honestas* cannot be gathered from its competitive success in distinctions. For real education there must be that continuous skilful guiding and piloting, without pushing or forcing, which makes a boy turn his acquirements into mental growth, and discipline his own mind and heart and soul. To achieve such a result in a school, first, the boys must be left judiciously to themselves; secondly, the masters must forbear from taking too much notice of them; thirdly, the brilliant boys must not be made too much of, and the average ones must never be neglected; and lastly, cramming and feverish work for examinations should be carefully kept down, for work of that kind runs off mind and character like a shower of rain from the roof. I ask the forgiveness of the academic staff of this college for venturing to say such things in their presence. The excuse for it is that I think it is the effects of an education of this kind for which many of us have to thank Ampleforth and the College of 1861.

✠ J. C. H.

THOUGHTS ON SELF-EDUCATION SUGGESTED BY A RECENT WORK ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS

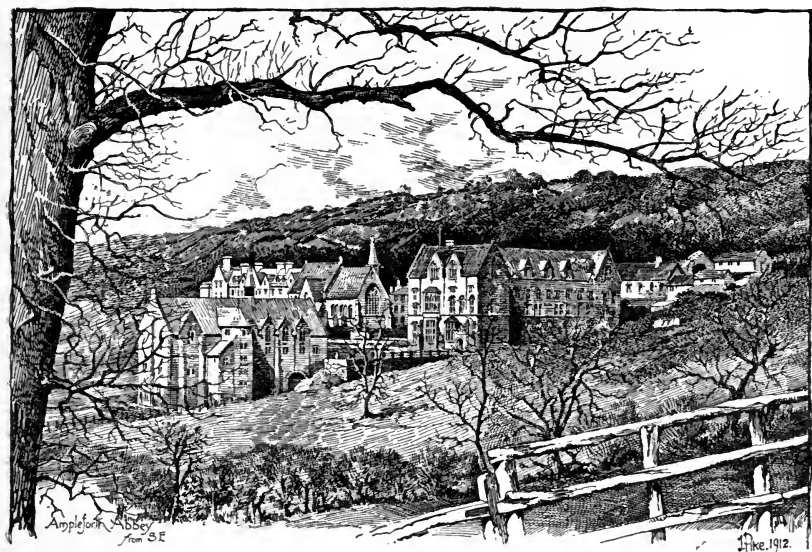
THE books that call for work on the part of their readers, that stimulate rather than completely satisfy them, are open to easy criticism. If such books are really good we complain that we want more, like a fatiguing child audience clamouring at the exhausted story-teller. But also there is the suspicion where principles and maxims are given, rather than many concrete examples, that there is in this reserve a certain diplomacy which avoids controversy on many of the points at issue. This reserve and self-restraint are, however, in reality admirable when principles can be brought home to the mind with enough of practical bearing to show us the right direction, without hampering the reader's own practical application of them by a mass of detail.

It is a very long time since any work on the education of Catholic girls has presented such fine outlines or produced so noble an atmosphere as that which has lately appeared with the name of Janet Erskine Stuart. The book is splendidly suggestive and much of its teaching will be useful to different schools of education, whereas more detailed discussion might have excited prejudice and opposition. "What? Is such a book recommended or such and such a book condemned? Well there I cannot agree." And the wide large-hearted teaching would be viewed from that moment in the light of some detail and its influence jeopardized.

While, therefore, the author suggests to us many trains of thought we know that she might not by any means go all the way with our deductions and applications of her teaching. And yet in the main those principles and views will have gone home and borne fruit.

No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another all in all.

We each have our own angle, our own mental history with all its idiosyncrasies and we cannot see eye to eye with anybody else. But it is only in detail that we might find matter for



Ampleforth Abbey
from S.E.

J. Pike 1912



Thoughts on Self-Education

disagreement with Janet Erskine Stuart; in principles there is agreement, and far from reaching more truth by "having it out" as to our disagreements in detail, we might only obscure her larger view and end by being unable to see the wood for the trees.

It is good then that such a fine study of principles has not been confused by detail, yet this does not mean that those details should not be worked out gradually by others. The book is a stimulating one just because it suggests much that it does not enlarge upon, and it is to be hoped that it will stimulate other teachers of experience to fill in its fine outlines with comments of their own. How the education advocated by the author can be given by experienced teachers in schools is, to the present writer, a less interesting question than whether the mental training suggested in the book can be carried out by a girl or an older woman in her own home. This is not to presuppose a vast quantity of leisure in the home; it is not a matter of time and of mental space so much as of aims and guidance. Mainly it is the question of how so to equip the mind at any age as to make it able to live calmly and yet actively in a time of singular intellectual confusion. It would seem useful to touch this question with the humility of the experience of middle life. The following remarks then are more jottings from a note book than an attempt at a systematic essay. Any inquiry into the human mind and heart is like walking in a maze; the more logical and clear the path in front of you the more likely it is to lead you into a cul-de-sac. The only thing of which you can be certain is that the heart of the maze will never be reached and that the best you can hope for is to learn more reverence and more sympathy for the secrets that God has reserved for Himself.

Nothing in the book we are occupied with is more admirable than the pages from 11 to 15 opening with the words: "The time has gone by when the faith of childhood might be carried through life and be assailed by no questionings from without." It might be objected by elderly people in certain sets of society that the author expects Catholic girls to be thrown among more intellectual men and women than as a matter of fact they are likely to meet. But to-day in all societies there

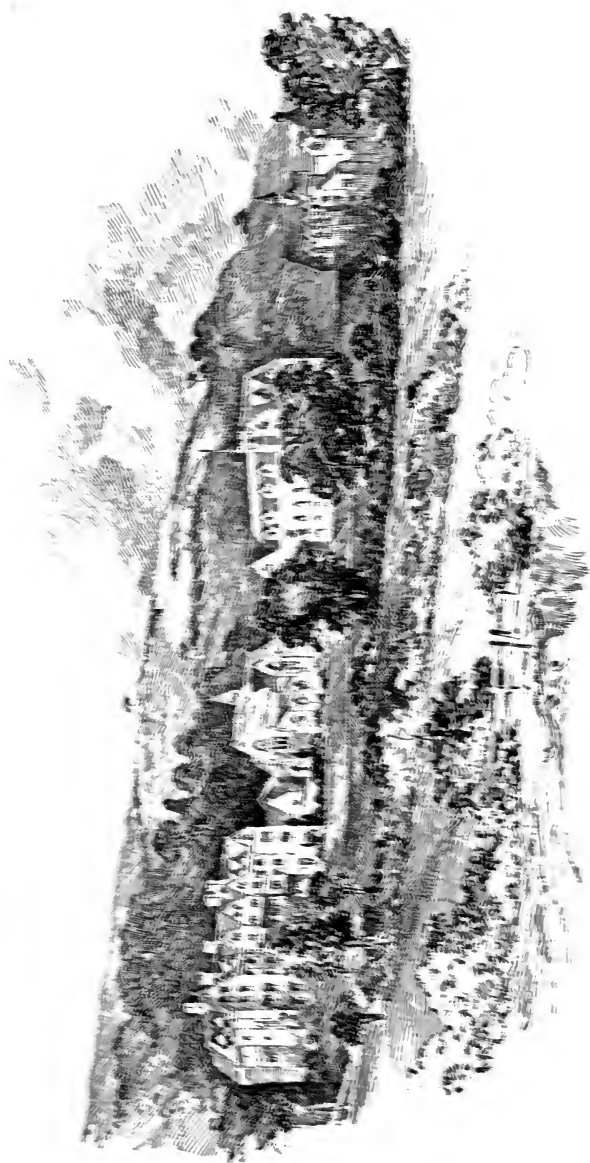
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are to be met half-intellectual people, second-rate thinkers, men and women with second-hand positions, by which is meant that they hold positions borrowed whole and without any ground to support them from the writers who are the fashion at the moment. These are the people who love to wave their borrowed plumes in and out of season and to puzzle and perplex the minds of the young. Such a man as Huxley, to take a great Iconoclast, had no wish to expound destructive criticism to a girl of twenty. But a pert and shallow youth who has just been called to the Bar, or a young man who reads a stray article in the intervals of a life spent on the Stock Exchange, or in hunting or shooting, likes to tease a Catholic girl by suggesting doubts, with some real curiosity as to whether she can answer like a reasonable being.

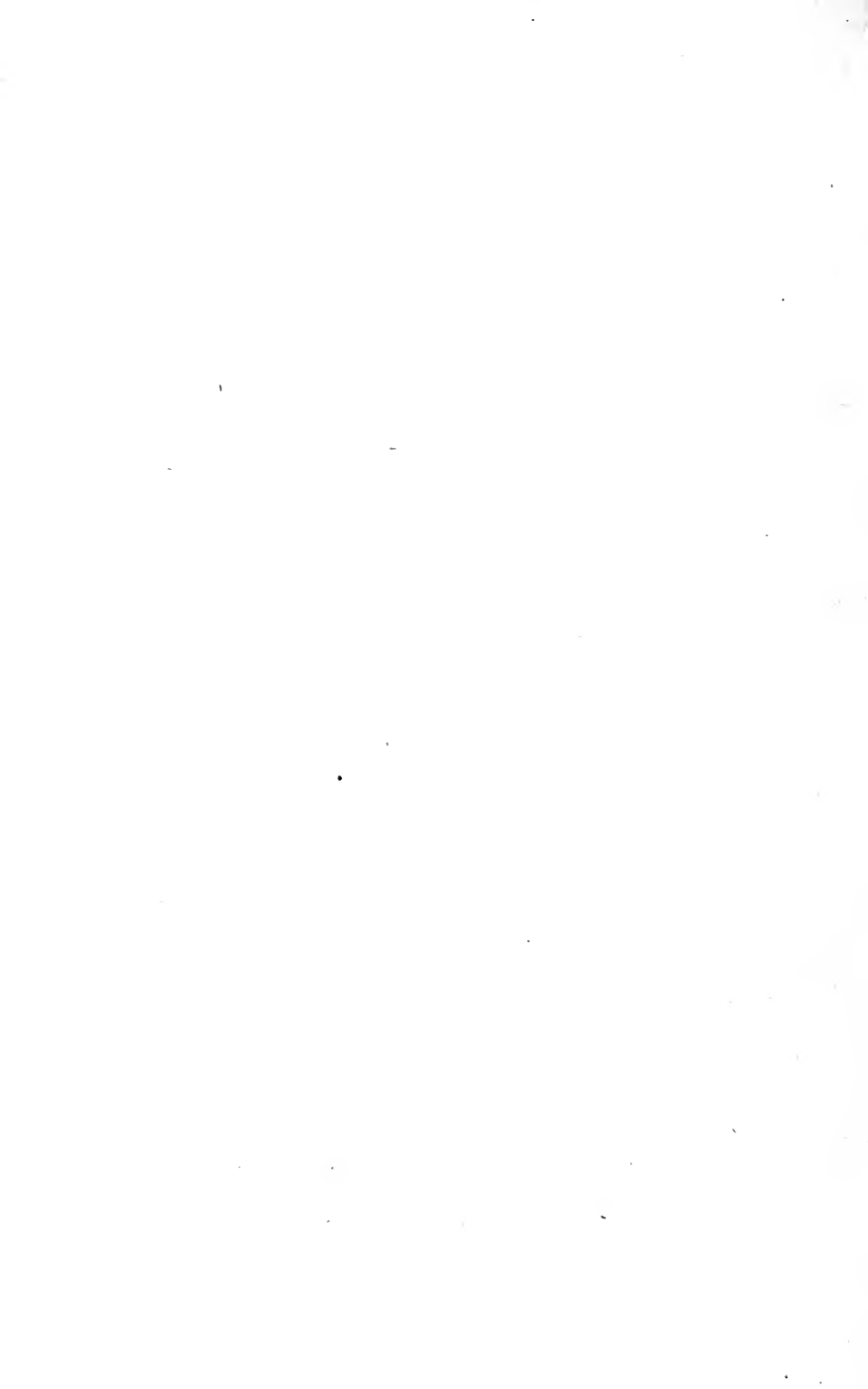
Newman's protest against those who would not prepare young men for the practical difficulties of life concluded with those famous words: "You make the world his university." The modern world will become the university of girls whose education has been unreal and unsubstantial. It is not a cheap knowledge of every passing phase of doubt that is needed. It is the mental training, the intellectual attitude which counteracts doubt that must and can be given. There must not be too violent a shock between the atmosphere of home or convent life and the world at large.

Curiosity concerning evil or dangerous knowledge [writes Mother Stuart] is more impetuous when a sudden emancipation of mind sweeps the old landmarks and restraints out of sight, and nothing has been foreseen which can serve as a guide. Then is the time when weak places in education show themselves, when the least insincerity in the presentment of truth brings its own punishment, and a faith not pillared and grounded in all honesty is in danger of failing. The best security is to have nothing to unlearn, to know that what one knows is a very small part of what can be known, but that as far as it goes it is true and genuine, and cannot be outgrown, that it will stand both the wear of time and the test of growing power of thought, and that those who have taught these beliefs will never have to retract or be ashamed of them or own that they were passed off, though inadequate, upon the minds of children.

"Nothing to unlearn." Here is the most important safeguard against the danger of imaginative difficulties as to faiths.



ANDERFORTH COLLEGE
And. H. H. H. H.



Thoughts on Self-Education

The imagination which cannot put full trust in the teaching of its youth has a restless activity in raising difficulties such as those spoken of in the following admirable paragraph:

It is not unusual to meet girls who are troubled with "doubts" as to faith and difficulties which alarm both them and their friends. Sometimes when these "doubts" are put into words they turn out to be mere difficulties, and it has not been understood that "ten thousand difficulties do not make a doubt." Sometimes the difficulties are scarcely real, and come simply from catching up objections which they do not know how to answer, and think unanswerable. Sometimes a spirit of contradiction has been aroused, and a captious tendency, or a love of excitement and sensationalism, with a wish to see the other side. Sometimes imperfect teaching has led them to expect the realization of things as seen, which are only to be assented to as believed, so that there is a hopeless effort to *imagine*, to *feel*, and to *feel sure*, to lean in some way upon what the senses can verify, and the acquiescence, assent, and assurance of faith seems all insufficient to give security. Sometimes there is genuine ignorance of what is to be believed, and of what it is to believe. Sometimes it is merely a question of nerves, a want of tone in the mind, insufficient occupation and training which has thrown the mind back upon itself to its own confusion. Sometimes they come from want of understanding that there must be mysteries in faith, and a multitude of questions that do not admit of complete answers, that God would not be God if the measure of our minds could compass His, that the course of His Providence must transcend our experience and judgment, and that if the truths of faith forced the assent of our minds all the value of that assent would be taken away. If these causes and a few others were removed one may ask oneself how many "doubts" and difficulties would remain in the ordinary walks of Catholic life.

It is worth while to dwell for one moment on the way in which imagination becomes the servant of scepticism as it is a common opinion that imagination is merely the servant and ally of a credulous faith. The imagination of the young is usually in touch with the *Zeitgeist*, it is sensitive to what is in the air, and if unbelief is in the atmosphere the imagination glorifies it. I am not speaking here of specific difficulties but of a temper of mind. There was a moment when Matthew Arnold's lament over the loss of Christianity, haunted young minds as being the latest and most exquisite phase of the intel-

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left of the day. If great minds were grieved at not being able to believe in Christianity how deep must be their reasons for discarding it?

The danger of this form of sentimental agnosticism was stronger twenty years ago than to-day because it is the new thing which appeals to the young mind. A statesman of great literary gifts once said that you cannot prepare yourself to help the mental difficulties of the next generation from your own experience because the only thing that is quite sure is that those difficulties will not be the same as your own. Each generation wants to have something that is all its own and will be almost secretive in defending its own mental wares from those who are further along the road of life. What then can be done? There was recently in France a Religious who wrote much on education and who was disposed to chasten the imagination, almost to extinguish it. Those who believe that all God's gifts are good, and that imagination is one of the greatest, cannot listen for a moment to such intemperate suggestions.

Certainly the knowledge of the laws of the mind and of how the mind does apprehend truth is a great help. It would be interesting to know more exactly how "Janet Erskine Stuart" means such studies to be carried on or what books she would recommend. We gather, but cannot actually conclude, that she would give more time to the principles of thought than to the study of how the mind does usually work. In six sermons in the one volume entitled "University Sermons" Newman wrote of the working of the mind with regard to the objects of faith. They are hard reading, but there are in them many pages on how the imagination is affected by the actual pageant of this world, and how its hold on the unseen is thereby gradually weakened, which are most helpful. To recognize such a process as passing in yourself is to be roused to a knowledge of danger. Again there is much in the *Grammar of Assent*, such as its account of the child's first apprehension of God, which shows the reasonableness of a faith that cannot defend itself in words.

On the constructive side Cardinal Newman will help us most with the *Idea of a University*. Again he shows us the workings of the mind in the apprehension of truth, the

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difference between wisdom and knowledge, and the effect on the mind respectively of literature, art and science. No book is more opening to the mind of a girl who has learnt how to read at all seriously than this one. It maps out the world of knowledge and discourses with a glory of words that fascinates the attention. Much of the *Grammar of Assent* is absolutely indigestible to the ordinary reader (unless indeed she is of Scottish extraction) but the *Idea of a University*, if it be only masticated properly, can easily be assimilated. The caveat as to the Scottish extraction is thrown in because two young women I know, both of them Scotch, have read the *Grammar of Assent*, one of them three times and the other at least twice. The one who read it three times did so before she was twenty-two, and the other was probably a little older, but as she was the wife of an under-gardener it will be allowed that hers was the more remarkable case.

Curiously enough, the *Idea of a University*, with its great discourses, its "apologia" for University education, is supremely useful to those who have to educate themselves; and self-education which must be continued after the very best of schools is what girls at home and busy women must depend upon. Self-education is full of drawbacks but it has enormous advantages. Thus wrote Cardinal Newman of those who are thrown back upon "the searchings and the efforts" of their own minds:

They will be too often ignorant of what every one knows and takes for granted, of that multitude of small truths which fall upon the mind like dust, impalpable and ever accumulating; they may be unable to converse, they may be full of their own mode of viewing things, unwilling to be put out of their way, slow to enter into the minds of others—but, with these and whatever other liabilities upon their heads, they are likely to have more thought, more mind, more philosophy, more true enlargement, than those earnest but ill-used persons, who are forced to load their minds with a score of subjects against an examination, who have too much on their hands to indulge themselves in thinking or investigation, who devour premise and conclusion together with indiscriminate greediness, who hold whole sciences on faith, and commit demonstrations to memory, and who too often, as might be expected, when their period of education is passed, throw up all they have learned

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in disgust, having gained nothing really by their anxious labours, except perhaps the habit of application.

This paragraph opens up a whole vista of educational questions quite out of the scope of these notes, and which must be left in order to turn to more practical details as to our own work. Whether it is the continuation of an education received at a first-rate school or the endeavour to begin to work seriously after school days, our self-education must obviously depend on our really knowing how to read. On the art of reading there are many counsellors and divers counsels. Mother Stuart has a capital chapter on reading, but it needs enlarging and it is to be hoped that she will one day write at greater length on the subject.

Ruskin gave admirable advice as to the right attitude towards the kings of thought when he wrote: "And at least be sure that you go to the author to get *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first." Nothing could be wiser and more beautiful than several pages which precede and follow those words. But when it comes to advice *how* to read, his exquisite facility runs away with him, and what he gives for example's sake is six pages of fanciful comment on some twenty-two lines of Lycidas. You must be a Ruskin to extract so much, and even then risk becoming a commentator more full of his own comments than of the original text.

A fine little book is *La femme studieuse* of Bishop Dupanloup. (Has it been done into English, or is there a cheap French edition procurable in London?) The Bishop gives excellent advice on reading, sympathetic and gentle without softness. But, alas, the days are gone by in which it can be asserted that any woman who chooses can give an hour and a half daily to the cultivation of her mind. He insists on always reading pen in hand, and making copious extracts and notes. There is a snare even for the leisured in copious extracts. Copying may become mechanical, and the note-book may be better filled than the mind. Jump a quarter of a century and Miss Soulsby, in one of her excellent works, advises a busy genera-

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tion to read quickly, marking their favourite or most useful passages, and then return to those passages after finishing the book. This is the habit of a reviewer, but it is not the best habit for mental training.

There must be hard work in assimilating the book before those passages can be chosen that are to be marked for future reference. And I believe, in a tired and full life, nothing helps the work more than an index of your own making to the book you are reading. The pen insisted on by Bishop Dupanloup may be changed for a pencil, and a light pencil mark at the passage chosen, and a light pencil index on the last pages will not be at all laborious. The possession of the books is of course necessary for this plan of work, and it is unfortunate that Catholic books are often expensive. Some second-hand dealers' catalogues have Catholic works, and Nield of Bristol is especially to be recommended in that way. If you cannot keep the book by you, you can keep an Index in a note-book until you are able to get it again, remembering to mark the edition to which you refer. In any case it is best to keep an index of subjects in your note-book, as well as a pencil index of pages in the book itself.

At the risk of being wearisome it may be as well to suggest one or two lines of thought, or subjects for inquiry, that can be followed up in our private index. For instance, the changes of style in great authors at different times of their lives is a very interesting study—Cardinal Newman's style varies to an astonishing degree, and it will be found on close attention that his style differed with the audience he had to appeal to: thus in his lectures, it is different in London from what it was in Birmingham, and different in Birmingham from what it was in Dublin. There was a style he used in Oxford which he never used again, a fact which is full of exquisite pathos. If it is true that "the style is the man," what a delightful study is the change of style as throwing light on personality. For the study of Newman's style it is useful to read R. H. Hutton's *Cardinal Newman*, Dr Barry's *Newman*, and Professor Sharp's *Lectures on Prose Poets*. De Quincey's *Essay on Style* throws light on the subject of Newman's style as it has a very fine

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vindication of the long sentence. Newman's defence of the grand style in writing given to a sympathetic Irish audience is one of his most gorgeous passages:

... That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if *κύδει γάλῳν*, rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fullness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with.

This description is very wonderful and certainly can be applied to Newman's own style in the lectures on the "Idea of a University," but it is surely inappropriate to such a style as that of the "Parting of Friends," "Plain and Parochial Sermons," and the "Essay on Development." Many of us, though almost breathless with admiration for the magnificent literature of the lectures, feel there to be a greater perfection in the utter simplicity of the earlier style. The comparison of passages showing the changes of style in the different books would be a wonderful lesson of composition which could be easily self-given.

Perhaps Burke's style in his last years was in Newman's mind in his defence of the grand style. The mention of Burke suggests another line of study—the affinity between Burke's mind and Newman's. Two volumes will be enough to prove whether any reader is a born lover of Burke, one of those whose natures are in touch with that great warm heart and singularly Catholic mind, *The Life of Burke* by Morley (the short, not the long one) and *Burke On Irish Affairs*, edited by Matthew Arnold. Too many beginners break their necks by a plunge into his *French Revolution*, which has the curious added diffi-

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culty of not having divided chapters or sections. The fundamental likeness and difference between Newman and Burke, as between Newman and Pascal, needs the attention of the philosopher, but much of affinity between the two first can be seen by the ordinary reader; and surely it is good for the young or for the solitary reader to strain sometimes beyond her reach?

Again, the clash of the Romantic and Classical schools can be followed up, but must not be followed up here. It is a great temptation to get talking of books when you cannot be interrupted, and here come in all the risks of solitary readers, "full of their own mode of viewing things, unwilling to be put out of their own way."

For the most part our duties are to be found in action—not in solitary study; yet it cannot be waste of time to try to put into order any department of our life, and the less time we have for actual reading the more important it is that that time should be spent to the best advantage.

I have seemed perhaps to wander from the book that prompted these stray notes, but I hope that it is well enough known to the readers of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL for them to recognize that I have only been enlarging on thoughts and principles taught by Janet Erskine Stuart in her admirable work on the Education of Girls.

SONNET. TELLUS MATER DORMIT

NIGHT and the pure beam of a sudden star
Win thee to sleep, O Earth; thy children's cries,
Save for one lonely bird that calls from far,
Are hushed; through thy dusk hair the night wind sighs
Whispering thee of God; from his high place
The old wise moon, the watchman in God's fee,
His lanthorn lifts to scan thy sleeping face—
And wakes one recreant longing deep in me.

On lonely hills my soul hath kept her post
Nor cried for respite from Life's fierce annoy.
But oh! to wake this night in God's own land,
To know no more of parting, nor the cost
Of climbing ever alien heights while Joy
And Love stray through the valley hand in hand!

ALAN CLIFFORD



THE CHURCH
AMPLEFORTH
COLLEGE YORK

H. Rigby del 1900

IDEAL OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION

CATHOLIC readers will not need to be informed that there is such a thing as Catholic education, or that Catholic educators have before them an ideal that they do not flatter themselves that they have realized. The following remarks will touch on this point, but they are to be regarded rather as a series of reflections, set in motion by the event that Ampleforth has lately been celebrating—the Golden Jubilee of the east wing of the school buildings. An occasion like this is privileged. It gives a sanction to the enunciation of truisms. One is allowed to reflect upon and repeat to oneself the principles that underlie, and the truths that animate, the ordinary life that we are leading.

Each of us feels that at times the great truths of nature come home to us with an especial force. They have a freshness, a brightness, a charm that do not pall with repetition. They speak to us in living words, they stir the very depths of our being, they find an echo in the heart of man. This is true of the merely physical world, the life of nature around us; for this world of nature is the school of human life. For those with eyes to see, and ears to listen, she is ever unfolding her secret lore. Look at her persistent, ceaseless activity. Παντα ρεῖ the philosopher said, as he gazed upon the stream of movement; and yet we know that she is ever constructing, building up, moulding into definite forms the floating atoms that whirl through space. She is a great architect, and man, her favourite child, has caught her spirit. He is, in his highest activity, a maker, an architect. He is ever constructing, building up, moulding into definite forms the material that comes to his hand. In this spirit were built these walls, the memory of whose erection we are celebrating at this time. But it was not the merely material frame that moved our forefathers to put their hand to the work. It was the idea that these walls enshrine that gave them the impetus. They built in the firm belief that they were laying deep and lasting foundations, that they were constructing a work that could weather the storms that beat upon the life of man, that they were establishing a home of Catholic life, that would embody the spirit of Catholic education handed down to them in the tradition of centuries. May we not then be

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pardoned if we dwell for a while on this event, if we look at these foundations, examine these principles, view them in the light of the experience that time has given?

In point of fact the circumstances of the time would of themselves force this consideration upon us. We live in an analytical age. The spirit of inquiry, of investigation, is in the air. There is a curiosity abroad, born of democracy, that prys into the customs and habits of man, and asks for the meaning of this, and the reason for that, that wants an explanation of action, that challenges every assertion, that weighs and estimates a man's professions. The Athenians insisted on a scrutiny of their officials at the end of a year of service. We have our scrutiny with this difference, that the inspection goes on during the whole time of office. The people are inquisitive and also inquisitorial. Education has not escaped this analysis. On no plea of tradition could it claim exemption, for the modern mind is cut adrift from the past. The change can be traced back historically for several centuries, but the more immediate cause for us, in our present consideration, is the awakening of men's interest caused through the spread of natural science in the last century. The test of experience is applied to every sphere of thought, and we must be prepared to submit to the test. At least we must be prepared to state our principles and maintain them in the face of hostile criticism.

It needs little reflection to see that there is room for vast differences of opinion about education, for the very reason that there are vast differences of opinion about the meaning of life itself. Education has been defined as "an attempt on the part of the adult members of a human society to shape the development of the coming generation in accordance with its own ideals of life." It is, in essentials, a preparation for life. But look at the different meanings of life held, for example, by an ancient Greek philosopher, a mediaeval bishop, and a modern Spanish anarchist. We cannot expect Plato, William of Wykeham and Ferrer to agree on the lines of education that they would lay down for their pupils. The three of them might be willing to accept Plato's definition that the aim of education is to develop in the body and in the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable, but a difference of view

Ideal of Catholic Education

would at once arise if they were to explain what they understand by beauty and perfection. The modern view would be that there is no essential beauty or essential perfection possible for man, that they change with circumstances, that the ideals of one generation may justly be repudiated by another, whereas it is just because we Catholics believe that human nature remains, in essentials, constant, because we believe in an objective beauty and an objective perfection that such a thing as Catholic education is possible. It is because we Catholics have a very clear and distinct view of the meaning of life that we insist on the importance of education. It is because of the value that we set upon the right view in these matters that we uphold the banner of Catholic education.

The Catholic religion professes to tell us the origin of man, the reason of his existence, the work of his life. It tells us of the world that lies before our senses, the meaning of its creation, its relation to ourselves. Further, it tells us that there is another world, hidden from our senses, as real and true as the world we see and feel, the world of the supernatural, the kingdom of grace. It tells us that both these worlds are the creation of an All-Holy, All-Powerful, All-Knowing God, whom to know, love and serve is the highest work of man; that there awaits each one of us at his death the prospect of an endless future of happiness or misery, according as we have loved and served our Creator in this life. It tells us that to enable us to fulfil this duty, God has torn aside the veil that conceals His presence, and has revealed Himself in the Incarnation of His Son, who has become the Way, the Truth and the Life for men; that in the Church founded by this Son we have treasures of grace which flow through the channels of the Sacraments upon our souls; that the Church is the pillar and ground of truth; that God will abide with it all days, even to the consummation of the world, and therefore that we should regard our membership of it as one of our dearest privileges. If all this is true, it is evident that the Catholic must make the realization of it the essential part of his education. These truths are fundamental, they deal with the vital facts of life. They are not mere facts that a person must learn, they are a world in which he must live. Hence the Catholic parent insists on an "atmosphere" in

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which his children must be brought up, a Catholic atmosphere which his child will breathe until it becomes part of his being.

"Ought we not," says Plato, "to seek out artists who by the power of their genius can trace out the nature of the fair and the graceful, that our young men, dwelling as it were in a healthful region, may drink in good from every quarter, whence any emanation from noble works may strike upon their eye or their ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly from their earliest childhood into resemblance, love and harmony with the true beauty of reason?" (*Republic*, 401).

We need not agree with Plato that knowledge is virtue, that we have only to see the beauty of reason to fall in love with it. The statement of the Roman worldling, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," is truer to human nature. But it cannot be denied that the environment has an inestimable influence in moulding the inner nature of a man, that, in Plato's words, if a person be rightly nurtured, external "harmony and rhythm sink most deeply into the recesses of his soul, and take most powerful hold of it, bringing gracefulness in their train," "that he will commend beautiful objects and gladly receive them into his soul, and feed upon them and grow to be noble and good."

Truths such as God's love for us manifested in the Incarnation, the prospect of eternal life, the beauty of humility and of sacrifice in the saints' lives, must have an enormous power for good if only we can bring them home to us. Or take the central virtue of Christian men and women—that of purity. Is it not wonderfully enhanced for us in the life of the Divine Child and the Virgin Mother? Does not the great mystery of faith, the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, whereby He is received into the breasts of His faithful children, give a new meaning to purity of heart? There is, in other words, a Catholic sense of purity, which shrinks with dread from the tone implied in the remark of a non-Catholic master on this topic, "Every boy must go through the fire," or from that worldly aphorism about young people "sowing their wild oats." The Catholic instinct is to shield purity from the world's

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rough usage, to preserve its delicacy and refinement from the coarse light of common day.

If, then, there is this Catholic atmosphere of religious truth and moral virtue, those parents take on themselves a grave responsibility who neglect to avail themselves of it, and who put their children in a non-Catholic atmosphere in their school life. If ever there was any force in their plea of the importance of social caste, it has grown weaker as the Catholic schools have developed, and, moreover, there is no benefit that can outweigh the good of a Catholic environment. Some parents would urge that they are anxious to secure the "public school" type of education for their boys, the manly independence and sense of responsibility that is associated with the name of Arnold of Rugby and the system that he has made popular. It is true that our old Catholic schools did inherit something of the Continental system of supervision; they regarded the boys sometimes with the eye of the foreign "professor," they preserved a touch of the ecclesiastical type of school that went back beyond the Continental system to the mediaeval schools of our own country. This system, however, has been gradually modified. In most Catholic schools the upper boys are given their share of responsibility, the supervision by masters is giving way to supervision by boys, and now that many of our Catholic parents are coming to recognize the necessity for keeping their boys at school until their eighteenth year, this system will more and more obtain, since the upper boys will be of an age to use their power with moderation and prudence. At the same time there will always be in a Catholic school that venerates tradition, a limited supervision on the part of the master arising not from an un-English distrust of the boy, but from the feeling of responsibility in those who stand *in loco parentis* to the boys, a responsibility which recognizes that one may pay too dearly for unlimited liberty. That human nature, left to itself, will right itself ultimately, is a plea that a Catholic schoolmaster will not endorse.

Moreover, that Catholic instinct on the part of parents which demands that the education of their children should be in the hands of those whose lives are consecrated to religious life, who

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are something more than schoolmasters, is a testimony to the soundness of this principle.

From these considerations we pass to the ground which is common to all who are interested in education—the medium of intellectual training. Of course, we are dealing with a definite class of boy, one who belongs to the social state, which has the means and the ambition to regard school life as a preparation for a university career. Is there for such a boy as this a traditional education that Catholics have clung to throughout the ages? Surely we may say that the Church has been the upholder and maintainer of the education that is generally called “liberal.” It is only necessary for us to go back to mediaeval days to see the truth of this. Everyone knows of the Trivium—grammar, dialectic, rhetoric—and of the Quadrivium—geometry, arithmetic, music, astronomy—which the mediaeval schools inherited from the Roman system of education, and handed on to modern times. The great schools of England have clung to this tradition, in spite of the opposition of would-be reformers. Our Catholic schools that were driven by the French revolution to seek a home on their native shores had been faithful to this traditional curriculum during their exile, and on their return made the best use of their limited means and scarcity of teachers to preserve the old method. This is brought home to Amplefordians in a programme of an Exhibition which was held here in the year 1820. It is given here in full:

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE

ANNUAL EXAMINATION, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1820

HEBREW.—Book of Judges. Shann, Orell, Hampson.

ARABIC.—Select passages from 1st and 2nd suras of the Koran. Gastaldi.

GREEK.—*Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, *Orations* of Lysias, Isocrates, and Demosthenes. Hampson, Prest, Allanson.

Dalzel's *Anabasis* and *Memorabilia Socratis*. Gastaldi, F. Buckle, Murphy.

Twelve chapters of *St Luke's Gospel*. Cockshoot, Croft, Calderbank, H. Polidori.

LATIN.—*Horace*, *Orations* of Cicero. Hampson, Smith, Prest, Greenough.

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Virgil's Aeneid and one book of Horace's Odes. Gastaldi, Langdale, Hon. C. Stourton.

Cicero de Amicitia, One book de officiis, three books of Ovid's Metamorphoses. T. Smelter, T. Buckle, Murphy.

Nepos, Five books of Caesar. Cockshoot, H. Polidori, Calderbank, Ryan.

One book of Caesar. Hutton, P. Smelter, G. Waterton, R. Buckle.

FRENCH.—Boileau's Satires and Art of Poetry. Murphy, Tobin.

Eight books of Telemachus. Cockshoot, Croft, H. Polidori, G. Waterton.

Part of Wanostrocht's Recueil. Calderbank, R. Buckle, T. Swale.

ITALIAN.—From the 11th to the 21st Book of Tasso's Jerusalem, part of Dante's Inferno. Gastaldi, Smith.

HISTORY.—General History of the World. Allanson, Langdale.

General History from the Christian Era. Croft, Hutton, P. Smelter.

General History to Charles V. T. Swale, Darell.

Saxon Heptarchy. Langdale.

GEOGRAPHY.—Delineations of the principal Kingdoms of Europe.

Cockshoot, G. Waterton, H. Waterton, F. Buckle, T. Buckle.

General Maps of the World. Croft, Hutton, Flinn.

MATHEMATICS.—Geometry and Plane Trigonometry. Cockshoot, Croft.

Algebra and Mensuration of Superficies and Solids. F. Buckle, T. Smelter, Gastaldi, T. Buckle.

Arithmetic. Calderbank, Ryan, Tobin.

Principal Rules of ditto. R. Buckle, Corlett.

NATURAL HISTORY.—General Outlines. Cockshoot, Croft, Calderbank, H. Polidori.

(Readings during the intervals of the examination.)

COMPOSITIONS.—A Pastoral, and the concluding Address by the Hon. C. Stourton.

Evidently this was a real Exhibition of the year's work. The names of the boys are given with each subject in which they were prepared to stand examination. It will strike us as a remarkable record of zeal for a liberal education, when we remember that the school had been founded only in the previous decade, that there were very limited resources, and a very small staff—probably some half-dozen priests—to carry out this ambitious programme. We read in the Prospectus of the previous year (1819): "The Professors feel confident that the

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proficiency of the students in Classical Learning will be acknowledged considerable, whilst, at the same time, their knowledge of History and Geography has been a matter of surprise to all who have attended the Public Examinations. In mathematics, each one according to his proficiency is gradually introduced to the higher departments of this necessary branch of Education. Besides the strict attention paid to form the Classical Scholar, the Prospectus will show that the politer languages of Europe are far from being neglected."

Certainly if the boys could offer this work for the examination of the visitors with any degree of success, they were affording a remarkable evidence of the vitality of the liberal education that their masters were impressing upon them. "Liberal" education was evidently ingrained in the nature of the Catholic schools.

What do we understand by the term liberal, when applied to education? Cardinal Newman, in his discourses at Dublin in his defence of liberal education, quotes the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle. "Of possessions," says the philosopher, "those rather are useful which bear fruit; those liberal which tend to enjoyment. By fruitful, I mean, which yield revenue, by enjoyable, where nothing accrues of consequence beyond the using."

We see from this that the opposition between the "useful" and the "liberal" goes back to the days of Greek education. There were people in those days who demanded a "useful" education, one which had a direct bearing on the actual career before a boy, that could be turned to account directly, that dealt with practical aims—a language must be of service in business—mathematics must assist in the keeping of accounts—science must have a distinct bearing on the profession to be taken up.

Opposed to this attitude was that of the educators who set no such practical gain before the mind of the boy. They professed to deal directly with the boy's faculties, and chose their subjects to develop these. They regarded knowledge as a good in itself, that should be pursued for its own sake.

The medium of knowledge was not essential. It was possible to have a liberal education in any branch of work. Languages, Mathematics, Science might all be treated from the point of

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view of knowledge as its own end; they all might develop the faculties without any direct bearing on the future career of the individual boy. Still, for the average boy there was one branch that had more pronouncedly the character of liberality. Language, especially if it is dead, has the least direct bearing on our future work. Hence it has come to pass that the study of dead languages has been chiefly associated with the idea of "liberal" education. As a matter of fact, no school at the present day would ignore the other branches, and most schools give opportunities for boys to concentrate on one or other of them, but the prevailing type for the average boy is mainly classical.

Thus, in education, as in most other forms of intellectual life, we have followed the lead of the Greek authorities. They laid down the lines that have been followed by the educators of youth throughout the centuries. The Greeks have given us the picture of perfection for the natural man; Christianity has taken this picture and filled in it the outlines of the spiritual. From the combination of the two, in their fullest development, we see the ideal of Catholic education, the realization of which is one of the noblest aims that man can set before himself.

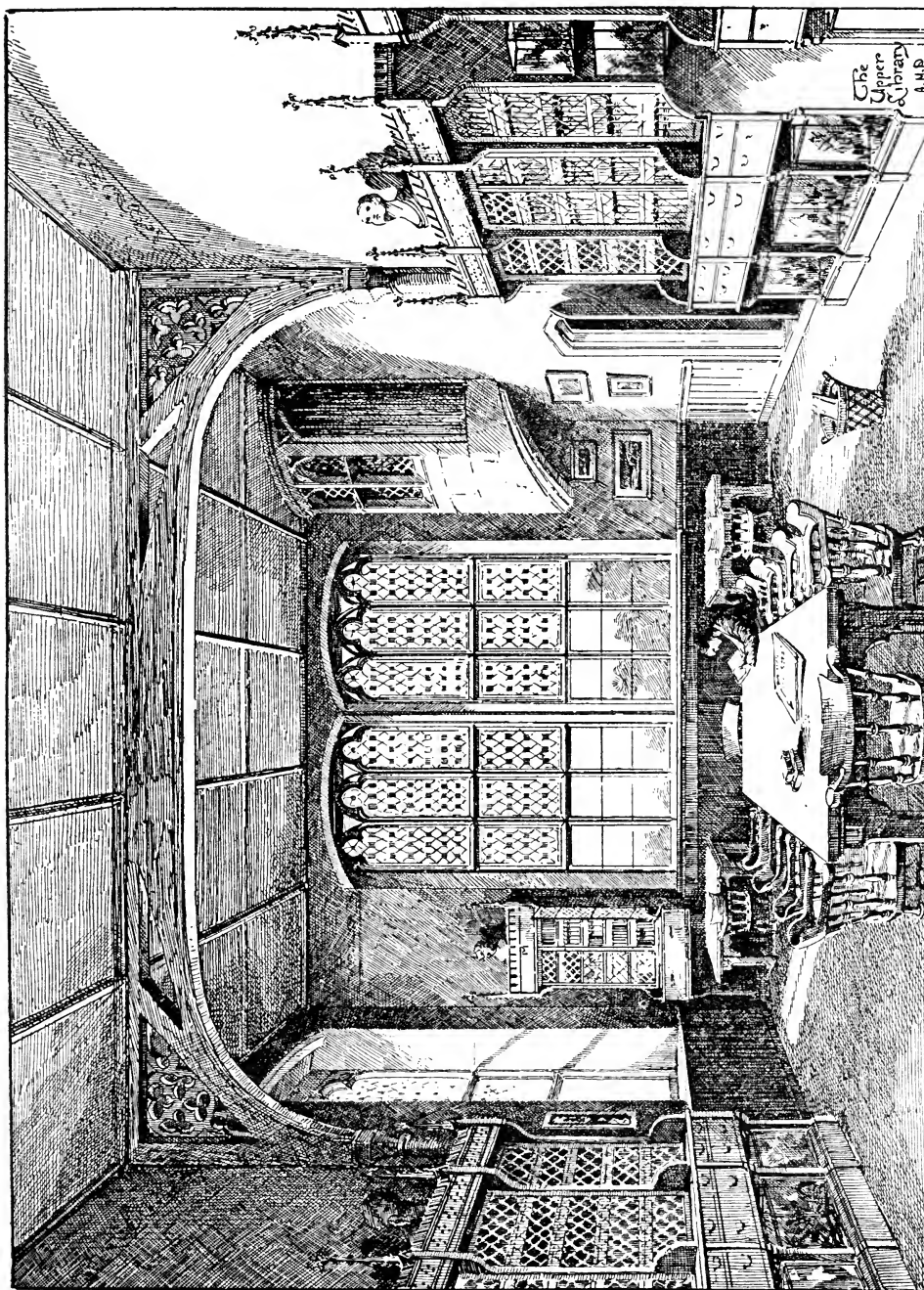
J. E. M.

LIBERTY AND RESPONSIBILITY FOR BOYS

THE aim of this paper is to account for a great change that has taken place in our Catholic schools in the general method of treating boys, and to justify and, if possible, to suggest in one line at least the further development of the movement. Such a paper must necessarily be confined to generalities, and all that is here set down will not apply to any single school. The part played by individual schools in the movement, though necessarily very different, must perforce remain untouched. Some are naturally more conservative in their adherence to traditionary methods, and one at least from its very initiation has adhered almost entirely to the principles here briefly outlined. Others have done so in a more modified form.

It is now generally recognized that English Catholic boys cannot be brought up on a system that is really continental in origin and in spirit. Quite apart from peculiarities of the English temperament, the changed circumstances of Catholics, no longer standing isolated and apart from their fellow countrymen, would have necessitated a change from the narrower and more restricted outlook which such a system implies. Moreover, the spirit of the age, whether for good or bad, allows to boys at home more freedom than our grandfathers ever contemplated, and Catholic boys are now at home three times a year, as are boys from all other schools. We are so familiar with this fact that we are apt to forget that it was far from being the case fifty or sixty years ago. Still more important is the fact that Catholics are no longer regarded as pariahs by their fellow countrymen, that they now find their way as a matter of course to the universities, into the army and the civil service, and are daily called upon to take up important positions and fill important posts, which demand not only a thorough mental training, but a habit of independence and a capability of making judgements, which the young Catholic who left school only to retire to his home or to the society almost as restricted as his school life, had perhaps no use for.

This, then, is the important fact that emerges from a study



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of English Catholic educational methods of the past: they were adapted to a very special set of circumstances. Catholicism was in a state of siege—Catholics had to submit to an abnormal but necessary discipline. We must do that much justice to the methods of our ancestors, we must recognize their wisdom. But at the same time it must be clearly understood that with new conditions must come new methods. There must be adaptation to environment. Now, if there is one characteristic more than another that strikes the mind in studying the old methods, it is the predominant and pervading influence of control. The master was ubiquitous. He presided over every action of the boy's day from morning till night, and the night, too, had its watchman. And it is sometimes added that, besides this drastic supervision, there was as well a secret service, a sort of *κρυπτεία*—in fact, all that is summed up for us in the detested word, *espionage*.

There never generally existed in our English Catholic schools that system of organized espionage with which they have sometimes been credited, though Catholics may readily admit that their ideas of education in relation to individual freedom have been tempered with some admixture of foreign ideals, and that possibly the Catholic young man loses something by it in self-reliance and independence when he finds himself for the first time in a world which knows no restrictions, save those which the elastic and undeveloped conscience of the community imposes. The tendency now is to extend the field of liberty at school, and a wholesome and healthy tendency it most certainly is, whether it is considered from the standpoint of the boy's intellectual and practical development or the development of his moral sense.

Before attempting to justify this statement, it may be well to say more definitely what is meant and what is not meant by giving boys liberty. By liberty is meant that in the out-of-school hours there is no immediate supervision of boys by masters. No master watches over them in their playing hours, but they are left to themselves, bound by a few necessary and general rules, which ought to become less in number as they grow older, and the observance of which is made a matter of personal honour and trust among the boys themselves. Their

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duties and employments during every quarter of an hour of recreation are not carefully mapped out for them, nor are they forced to partake in certain forms of recreation, save such public games as are necessary for their proper physical development. No two boys are the same in ability, in accomplishments, in character, or in those things that amuse and recreate, and the system advocated contemplates boys not as a homogeneous mass, but as a collection of individuals each capable of specific self-realization. Under its ægis every boy has time and opportunity to develop his own tastes, to pursue his own hobby, and above all to cultivate his own line of reading and love of literature. It allows scope for that education of "self" which is often the most valuable part of a boy's school career. The advantages of a system of liberty from the intellectual standpoint are obviously very great, for a boy who thus learns to use his own time in self cultivation in its best sense, and is not "cribbed, cabined and confined" on all sides, must develop internally as another can never do. This does not exclude the guidance of masters in intellectual pursuits during the hours of recreation. The inspiration, at least, which is necessary for developing tastes will come from that direction. General guidance in the selection of books and facilities for the development of a hobby must come from the authorities of a school, but the hours are the boy's own, and, though he may be encouraged, helped and guided in this recreative work, its nature and amount is left to his own discrimination and taste. The important thing is that a system of liberty gives boys the time and opportunity for receiving such guidance, should they themselves desire it, and that such work is very often better from the fact that it is not done under compulsion. But a boy is not always to be fed with a spoon, not always to lean on others, even in the acquirement of knowledge, and it is good for him to have the chance to do a little pioneer-work on his own account. Without such work, he will not attain to the full stature of intellectual manhood. If he is never to exercise his own judgment, or cultivate a sense of what is literary and beautiful for himself, no encyclopædic knowledge will make him anything but intellectually deficient. The whole end and object of education is to make each man a self-sufficient unit, and the only method of doing this is a system which establishes a conscious-

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ness of his own individuality. There is no space in which to develop this idea further; but it may be said that, not only from the intellectual standpoint is such liberty good, but also from the practical. There are other means of developing these powers which will be spoken of hereafter, but let it suffice to state here that boys brought up under other systems are notoriously impractical, slow and indecisive in action, and in a crisis impotent. Liberty is a distinct help towards making boys think and act for themselves. When it is said that boys must think and act for themselves, the ideal aimed at is not a disagreeable priggishness, nor a formed and pronounced opinion on the problems of life, but rather a seriousness of mind and a habit of mental independence, which is not inconsistent with the freshness, brightness and aliveness, which are the proper characteristics of youth.

It will rightly be objected that this is only one side of the question of liberty. The intellectual development of a boy must always be strictly subordinated to the formation of character and general ethical considerations. But this liberty, it is said, is fatal to nature's weaklings and inevitably leads to the existence of moral evil in a school. Were this true, no greater misfortune could have overtaken our Catholic schools than that such liberty should be finding its way into them. But surely it is more true to say that the high standard of morality, which has existed and exists in our schools, is not due to any system of supervision, but rather to the powers of the Catholic religion. The confessional, after all, is, and must always remain, the guardian of Catholic morality, and the Sacrament of the Altar its strength. No system of liberty that a Catholic suggests touches these, nor can it remove that atmosphere of Catholic piety which is so eloquently dwelt upon by Bishop Hedley elsewhere in this journal. Only those who know what the Sacraments do for the spiritual development of the individual can understand and appreciate this point. It is necessary to be very emphatic here because the point touches the very heart of Catholic education, and it is the writer's firm conviction that the morality of a school does not depend upon any system of supervision, but mainly on the frequentation of the Sacraments.

In addition to this, there are many safeguards to morality

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wholly consistent with this view of liberty. In the first place there is the vigilance of the head master, which must be carefully distinguished from espionage or surveillance or any kind of formal supervision, and consists rather in a natural shrewdness of judgment, a knowledge of boys, their psychology, the signs of evil in their midst, and that natural straightforward observation of facts that come under his notice in the daily round of work. Nor does the system of liberty exclude the power of exhortation, example, or general help, that a master can give a boy in out-of-school hours. But it may be said in passing that this can be easily overdone, and a boy can be over-advised by an officious master.

There are some who will object to this theory of education on the grounds that youth ought to be a time of rigid discipline. It is true that every school must have its disciplinary code; there must be regular hours, punctuality, the exercise of certain restraints, enforced though they may be for the greater part by a code of honour, and proper punishments for offences whether against morals or good manners, and that gentle discipline with which the religious spirit unseen and in silence imbues the human soul. Order and discipline are essential to every school, but they must not be so rigid or so martial as to turn the boys into mere automata; rather should they be such as to teach them the proper use of their freedom.

In addition to the Sacraments, the vigilance of the "head," the help of individual masters and the training of discipline, there is one other safeguard and almost necessary concomitant of liberty, and that is the training of boys in the exercise of responsibility. This can only be brought about by the governance of the school being left largely in the hands of the upper boys. Here it is only mentioned, and the subject is so important that it will be left for special treatment hereafter. One other point, however, may be referred to. The evils that supervision attempts to meet would be largely met by the adoption in our Catholic schools of the House System. The main difficulties of boarding-schools come from the herding of boys, or the barrack system, and this is best remedied by the adoption of the House System, which gives all the advantages of a big school, and allows for the play of all those good influences which come from a small school.

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The best argument for the liberty here advocated is the sense of mutual distrust and the consequent habit of evasion which the system of supervision breeds. A habit of evasion is hard to eradicate and is closely akin to dishonesty. Very often a boy, who might have been led to good in an atmosphere of moral fresh air, is repelled by a feeling that he is watched or that force is being used to make him good; but liberty secures a high moral standard without that coercive power which tends to make the idea of excellence in any branch of life so distasteful to the average boy. The distaste thus engendered hides from him much that is beautiful and noble, whether in the social life he is compelled to lead with his fellows, or in the pursuit of virtue. This system is an attempt to lead boys by the force of τὸ της ἀρετῆς κάλλος rather than by the mechanical and monotonous drudgery of reiterated commands or invigilation—to make him do right because he loves right, and not because a contrary train of action involves the displeasure of superiors or possibly bodily pain. An excellence thus acquired is surely more lasting than the gift of any other system which makes a boy in after life associate moral excellence with an elaborate code of prohibitions. A system of honour, on the other hand, teaches a boy that, after all, honesty, straightforwardness, manliness and purity of heart, are for his own benefit, and that all moral excellences are the perfection of his nature. And, again, there is no danger under such a system of a false moral code being evolved in a boy's nature. It may seem strange, but it is fact, that the immediate effect a system of elaborate supervision has on the morally weak boy is to make him believe that he can do anything so long as he is not found out.

Moreover, the contrary system excludes the exercise of the will power of a boy which is only strengthened and made real by such exercise. Man's will does not differ from the rest of his constituent parts in that it can be healthy and vigorous without exercising the function of choice which is its *raison d'être*. To expect a boy when he leaves school to be capable of using his will in making a choice between good and bad, when this faculty of his had no opportunity of development, is as absurd as to expect a boy to play cricket who has never held a bat in his hand. The will may be trained from the earliest childhood to choose in things that matter little, and by careful thought on

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the part of superiors it may be led to choose between those which are more important, until, by a system of careful graduation, on leaving school boys find themselves with a vigorous, healthy character, capable of resisting evil and embracing good as occasion demands. A system where all possibility of evil is carefully excluded, or rather one that aims at such theoretical perfection, may produce some beautiful characters, even an occasional exceptional one, but the general level of those so trained will be weaklings incapable of taking their place by the side of stronger natures. The point, in short, is that a boy, before he is asked to face life, with all its moral difficulties and perplexities, must have learnt to be strong in will and sturdy in character. It is no answer to this demand to say that the hothouse as well as nature produces beautiful plants, or that many a flower has been saved by the hothouse. That is not a fair analogy, because no plant is taken from the conservatory in the depths of winter and then bedded out. But that is precisely what happens to a boy trained on principles which do not allow his power of choice some scope. He finds himself in a world of vice and sensuality, of free thought and general anti-nomianism, of cunning and intrigue, after five or six years spent under strict rule with all his difficulties anticipated for him, with all the minor problems of life eliminated, and supported on all sides by artificial props and stays. No one who knows human nature would expect him to survive the shock, and, as a matter of fact, he very often does not.

From the question of "liberty" we pass to the more contentious subject of "responsibility." It is certainly true to say that the giving of responsibility to boys has not kept pace with the growth of freedom in education, and yet it is probably true that one is the natural and necessary complement of the other. By responsibility obviously is meant, not merely that responsibility for his own action which belongs to everybody who is allowed freedom, but a certain responsibility for the conduct of fellow boys and, as a consequence, a real share in the government of the school. This, it is contended, is not only a safeguard which will help to ensure a proper use of liberty without removing it, but it is also an excellent training in manliness, in habits of command, in the cultivation of *savoir faire* in dealings

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with our fellow men, and that general practical resourcefulness which are so badly wanted by every boy who has to face the world. Besides cultivating a boy's executive faculty, it creates in a school a fine masculine tone of which more will be said.

There are some who assert that such a system was in origin economic, that the boys were given positions of trust and command to save the salaries of masters, that this system was obviously only a temporary expedient to tide over a difficulty, and that to advocate it seriously would be like suggesting a return to the system of police in Anglo-Saxon England, where men were answerable for the good conduct of their fellows in their own "tithing." But this is not a question of origins but of practical utility, and even were this true I should still maintain that the government of boys by boys is a good; it is better not to dispense with it. The English have stumbled across a system of cabinet government which owes its origin to such circumstances as that the head of the executive was incapable of talking the vernacular, but no one would condemn the system by reason of its adventitious origin. But surely a more true account of the origin of this system is that men like Arnold of Rugby saw that the top boys and the athletic heroes of a school will always have authority of one kind or another, whether it is conferred on them authoritatively or not, and that this was a force capable of being utilized for the benefit of such as naturally wield it and for the general promotion of good in a school. Whether or not readers agree with this as a matter of history, no one can deny the fact that no amount of government by masters, and by masters alone, will ever rob the top boys of the hero-worship of the "smaller fry," and that no schoolmaster can ignore so potent a truth in any system of government he may design.

In advocating the adoption of this system in all our schools we are not eliminating the master. Such government must always be under the general guidance of the master, who can always interfere, and, in certain cases, when, for example, flagrant miscarriage of justice has taken place, must interfere. The existence of a privileged class in the school is dependent upon their efficient interpretation of their position, and no privilege is irrevocable. At the same time, such guidance must not be overdone, otherwise the boys may become priggish and un-



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necessarily officious, nor must the trust confided to them be unreal or unguine, for they quickly realize this and only use such confidence for abuse. In short, it is not advocated that the master should waive altogether his right of interference, nor his position as final arbiter; and, moreover, his appearance in the school, in an informal and natural way, is necessary and would be so recognized by the boys who exercise authority.

It may be asked, what sort of work in school government can be successfully done by boys. In the first place, the general good order of the school in hours of recreation ought properly to be their province. They will make mistakes, it is true, but so would masters, and the fact that actual mistakes would be perhaps less frequent in the case of masters will be more than compensated for by the "tone" that it will be the endeavour of the boys possessing real power to cultivate in the school. So much can be done in this respect by boys which no amount of attention from masters can ever do. The atmosphere of the school is created by the boys themselves, and this system creates a masculine and healthy tone among the upper boys, and a habit of prompt obedience and respect among the lower. Then, too, the big boys may be expected to put a stop to such offences of school-boy life as smoking and bad language, in all of which ways, if they are not given authority, they may become the worst offenders. For authority gives them an interest in the orderliness and in the tone of the school, which it is otherwise impossible for them to have. The department of sports and games and the officers' training corps also offer splendid fields for the exercise of authority by boys, for they are so public as to make any want of efficiency notorious. It will then become a point of honour with them to avoid such unpleasant notoriety by using their authority to secure excellence.

Two difficulties will, no doubt, suggest themselves. First, supposing the sixth form and monitors will not take up such a position in the school as this system demands and, generally speaking, show themselves utterly unworthy of confidence, what, then, is to be done? Should this be the case, it speaks badly for their early training; but in any well-regulated school it will never be found that the head boys as a whole refuse to take their

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position, though individuals may do. The remedy is then obvious. It is the remedy and the right claimed and exercised by Arnold with such good effect, namely, the removal from the school of boys who show themselves unworthy of their position.

But the real difficulty is the question of punishment, and the possibility of brutality or boyish prejudice making justice impossible. But here it is to be remembered that the modern boy has had cultivated for him, by the refinement of his surroundings and constant home influence, a milder tone of manners which has gone a long way towards the suppression of bullying or undue assertion of physical superiority. But still the question of corporal punishment must always remain a difficulty, which must be solved by each school for itself with reference to its traditions and circumstances. Some coercive power ought, however, to be allowed to the sixth form and monitors, and it should be easy for the school authorities to devise some scheme which shall save this right from abuse without destroying its reality.

Such is a brief outline of a method of managing a school that appears to be the best preparation for the modern world, but it may be said finally that no system can be divorced from the men who "run" it, and, however ideal a plan may seem, its working is always dependent upon those in whose hands it is. In a recent review in *The Times* of a book on the Montessori system of training children, which is one of extreme liberty, almost licence, one would say, the writer makes these observations with which we may fittingly end. "In any scheme of education it is as a rule the man and not the method that matters. The world is already rich in educational systems. And of nearly all of them it is true in varying degrees that if the man or woman who controls and inspires the system is of divine right a true παιδαγωγός, then, no matter of what kind it may be, it will produce right-minded, high-souled, happy, intelligent little men and women fitted to bear a useful part in the state. But, conversely, if the teacher or the teacher's disciple is not so inspired and inspiring, then the system, however admirable in itself, will prove a comparative failure."

V. P. N.

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like to thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.
 And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee
 To listen and adore thee;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

BYRON.

VERSION

QUAE proles Veneris, quaeve Cupidinum
 Exaequare meis deliciis decus
 Possit? Namque mihi vox tua in auribus
 Orpheae similis lyrae
 Audita per aquas personat, aequoris
 Quo mulcente silent murmura, dum sono
 Compescit nitidas Oceanus plagas
 Cessantesque premit sopor
 Ventos: sub mediis luna silentiis
 Intexit radios per freta lucidos,
 Tranquilli gremium lene tumet maris
 Sopiti quasi parvuli.
 Sic voci mea corda usque inhiant tuae
 Auditisque simul carminibus stupent,
 Aestivoque tumens mollius aequore
 Plenus pectora Amor regit.

L. W. H.

LATIN AND THE AVERAGE BOY

THE value of a successful study of classics is not yet seriously questioned. That they expand and develop the mind, give a keener and fuller life, increase and refine the capacity for happiness, is generally admitted; and, except in the later stages of an acute controversy, the true answer to the question, "What use are they?" is felt even by the questioner to be the comparatively mild one, "Not much use." That is, a scientific training plus a sound classical training is better than a scientific training alone, at least a little better. This then is the position: given the right intellectual bent, a boy will gain from a successful study of classics fuller capacities as a human being, higher and more catholic tastes, some subtlety and power of grasping the abstract, a combination of benefits which, in the first place, may be of some financial value to him, and, secondly, will do something to render him independent of financial, material, success. This is a weakened statement of what the classicist maintains, and this is not what his opponent denies. His opponent draws attention to the passing of time, and argues that since there is not time for classics as well as scientific subjects, and since man does live on bread, and since modern subjects provide bread and something more, therefore classics, which provide insufficient bread and have not a monopoly of culture, must go. Further, he points out that though with some modification of adjectives and adverbs the ordinary description of the effects of classical training may stand, it is not a description of the effects of that training on the average boy. The position in his view is: the full benefits of a classical education, great as they may be, are not received by most of those who undergo it, and most boys require much that they are not expected to get from classics, yet the disproportionate time allotted to classics at school prevents them from getting it from other subjects. Required, a method of teaching classics which will make the study of them more valuable to the average boy, and will leave time for other subjects from which he may derive benefits that classics cannot give.

The limits to the possible effects of a classical education need not be discussed here, but the smallness of the benefit

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which the average boy does receive is very plain and deserves consideration. It will perhaps conduce to clearness if we confine our attention to Latin.

The truth seems to be that the benefit which the average boy receives from Latin, and could receive from no other subject, is quite small. He gains a power of application, but he can do that without learning Latin. He ought to learn something of the derivation of English words and thus acquire a better understanding of his own language. But the knowledge he does gain is distressingly small and usually unscientific, quite disproportionate to the labour expended. He ought to gain a logical power, the power to apply general principles and to weigh evidence. Actually his intellect receives little training of this kind during the greater part of his Latin course. The application of proper principles in a given situation is a complex process, but it certainly requires an intelligent grasp of the principles in question and a knowledge of what precisely are the characteristics of the material by which the choice should be determined. What really happens when young boys are writing Latin is that they apply the principles of the language with little regard to the considerations that are in fact most important. Their Latin mode of expression is determined not by the meaning of what they wish to express but by the form in which that meaning is already expressed in English. They make very little attempt to penetrate to the exact meaning of the English and reproduce it in Latin. Yet only in so far as this is done is there any real training of the intellect. Later no doubt they begin to form better habits, but the task of doing so occupies time and demands labour which ought to be otherwise employed. Their progress is delayed and they are kept struggling with elements at a time when they ought to be using them easily. Similarly, translation from Latin into English provides an excellent training in the use of evidence. If boys, average boys, really did deal with difficult passages in the right way, by forming reasonable hypotheses and then testing them by the rules of the language and by evidence drawn from the context, the benefit derived would be immense. But in fact, except at the end of their course, they rarely have sufficient historical or grammatical knowledge

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to do this, and their solution of a difficulty, be it right or wrong, is far too often the result of a valueless guess.

A boy should acquire a certain feeling for form, a feeling primarily in point of time for form in Latin, but also, more generally, a sense of what is fitting and beautiful. It is the writer's belief, based not on the absence of demonstrative enthusiasm, but on an accumulation of evidence which hardly admits of succinct statement, that the average boy derives very little benefit of this kind from Latin. He does not, until it is almost too late, reach the stage in which he is sufficiently master of simple Latin to be able to vary his mode of expression so as to convey suggestions that are at all subtle. The broad differences of meaning are the most that he can distinguish. The finer shades, even when he can appreciate them in his own language, are slighter than he can discover in Latin, far slighter than he can by original work express. Thus the appreciation of manner which ought to be aroused in him and directed in his youth so that, with advancing years and increased maturity of mind, it may develop within him and affect his mental outlook, has received in his school career, from Latin at least, small stimulus. He has seen signs of enthusiasm on his master's face, and sometimes slight traces of disappointment, when he has not concealed his inability to admire, but within his own soul his aesthetic sense has experienced indeed an occasional jog, has sometimes awakened to approve, but has received no continuous and progressive training.

Similarly with the matter which he has laboriously disengaged from its setting; the process of disentanglement has been so difficult that he has had no time nor energy to consider it. It is to him merely the solution of a puzzle, interesting, prized for that reason, but for hardly any other.

This is a gloomy account. Why is it that from so noble a study boys obtain such inadequate results? The answer seems to be that the average boy only begins to receive the most valuable results of Latin study after he has passed through two distinct stages in his Latin course, and unfortunately he does not enter on the third and most profitable stage until his school life is drawing to a close. He does not begin to receive the

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fruit of his labours until he no longer has time to receive it in full measure. The boy who has special linguistic gifts has a quite different experience, for either he does not need to traverse the second stage or he passes through it rapidly; but we are not concerned with him. The characteristics of these two earlier stages are strongly marked and easy to describe.

When the average boy begins Latin he does not form a correct view of what Latin is—a mode of expression quite independent of English, a language. He regards it as English in disguise. He begins, if we may analyse his state of mind more than he would, with the idea that a Latin word or phrase is “the Latin for” an English word or phrase, and he goes on to learn that “*Rogavit me ut manerem*” is “the Latin for” “He asked me to stay,” through the medium of “He asked me that I might stay.” His master does not say this in so many words. There are statements to the contrary more or less explicit in his book. But the youthful mind ignores qualifications. He learns neat lists of Latin forms with the English equivalents conveniently printed beside them. This is not difficult, nor, if his master be inspiring, very tiresome, for our average boy has a quick memory when he is young, and when the drudgery does begin to weigh on him his rivalry with his companions, the joy of achievement, and the efforts of his master stimulate him. He learns to translate too, and to “put into Latin.” A little practice enables him to distinguish the subject and object in *Regina nautam amat*, and he becomes quite quick in “doing” orally, such phrases as “of roses,” “to queens.” Complications increase later on, but his memory is improving and he is becoming too observant to be caught in traps, so he masters the regular, and not a little irregular, accidence, learns syntax in outline, does countless exercises on the concords and the simpler forms of the complex sentence, and translates from an easy reader.

Let us estimate the benefits which he has received from this, the first stage of his Latin course. His memory has been strengthened, a habit of watchfulness has been formed, he has gained a power of concentration of a certain kind, and his knowledge of grammar has been deepened and clarified.

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These are not contemptible gains, and it is well that they are not, for years pass before he receives any others.

The next period is a long one and a troublous one. It is separated from the first by no clear line of demarcation, but at the latest a boy enters upon it when he begins to read ordinary, not simplified, Latin, and to write continuous proses.

He takes his author. Perhaps the syntax required is not too hard for him, so he analyses the sentences and finds "the English for" the various words. Then his master tells him that what he has written is nonsense. Certainly it is unlike ordinary English, but "it is what the Latin says." This is the first of many experiences by which the boy, thus late in his Latin course, learns that the relation of English to Latin vocabulary is not so simple as he had supposed. He begins to apply the rules of Latin syntax in continuous proses. The process involves flagrant violations of the principles which he long ago learnt so carefully. In a neat column he had learnt that "*essent*" means "they might be." Now it appears that it has often to be used for "they were," and equally often for "to be." Then when are "*erant*" and "*esse*" used? The master's answer is unintelligible. So the painful process continues, and the boy spends most of the remaining years of his course mystified and overwhelmed by the conflicting testimony of his earlier and his later Latin experience. What he had thought to be so easy has turned out to be unexpectedly difficult. Chaos seems to brood o'er the language. His Latin study is still profitable. He continues to receive the beneficial effects of the kind described above, but since the novelty has now passed away, since he is less inquisitive and less competitive, he is likely to weary of the seemingly fruitless labour and to acquire a deep disgust and contempt for the subject. If he perseveres, if he succeeds in ridding himself of the mischievous views which he derived from those neat columns of Latin forms and English equivalents, he will enter upon the third stage and begin to receive the benefits which Latin alone can give. But already his school life is nearly over. The opportunity has been, in great measure, lost.

The worst of this is that the difficulties which give him so much trouble during his Latin course are the creation of the

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course. The dust which prevents him from seeing is raised by himself—or by his masters. Truly it is sad that the later part of a boy's school life should be mainly devoted, as far as his Latin is concerned, to getting rid of faults which he contracted at the beginning of it. Is there no remedy for this? Perhaps there is. The prevalent method of teaching Latin is scarcely two hundred years old. English boys once learnt Latin thoroughly, and the method by which they learnt it is now being applied in a few schools, notably in the Perse School, Cambridge, under the name of the "direct method."

The fundamental fault of the prevailing method is that it engenders in the boy, the average boy, a habit of viewing Latin solely in relation to English. In his most impressionable years he is introduced to Latin forms as the equivalents of English forms, and the habit of so regarding them becomes practically permanent. "*Amavit*" becomes for him synonymous with "he loved," and for years afterwards he has to make a special effort of memory to avoid writing "*amavit*" when he ought to write "*amare*," "*amet*" or some other form. A similar effort is needed for the right translation of half the words in any English sentence; consequently it is not made. He is led to think that "of" is the sign of the genitive, and all his violent, if intermittent, reasonableness rebels against "*peditatui praeerat*," and "*timeo leonem*." Now every master knows that mere warnings will not save the boy from such ideas, and indeed if an English expression is to be given to represent "*amavit*" what better than "he loved" can be found? The only course is to keep English in the background especially during the early years of Latin, and to show the boys what Latin words mean by associating them with the actions, objects, and sentiments which they describe. But how can English be kept in the background? Not easily if we deal with such sentences as "*Regina nautam amat*," "*Nautae agricola rosam dat*," but if we begin with verbs whose meaning can be dramatically illustrated—"sedeo," "surgo," etc., and teach the uses of cases by actions which can be done in the classroom—"fenestram aperio," "*puero librum do*," etc.—then not only shall we need to use very little English but the boys

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will think more highly of Latin and will realize in their vague way that Latin is directly expressive when they find themselves readily describing in it their own familiar and interesting feelings, actions, and surroundings. The learning of grammar is not neglected—it is, of course, indispensable—but it is put into its proper place as the revision and systematization of what has already become familiar by use. The time, for example, to learn the functions of person endings comes when the boys instinctively use “*sedeo*,” “*stamus*,” etc., rightly. Case endings are formally learnt when by imitating the master the boys have learnt the right use of the various forms. Constructions such as indirect questions are formally explained and learnt after the boys have become used to “*nescio quid dicas*.” Actual dramatic illustration is needed less and less as time goes on, but the principle which underlies its use is still applied, the principle namely that new forms and new rules should be introduced and made familiar in circumstances which make their meaning plain, *before* they are systematically explained and committed to memory. Then they become to the boys real expressions of things and thoughts, not mere members of a list in a grammar.

Experience has proved that by the use of this method average boys who begin Latin at the age of twelve and devote one period a day to it for one year, and two periods for another three years, are, at the age of sixteen, able to read and write ordinary Latin easily and accurately. In most of our schools boys of that age are still “going by the English” in their Latin proses. Yet the “direct method” requires less time than the prevailing method. It leaves boys free up to the age of twelve and thereafter claims a very moderate portion of the working hours of the day. At sixteen the boys have gained more from Latin than at present most boys gain from a much longer course, and if during the remainder of their school life they specialize in other subjects, a few hours a week devoted to Latin will give them an acquaintance with Latin literature wider and more intelligent than many clever boys, who specialize in classics, gain to-day. It may be asked, how is it possible that by a change of method, with a reduction of

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the time allowance, boys can learn more Latin in four years than they at present learn in six? If the question is merely rhetorical, the answer is, "It is being done." If information is sought, some considerations may be suggested which explain the marvel.

In the first place the shortening of the time is partly effected by delaying the commencement of Latin until boys are about twelve years old. The results of this delay, assuming that their preparatory training is sound and sensible, are that the boys are more mature, they know their own language better than they usually do when they begin Latin, and, as they have presumably then done French for one or two years, instead of being confused by beginning French and Latin together, they bring to Latin some experience of the character of an inflexional language. Secondly, the work is largely oral. The chief advantage of this is that it strengthens the belief that Latin really is a language, but it also saves time since more ground can be covered by a few minutes' conversation than by half an hour's writing. Lastly all the time now spent in securing the right use of perfectly familiar forms and in correcting misapprehensions is saved by avoiding the misapprehensions.

Many objections are urged against the "direct method" which betray an imperfect understanding of it. There is one, however, which is rarely mentioned but is perhaps the greatest. The "direct method" requires from the master more preparation than his work often allows him to give. For he has regularly to direct a Latin conversation which must not only be spontaneous, but systematic and purposive. His text-book can only suggest the bare outline of a scheme. He has to introduce into his remarks, or rather to make the boys introduce into theirs, at once practice of what has recently become familiar, revision of former work, and forecasts of the future. He must not be desultory, and he must not, in the conversations, be unnatural nor dull. If he applies the method successfully his preparatory work will be heavy, his classes will make him surprisingly weary, but his boys will learn Latin as a language, not as a code.

It has not been the purpose of the writer to describe the

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“direct method”; that, so far as any live method can be described, has already been done, notably by the Head Master of the Perse School. It has merely been to suggest that the comparative failure of the average boy to learn Latin is due, not to the difficulty of the language, but to the method by which he is taught.

H. K. B.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD

WITH rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
And many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a light-foot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The light-foot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

VERSION

χρύσειον ἦν στεφάνωμα φίλων νῦν δ' ὦκα τέτηκεν
εἰς Ἀίδου κρυερὸν δ' ἔνδοθι μ' ἄλγος ἔχει
οὐδ' ἔτι παρθενίων στομάτων ροδόεντα τέθηλεν
ἄνθεα, μειρακίων δ' οὐ χάρις ὠκνπόδων.
τοὺς δ' εὐρύς πόταμος Στύγος ἐνθ' εὐδουσι παρ' ὄχθαις
οὐποτ' ἔῃ περάαν κοῦφα πρὶν ἀλλομένους
ταῖς δ' ὕπνῳ φθιμέναισι κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα
ἐξανθεῖ ρόδοεν κάλλος ἀπὸ στομάτων.

L. W. H.

EVENTS OF THE TERM

WE wish to take this, the first opportunity we have had in these pages, of expressing our condolences with Mr Mark Sykes on the death of Lady Sykes on June 2. There is no more welcome visitor to the school than Mr Sykes, whose military lectures and advice have been of the greatest assistance to the Ampleforth contingent of the Officers' Training Corps. The funeral took place on June 7 at Sledmere. The Community, Choir and some of the top boys were present. Father Abbot sang the Requiem Mass and preached.



THE following boys joined the school at the beginning of this term: R. C. Cheney, F. G. Davey, C. S. Douglas George, C. S. Knowles, J. F. Kelly, B. and T. Melville Wright, W., R. and C. Prosper Liston, C. Robinson.



THE captain of the school, G. R. Richardson, chose the following school officials for the term:

Secretary	A. P. Kelly
Captains of the Games	O. S. Barton, J. O. Clarke
Librarians of the Upper Library	J. O. Kelly, L. F. Lacy
Librarians of the Middle Library	G. A. Hayes, W. J. Rochford
Librarian of the Lower Library	L. F. Haynes
Secretary of the Tennis Club	J. D. Telfener
Cricket Committee	G. R. Richardson, A. P. Kelly, N. J. Chamberlain

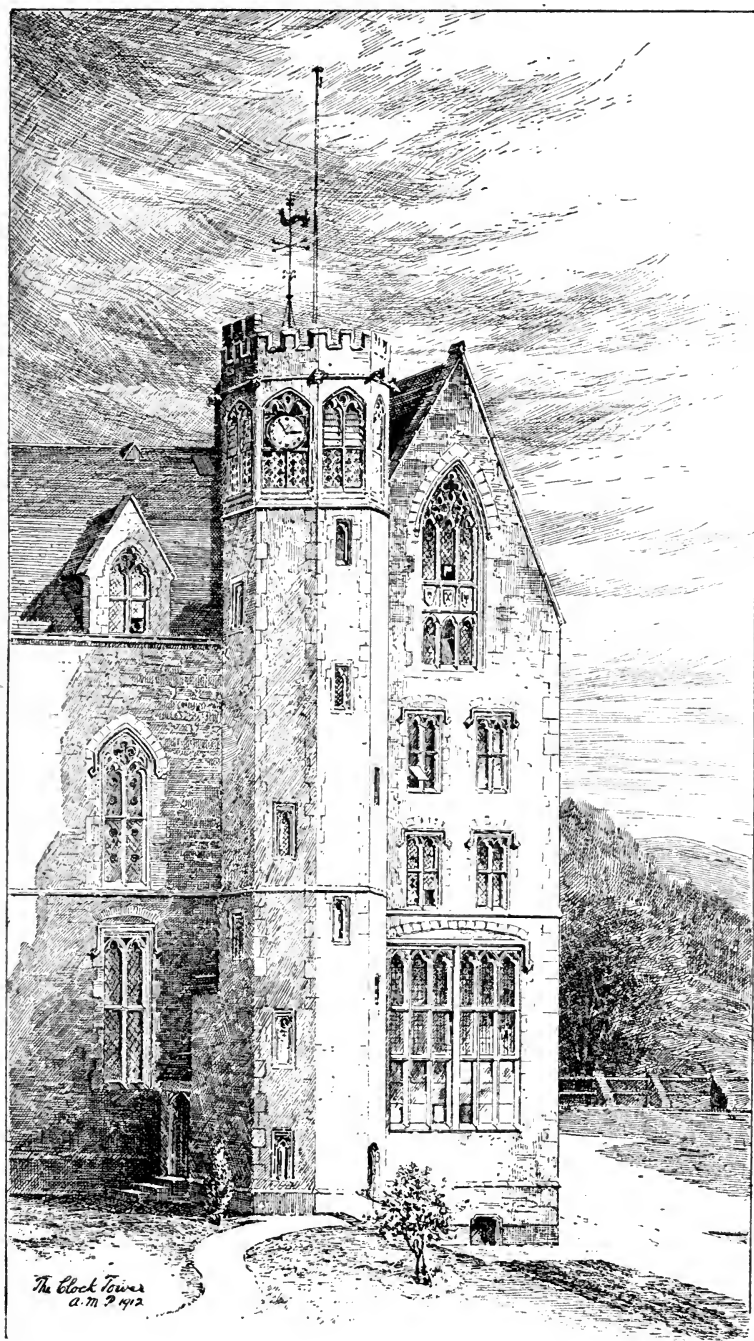
Captain of the Cricket Eleven G. R. Richardson

Captains of the Cricket Sets:

- 1st Set.—G. R. Richardson, A. P. Kelly
- 2nd Set.—E. J. Martin, V. G. Knowles
- 3rd Set.—C. E. Rochford, A. T. Long
- 4th Set.—L. F. Fishwick, B. S. Martin
- 5th Set.—S. W. Rochford, E. W. Blackledge
- 6th Set.—J. C. McArdle, L. S. Spiller.



N. J. CHAMBERLAIN (Sixth Form), who tried last month for a Modern History Scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford, came



The Clock Tower
a.m. 2 1/2

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out *proxime accessit*. Chamberlain is only seventeen years of age, and was over a year younger than any of the other competitors.



THE "Ampleforth Society Scholarship" for 1912-13 has been awarded to Bernard E. Burge (Sixth Form).



THE Social Work Fund this term amounts so far to nearly ten pounds. We are glad to learn it is about to be proposed to put by a certain amount of money every year in order to form a fund in connexion with the work carried on by Mr Norman Potter in London.



THE inspection of the school by the Oxford and Cambridge Board took place on June 26 and following days. The inspection is not, of course, compulsory and in no way connected with the Board of Education. The advantages are, briefly, that it enables the Head Master to get an objective view of the work that is being done in the various departments of the school, and that the War Office gives special facilities to boys entering Woolwich and Sandhurst from an inspected and recognized school. The report will not be received before the end of the month, but we understand that the Head Inspector was especially pleased with the methods of teaching in vogue here, which he thought were calculated to train boys to think for themselves. It is not without interest to note that this is the conclusion at which Bishop Hedley in his Jubilee Address said he had arrived as the distinctive mark of Ampleforth education.



THE weather this term has justified the pessimists who, when we were enjoying the June weather of April last, warned us that we would pay for it in June. There were over six inches of rain last month, and the cricket grounds were not dry for a single day. Their state towards the end when they were beginning to receive the seventh inch was indeed pitiable. It has often been

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remarked how exact Coleridge was in affixing to June the epithet "leafy." But it has not been its leaves that have distinguished the month this year.



THE Exhibition day was just sufficiently fine. A heavy shower of rain fell towards the end of Mass, and the Procession just escaped. It rained during "Speeches," but fortunately cleared up at lunch time and was bright and fine for the rest of the day. "Speeches" this year were a great success. The programme had to be curtailed, but the loss of the Greek and French speeches was not widely or intensely felt. The Latin "Speech" consisted of "Pyramus and Thisbe," by the beginners' Latin class, and proved the lightest and brightest item of the programme. The "*nos mortui sumus*" of Pyramus and Thisbe as they lay prostrate on the stage fairly brought down the house. The orchestral pieces were thoroughly well done and admirably chosen. But the main feature of "Speeches" was the address by His Lordship the Bishop of Newport, which none of those who were privileged to be present will easily or readily forget. The address is printed in this issue of the JOURNAL, in which also will be found a full account of the Exhibition.



THE School Dramatic Society surpassed itself this year in the production of Aristophanes' "Frogs" in Sir Gilbert Murray's verse translation. A critique of the play by Dom Justin McCann appears in this issue, and we have nothing to add to it here. The Chorus must have surprised even itself, and the delirious melodies in the great "Iacchus Hymn" drew from the audience a storm of cheering and a demand for an encore that could not be resisted. To Mr Eddy, who trained the Chorus, and Mr H. P. Allen, who conducted, all praise is due. The enthusiastic reception of the play makes any remarks in these pages needless. The scenery, which was especially designed and painted by Dom Maurus Powell and Mr A. J. Jarvis, was appropriate and severely beautiful. Finally, we wish to express our best thanks to Sir Hubert Parry, author of the "Frogs"

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music, for his loan of the score, which has not yet been published.



EARLY in the term the Head Master presented "Rugger" Caps to A. P. Kelly (stand-off half), N. J. Chamberlain and C. B. Collison (forwards). In making the presentation the Head Master remarked that the "Caps" the Boys' Committee had decided to award were few, but he agreed with them in making these honours expensive, and also with their view that Kelly, Chamberlain and Collison were the players of the year. Others had, of course, done nearly as well, and the record of the Fifteen in winning all their inter-school matches was admirable, though they could hardly expect to maintain it in the future. In his opinion Rugby had come to Ampleforth to stay. It was only the other day that Mgr Barnes, of Cambridge, had congratulated him on the fact of Ampleforth having taken the lead among Catholic schools in taking up Rugby, a game involving such an amount of robust personal contact that it could only be played by boys who were both sportsmen and gentlemen. The Head Master, in conclusion, said he took this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr Charles Wright, whose tuition in Rugby at Ampleforth had borne such immediate and abundant fruit.



AT the meeting of the Yorkshire County Rugby Union, held in Harrogate last month, Ampleforth was represented by Mr C. Wright. The Hon. Secretary of the Union, Mr R. F. Oakes, in the course of his speech, said "a visit to Ampleforth was an education in Rugby."



WE are sorry that there is at present so little boxing done in the school. This is largely due to the difficulty of finding a suitable arena. At present the Museum is used, but this can only be a very temporary makeshift. With the coming of the new Gymnasium, it is hoped that boxing, suitably housed, will resume its place in the horarium of recreation time.

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RACKETS, on the other hand, has flourished, as always at Ampleforth. An interesting fact in connexion with the present Ball-place, which was erected by Father Abbot when he was Prefect, is that whereas it was thought to be peculiar to Ampleforth, the Ball-place at Westminster School, which was founded in 1560 on the ashes of the school attached to Westminster Abbey, is exactly similar.



GORMIRE DAY, the one whole-day expedition of the summer term and dating in its institution back to the earliest years of the nineteenth century, was held this year on June 5. The day was fine, but it was very wet underfoot, and the *al fresco* lunch on the time-honoured site at the foot of the Hambleton hills was taken under some difficulties. A thoughtful Procurator, however, had provided coco-nut matting and tarpaulins, which, though not a luxury in any sense, were a necessity. The usual rites were observed, the Caves explored, the White Horse and Robin Hood's Look-out visited, and the Devil's Leap received its annual tribute of admiration.



A FEW years ago a number of old boys showed their desire that their sojourn at Ampleforth should not be forgotten, by giving stained-glass medallions of their patron saints and of their coats of arms. Latterly this desire has not received such practical manifestation as formerly. The large window at the top of the "study" is now almost full, but there is ample space elsewhere for those who would care to erect a monument to themselves. This is a privilege that in the world at large few of us have the opportunity of exercising, but Fr Paul Nevill will be glad to assign any old boys among whom this craving is uppermost some fret of fenestration either in the "study" or in the cloisters.



ON Sunday, July 8, Mr Leslie Hunter, Fellow of New College, delivered a lecture to the Upper School on Aristophanes. As his hearers had made particular acquaintance with the "Clouds"

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and the "Frogs" in the class-room and recently in the theatre, he made frequent use of these plays to illustrate the distinctive features of Aristophanes' comedy. The lecturer first showed the topical nature of Aristophanes' plays by weaving a plot *à la* Aristophanes out of the Insurance Act and the farrago of subjects which claim the attentions of the present day. He next considered the question of origins and traced back the history of the more important elements of an old Comedy play—the buffoonery, the parabasis, the *ἀγών* or contest of wit, and the lyrics. He alluded to the strange fact that the Greeks, with all their intense religious feeling, saw no inconsistency in sanctioning the travesties of their most sacred deities on the stage. He then sketched the social background of Aristophanes' plays, dwelling on the political activity of each individual Athenian which called for and found an organ for the expression of popular opinion in comedy. Finally, in speaking of the end which Aristophanes set before himself, he recoiled from thinking of him as the mere spokesman of a political sect. The end followed and achieved by Aristophanes was to make men laugh. The fact that, though the conception of humour changes with each generation, the peal of Homeric laughter which Aristophanes stirred up in the fifth century B.C. goes on reverberating through the centuries makes us look back to him as the father of comedy and a man for all times. At the conclusion of the paper the Head Master tendered the thanks of all present to Mr Hunter for a lecture of extraordinary interest and great stimulus.



THE school staff is at present constituted as follows:

Very Rev. J. E. Matthews, M.A. (*Head Master*).

Rev. A. M. Powell.

Rev. R. A. Mawson.

Rev. J. M. Dawson (*Prefect*).

Rev. W. A. Byrne, M.A.

Rev. J. P. Dolan, M.A.

Rev. F. B. Dawson.

Rev. M. D. Willson, B.A.

Rev. H. K. Byrne, B.A.

Rev. A. B. Hayes.

Rev. H. A. Barnett.

Rev. V. P. Nevill, M.A.

Rev. W. S. Lambert, B.A.

Rev. H. D. Pozzi, D.D.

Rev. A. F. Primavesi.

Rev. J. E. Parker.

Rev. T. I. Barton.

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Rev. P. J. McCann, M.A. Rev. W. I. Williams.

Rev. W. C. Sheppard, B.A. Rev. F. P. Lythgoe.

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*).

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing*).

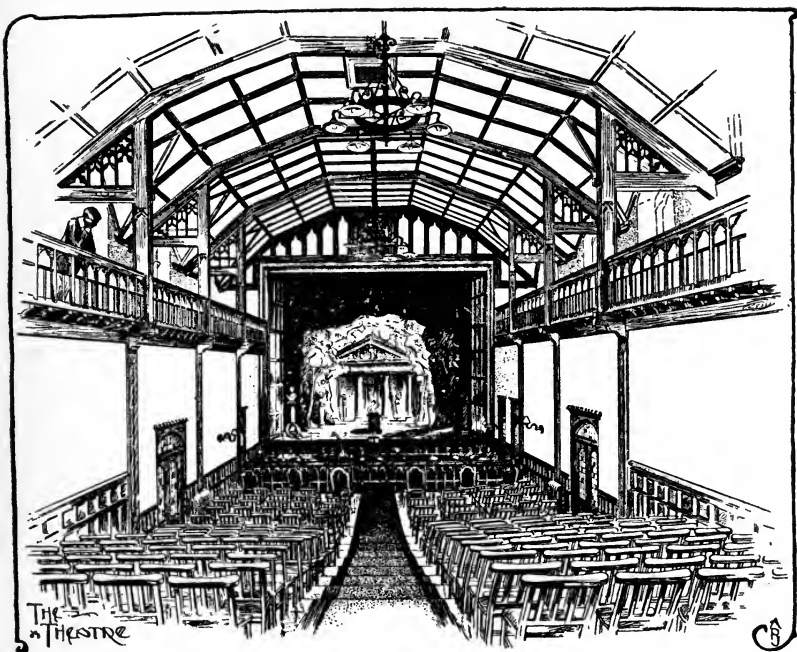
J. F. Porter, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (*Medical Officer*).

Sergeant-Instructor Grogan, late Irish Guards.

R. Blades (*Cricket Professional*), late Yorkshire County
2nd Eleven.

Mrs Doherty (*Matron*).

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*).



THE "FROGS" AT AMPLEFORTH

IT is perhaps idle to speculate now on the feelings of an Athenian of the fifth century B.C. It may be that we cannot again envisage that old world, or again breathe its atmosphere. As well perhaps hope to realize the shimmering beauty of the marble Acropolis while we know only the ugly reality of a modern city, or, under leaden clouds and a dripping sky, bid imagination take us into the blinding sunlight of an Attic day. And yet in some degree we can reach across the gulf of centuries and feel ourselves strangely akin to those ancient Athenians. It was a people of bright clear intellect, and of a wide range of beautiful imagination. It was a people of a merry and mordant wit. The things of mind and spirit remain; they pass through the wreck of the material and are untouched by it; they survive the people that created them. The Greek civilization declined, decayed, degenerated, but the fruits of their high summer time remain. They remain and are the same, though strangely housed. And that perhaps was the thought that was uppermost as one came away from seeing

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enacted the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, a thought of contrast and yet of community, of strangeness and yet of familiarity, of the old that is ever new.

It is some three thousand and three hundred years and more since the comedy was first acted. That is a long life enough for any piece of literature. It testifies to some vivid principle, to some quick energy of life, that cries scorn on death and laughs at his trappings. Will any piece of our own literature so outlive the centuries? The Roman poet boasted that his verse would be his immortal monument:

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
regalique situ pyramidum altius,
quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
possit diruere aut innumerabilis
annorum series et fuga temporum.

Shakespeare, with similar figure, says:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

This immortality that the poets boast, Aristophanes would seem to have achieved. He has done the thing, to all seeming.

Now the play that one saw was Aristophanes, but it was Aristophanes with a difference. It was not the play that any Athenian citizen saw at the Lenaeon festival in the year 405 B.C. First and chief of changes, it was not in Greek but in English. Translation is a hard fate for any poet. There are some that say that true poetry cannot be translated. You may turn the words, you may imitate the metre, you may render the sense, but you have severed that close union of thought and expression, that intimate alliance of the poet's own making, that is indeed a large part of his craft and is bound up with his inspiration. That is an opinion that is difficult to reject, and we do not reject it. But we may nevertheless appreciate translation, and especially when it is such that it seems to render much of the spirit and force of the original, to write, if we may so express it, as the poet himself in the different medium would have written. Perhaps Prof. Gilbert Murray's translation does this in some measure. It certainly makes

The "Frogs" at Ampleforth

Aristophanes speak good and interesting English. In some of the choric songs it is real poetry, and we are sure that we are not losing aught of the beauty and charm of the original, but rather learning to appreciate it more. For in Prof. Murray we have one who, more than any other, can make the Greek spirit live again for us, an interpreter to our modern time of the ancient genius.

For this reason that the translation is most conspicuously successful in the rendering of song and ode, it was perhaps a pity that in these it could not be used, but in its place a rather lame and halting version, composed to suit the music. Yet we had our compensation. For here—another point where we had a changed Aristophanes—there came in the clever, nay brilliant, orchestral accompaniment of Sir Hubert Parry. It would need more musical knowledge than the present writer possesses to speak with discrimination of this music. We can only testify to the pleasure that it gave to the mere layman. It seemed to us eminently successful in rendering both the humour and the beauty of the play. The "Frogs" chorus was clever and interesting. The "Iacchus" chorus had a beauty of haunting melody that seemed to harmonize well with the spirit of the poetry. There was, throughout the music, a large quantity of allusion to modern music and many very apt quotations. To the purist in Greek comedy this might seem to be taking rather too much liberty. It is a far enough cry from the simple, almost childishly simple, musical accompaniment that the play had at Athens, to the elaborate music of the modern presentment. But such a change seems necessary if the play is to affect the modern mind with something of the same appeal that it made to the Athenians. This much seems certainly true; but we may yet quarrel with the further development and dislike what seems too great an intrusion of the modern. Perhaps the composer has been in this rather too independent of the poet, rather desirous to write a something which would make its own appeal and that apart from the play. But this we only advance with trepidation and tentatively. The fact remains that the music gave much delight, and certainly did not distract us but helped us rather to appreciate Aristophanes.

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As to the play itself, the "Frogs" is a comedy that is difficult to classify. It is a mixture of such various elements. Mingled with broad humour and farce there is the exquisite beauty of true poetry in song and choric ode, and then there is that humorous yet fundamentally serious essay in literary criticism with which it ends. In part it reminds us of nothing so much as of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." But then there is the contest of the poets which comes upon us suddenly like some excrescence on the play. Some critics, indeed, say that it has but an accidental and forced connexion with the plot. Aristophanes they say had by him, put away we are to suppose in his *escritoire*, this piece of literary criticism, expressing his views on the contemporary poetry. He had it ready, and then with the death of Sophocles and Euripides the moment seemed opportune for its production, and produced it was, with the farcical introduction and accompaniments that would gild the pill and make the play a success. Well that type of criticism is sufficiently familiar to us now, and we are not so easily deceived by its plausibility into forgetting the fact that it is entirely without evidence. But it is really gratuitous and unnecessary. We can do better by just taking the play as it stands and leaving aside mere conjectures. Taking it then as it has come to us we must admit that it has only a loose structure. There is no very elaborate plot, or it is a plot of the nature of that of the "Pickwick Papers," with an Athenian gentleman, Dionysus by name, as Mr Pickwick. Like the latter personage he finds himself in situations both serious and solemn, and in them all he conducts himself with ridiculous individuality. He is, too, not a little like another great hero of fiction, Don Quixote, though he sadly lacks his courage. He is out on a mighty quest, no less a task than to bring back to Athens from Hades, a poet just dead, the idol of the Athenians of whom he is the type. For this end he borrows the garb of Heracles and puts on the lion skin over his effeminate saffron. So arrayed he sets forth and has, as was to be expected, many strange adventures on that unusual road. At last he reaches the palace of Pluto, and there he finds it convenient to be the god Dionysus, his namesake. This is his third role and he sustains it as ludicrously as he did that of Heracles.

The "Frogs" at Ampleforth

It is obvious that such a varied personage would task any actor severely. We have seen the "Frogs" acted several times and the interpretation each time has differed in some respect, and differed in a way that we should be ready to expect. At Radley School, Dionysus was pre-eminently the foppish Athenian with drawl and languid air, very ridiculous but not at all conscious of his absurdity. At Ampleforth, some years ago, Dionysus (Declan Power), expressed in the character an element of buffoonery. It was not so much that he acted the conscious clown, as that voice, and gait, and gestures were on the large Falstaffian scale. This year's Dionysus (Edward Williams) was more like the Dionysus of Radley. He was effeminate and affected. He often spoke with an excellent drawl. Yet one felt that he was not quite ludicrous enough. He was perhaps too self-possessed, too much master of himself and the situation, not enough the unconsciously absurd. But as has been seen the part is an extremely difficult one and it is not strange if an actor should fail to render some side of so varied a personality. Xanthias, on the other hand, had an easier task; it is easier to play the downright positive fool, than the butt, the foil, the negative. But we do not mean that it is no merit to act such a part well. J. D. Telfener's Xanthias was certainly the best we have seen. He was by common consent the success of the play. Particularly did he excel as Heracles-Xanthias. If we must criticize, it would be perhaps to say that though his fooling was admirable and he threw himself with great zest into his part, he seemed a little to lack resourcefulness and invention. And a further point—Aristophanes would, we think, have been disturbed at the prominence that Xanthias and the corpse made for themselves in the poet's scene. Of the other characters Aeacus (J. G. McDonald) was particularly good when talking to Xanthias, as slave with slave. The landlady (R. J. Power) and her servant (Hon. R. H. Barnewall) gave a very realistic presentment of hysterical indignation. But, undoubtedly, the poets had one of the hardest tasks of the play. The Athenian audience would of course be more deeply interested in the quarrel than we can hope to be. It is the same with many allusions to Athenian politics and persons that come during the play. They are lost on the majority of a modern audience.

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Yet we should find a deep interest in the conflict between the great rivals, between the austere and dignified Aeschylus, poet of all the ancient sanctities, stern defender of the traditional beliefs, and Euripides, the modern, with his rationalism and his questioning of all things. F. W. Long made a very good Aeschylus. He was certainly dignified and majestic. L. T. Williams was Euripides and did his part well. But we seemed to lose the contrast of characters and temperaments. It did not emerge distinctly from the acting. Both were fierce, both were vehement. We might not know at once, did we not know the parts, which was Aeschylus and which Euripides. At Radley we seemed to remember that Euripides was represented as something of the aesthete, with rings and well oiled ringlets, and a slow drawling speech. But perhaps Aristophanes would not—for all his opinion of Euripides—go so far as this. Still it was successful in giving the sense of contrast, in distinguishing well the temperament of the men. Aristophanes regarded Euripides as much to blame for the degenerate Athenian of his day. Dionysus was really standing in judgement over his “spiritual father.” Better then, perhaps, had Euripides been something like his handiwork, with a touch or two of the *fin de siècle* character about him. We should not forget to mention Heracles (E. J. Martin) who achieved a glorious “laugh,” and the excellent donkey, and the very plausible Frogs. Commentators say, indeed, that the Frogs did not appear to the audience, but it was certainly an advantage and a delight to have them before our eyes while their melodious Brekekekex koax koax sounded in our ears.

It was indeed in the choric songs that one seemed to feel most the genius of Aristophanes. His comedy, along with broad humour and farce, contained much beautiful poetry. In these odes we had certainly some of the beauty and the charm of that poetry. It was here especially that time seemed to be of no account, that we felt no bar between us and the Athens of old, that we could enjoy fully and perfectly. And this is saying only what is just to the orchestra (conducted by Mr H. P. Allen), and to the chorus (trained by Mr Eddy). They fulfilled an arduous work with great accuracy and great success.

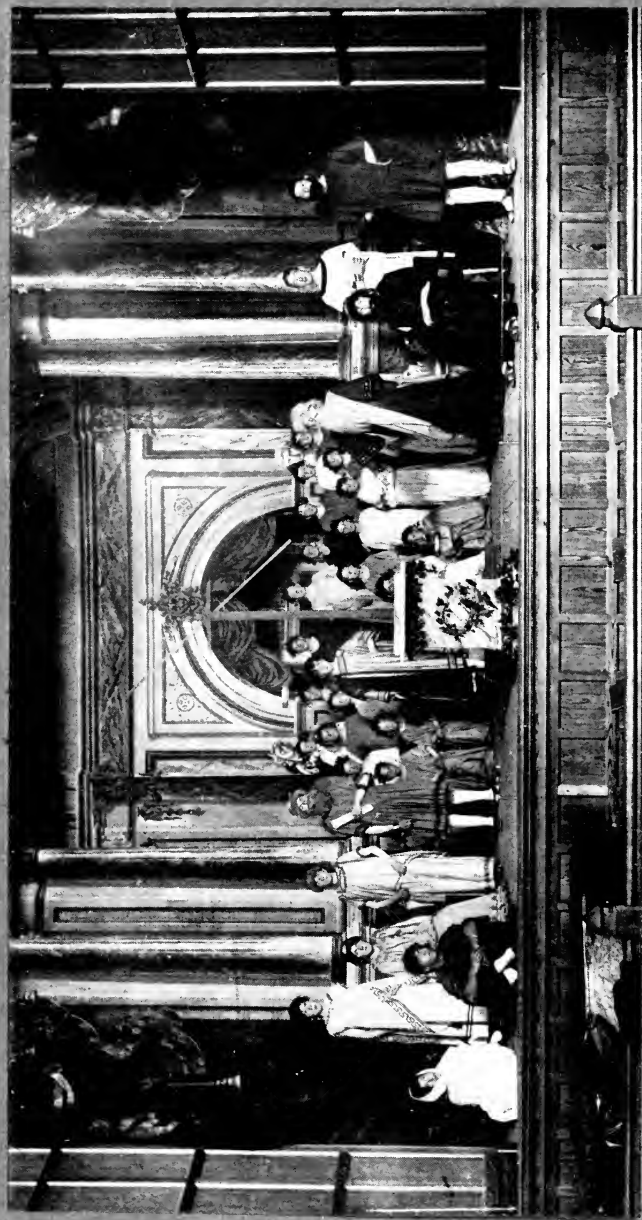


Photo by

THE "FROGS." WEIGHING THE VERSES

[*Elliott & Fry*]



The "Frogs" at Ampleforth

At the end—as we left after our short sojourn in Athens to come back to modern fact—we took with us, we thought, apart from the sense of pleasure and delight, some appreciation of the wit and humour and beauty that was Greece.

P. J. McC.

The following was the cast:

CHARACTERS

<i>Dionysus</i>	E. W. WILLIAMS.
<i>Xanthias</i>	J. D. TELFENER.
<i>Aeschylus</i>	F. W. LONG.
<i>Euripides</i>	L. T. WILLIAMS.
<i>Heracles</i>	E. J. MARTIN.
<i>Pluto</i>	D. P. MACDONALD.
<i>Charon</i>	E. A. MARSH.
<i>Aeacus</i>	I. G. MACDONALD.
<i>A Corpse</i>	G. L. BEECH.
<i>Maid to Persephone</i>	C. R. SIMPSON.
<i>A Landlady</i>	R. J. POWER.
<i>Plathane, Servant to Landlady</i>	HON. R. BARNEWALL.
<i>A Hierophant (Coryphaeus)</i>	V. G. KNOWLES.
<i>A Donkey</i>	{ L. F. LACY.
		{ C. B. COLLISON.
<i>Dirtylas</i>	G. F. FARRELL.
<i>Sceblyas</i>	R. J. ROBERTSON.
<i>Pardocas</i>	W. J. ROCHFORD.
		{ C. E. FIELD.
		{ S. FORTESCUE MORICE.
		{ VISCOUNT ENCOMBE.
<i>Frogs</i>	{ J. W. BISGOOD.
		{ B. A. MARTIN.
		{ V. G. CRAVOS.

Chorus of the Initiated.—C. E. Leese, T. V. Welsh, G. H. Newsham, N. F. Fishwick, A. C. Gibbons, A. M. Pollack, C. J. Lancaster, S. A. Lancaster, L. S. Lancaster, J. C. Allanson, H. Walmesley Greenwood, H. A. MacMahon, L. D. Unsworth, C. S. Unsworth, R. H. McArdle, L. G. Lythgoe, L. S. Spiller, G. F. Cuddon, D. T. Long, Hon. M. S. Scott.

SPEECH DAY

THE annual Speech Day this year was held on June 12, when the golden jubilee of the opening of the east wing of the school buildings was also commemorated. A large number of guests, parents of boys in the school, and "old boys," accepted the Abbot's invitation to be present, and also the following prelates: His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Right Rev. Dr Hedley, Bishop of Newport, Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, President of the English Congregation of the Benedictine Order, Right Rev. Cuthbert Butler, Abbot of Downside, Right Rev. Prior Cummins, O.S.B., Mgr Barnes and Mgr Jackman.

RECEPTION OF THE CARDINAL

On the evening of June 11 the Cardinal Archbishop motored to Ampleforth from York with Father Abbot and Mgr Jackman. The approach of the motor was announced by semaphore by the signalling corps of the school contingent of the Officers' Training Corps. A detachment of the contingent received His Eminence as a guard of honour at the main entrance. The Community and Choir awaited the Cardinal in the cloister. The guests, who had already arrived, and the school were in the church. Having vested in *cappa magna*, the Cardinal was solemnly conducted to the church, while the Choir sang Witt's setting of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." After the granting of the Indulgence, an address of welcome was read to His Eminence by Father Abbot. Cardinal Bourne, in his reply from the Throne, alluded to the historical tie that bound the monks of Ampleforth as the lineal descendants of the monks of Westminster Abbey to Westminster Cathedral, and said he relied on the prayers of the Community and the school to help him in carrying out the duties of his difficult office.

In the evening the school theatre, capable of seating 600 persons, was almost filled for the performance of the "Frogs." A criticism of the play appears elsewhere in these pages.

THE MASS

At 9 a.m. on Wednesday, June 12, the Abbot sang Pontifical High Mass. Cardinal Bourne assisted in *cappa magna* at the Throne. The Choir sang the Mass of St Cecilia by Kaim. After

Speech Day

Mass there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction on the lawn in front of the new monastery. In the procession, which was quite four hundred yards in length, the Blessed Sacrament was carried by Father Abbot and a detachment of the Officers' Training Corps attended as a guard of honour and an escort. The canopy bearers were Lord Trimleston, Mr G. H. McDermott, Mr J. Raby and Mr O. S. Williams.

" SPEECHES "

After High Mass " Speeches " and the distribution of prizes took place in the theatre. The following was the programme :

I.—OVERTURE	" Poet and Peasant "	<i>Suppé</i>
II.—ENGLISH SPEECH	" Becket "	<i>Tennyson</i>

Act I. Scene I.

<i>Becket</i>	LEONARD WILLIAMS
<i>Herbert</i>	RALPH POWER

III.—PART SONG	" Daybreak "	<i>Eaton Fanning</i>
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A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, " O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, " Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, " Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, " Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out! "

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, " O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, " O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
" Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
" Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, " Not yet! in quiet lie."

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IV.—LATIN SPEECH—A Beginners' Latin Class

“The Story of Pyramus and Thisbe”

FIRST FORM BOYS

V.—ODE TO ALMA MATER—The Right Rev. J. C. HEDLEY, O.S.B.

(Edited and Scored by R. W. OBERHOFFER, Esq.)

VI.—TEUFEL'S MARSCH

Supplé

The traditional Latin, Greek and French speeches this year gave place to a demonstration of the Direct Method of Teaching Latin as advocated by Dr Rouse, of the Perse School, Cambridge. The story of Pyramus and Thisbe was acted by boys who had done only eight months Latin, and was a remarkable illustration of what can be attained by this method. It proved a great success with the audience. In the English speech L. T. Williams made the most of his opportunity as Becket, and spoke with real power and pathos. R. J. Power, who had much less scope, was also good. The Choir sang well, but the play of the previous night and the singing at High Mass and during the procession had told on the trebles and altos, who at times were a little laboured. The Orchestra, under Mr H. P. Allen, was perfection.

THE HEAD MASTER'S SPEECH

After the presentation of the Ampleforth Society Scholarship to B. E. Burge, the Head Master (Dom Edmund Matthews, O.S.B., M.A.) spoke. He said that the health of the school during the year had been quite satisfactory, and that there had been no occasion to make use of the Isolation Infirmary. Referring to the public examinations, he said that the Higher Certificate Examination was as good a test as existed of the efficiency of a school, and that the school last year had more than held its own. He referred to the fact that parents were more and more recognizing the absolute necessity of a university education, and the result was that every year more boys from Ampleforth were sent up to the Universities—a fact which must make a great difference not only to their own careers, but to the Catholic body as a whole. The school would shortly be inspected for the second time by examiners from the Oxford and Cambridge Board, and he had every reason to believe that the report would be even more satisfactory than it was five years

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ago. This inspection was valuable as a stimulus, but also inasmuch as boys who were going to Woolwich and Sandhurst derived special benefits from it. In the games a change had been made in the adoption of Rugby football in the place of Association, and the first XV had had the remarkable record of winning in their first year all their inter-school matches.

THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT AND THE "AIM OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION"

The Bishop of Newport then delivered an address, of which the following is the substance. The address itself is printed as the first article in the present issue of the JOURNAL. He said that in addressing them that day on the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the main buildings of the school he did not intend to enter into any comparative estimate of the merits of the Catholic schools of the country. These schools were a striking illustration of the seriousness and tenacity with which Catholics had clung to their faith. But they differed from one another in history, in character, in resources and in their individual appeal to the Catholic community. What he had to deal with was Ampleforth. Half a century was a long time in human life. In the present school it was not impossible that there were the grandchildren of those who were boys then. In the meantime hundreds of boys had passed from that school out into the work of life. Comparing the state of education in the country now with what it was fifty years ago, it was difficult to say whether the general level had risen or not. Education was a many-sided process. To form the whole man—which was what education aimed at—you had to form his mind, his will, his heart, his imagination, his taste, his sensitive nature, and his organs and limbs. Everyone knew that one or more of these co-ordinate formative processes had at various dates been overdone, on the one hand, or neglected on the other. The first and most powerful of educational forces was what was called by the old-fashioned name of Piety. The word was familiar to the world long before the New Testament; for example, it recurred incessantly in the pages of Cicero. The early Greek education turned the thoughts of the young to the gods, who were really the heroes. As philosophic thought developed in Greece,

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heroes and gods were discredited, and the Piety of the young was directed to the idea of the State. The perfect idea of Piety was realized by Christians in the recognition of God as our Father and Friend, as presented and enforced in the Holy Scriptures and the Catholic Church. It was not only that Christian Piety was the measure and standard of morality and of the "perfect man"; a great and chief part of what man is was his religious faculty. Hence religious education, or Piety, so far from destroying the balance, or from producing a one-sided man, was absolutely needed if the true balance was to be maintained. It could only be those who disbelieved in religion, in faith, and in God, who would banish Piety from education. It was the best stimulus for human nature; it made all the faculties live and grow; it caused the receptive powers to expand and mature, and produced the transforming effect which was characteristic of all true education. It was not probable that the level of Piety had risen in that school during the past fifty years, simply because Catholic education had always been and was religious and pious. When they thought of their school buildings, as they did that day, with fifty years of history written on their stones, and recalled the generations of young hearts that had passed through them, they might be grateful to God and proud that there had never been a time—never been a day—in which those buildings had not been hallowed by prayer, by exhortation to divine ideals, and by the practice of a Piety which had been the best and most formative force of every mind and heart. Piety, though essential and an all-pervading influence, was not everything in education. There was what he would call Honesty—*Honestas*. It was the quality in a man's character of rectitude, uprightness, loftiness, nobility and beauty. A man was "educated" when he knew a fair amount, when his principles and views were lofty and noble, when his ends and motives were intellectual rather than sensual, when his behaviour showed refinement, and when his hands and his limbs were to some extent trained. In classical Greece the theory was that the free citizens should form a kind of aristocracy of mind and culture who managed the commonwealth, made the laws, furnished the magistrates, and provided the leaders of the army and navy. If this was impossible now, yet in a school like theirs they had the avoidance of premature specialization, the pursuit

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of mental and moral training of a wide and fundamental character, and six or seven years of calm and peaceful residence. The Greeks insisted on the influence of art, music, and poetry. High education was impossible without refinement. He knew that at Ampleforth there had always been a competent training in art. As for music, he looked to its full refining effect in the Church. To literature and poetry there was a faithful and traditional fidelity. Athletics were to them what they were to the best minds of Greece—a means of making a strong and healthy body. He believed that at Ampleforth, besides having good and skilful masters, a boy was taught that most essential element in education—to educate himself. Unless a boy brought his mind to bear on his own education and learned to reflect, to aim, and to avoid, he might be crammed, but he would never be educated. He thought that the development of this power was a marked feature in Ampleforth education.

THE CARDINAL AND AMPLEFORTH

Cardinal Bourne, who was enthusiastically received, said it was only fitting that he should express what was in the minds of all—namely, sentiments of hearty congratulation to Ampleforth on the occasion of the jubilee of their school, and at the same time that he should assure the Bishop of Newport of their deep appreciation of his stirring words. Judging by the impression of the Bishop's words upon those who, though not privileged to be sons of Ampleforth, were yet deeply interested in education in every form, he could gain some idea of the interest which the address must have had for those who were connected with the school, who would derive from it courage and inspiration to emulate in the future the work which had been done in the past, and if possible to surpass it. It was manifest from what they had all seen and heard that day and on the previous evening, that a great, noble, and successful work was being carried on in the school, and he was sure that the persons who were most concerned—namely, the parents of the boys—would go away with a full sense of satisfaction that in making choice of Ampleforth as the place of their sons' education, they had indeed chosen well. Though His Eminence was personally called upon in his present position to deal with elementary education, yet none could feel more keenly than he that it was to the

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Catholic secondary schools in the country that they must look to find those who in the future were to be leaders of Catholic public life, destined to organize and raise the Catholic body into a force powerful for the good of the Church and the nation at large. They must never forget that Almighty God, in making them members of His Church, had also given them gifts which, though primarily intended for their own salvation, were also to be used for the progress of the Church and for the good of their fellow countrymen. He congratulated the Abbot and community of Ampleforth on their success in turning out Catholic men fitted for that mission, and he trusted that those who were now boys in the school would one day assemble there again to celebrate not the jubilee, but the hundredth anniversary of the "New" school, and that the school's progress would continue to be commensurate with that of the past fifty years.

After "God save the King" the proceedings terminated.

The following are the names of the prizewinners:

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Set I	Hugh F. Marron.
Set II	John R. Temple.
Set III	Anthony E. Rankin.
Set IV	Noel J. Smith.
Set V	Leo A. Unsworth.
Set VI	Henry W. Greenwood.

ENGLISH

Set I	{ Joseph O. Kelly } <i>ex æquo.</i>
		{ Cyril R. Simpson }
Set II	Herbert F. Hickey.
Set III	Edward Leach.
Set IV	Wilfrid F. Smith.
Set V	Thomas V. Welsh.
Set VI	Robert G. McArdle.
Set VI (<i>Writing</i>)	Hon. Michael S. Scott.
Set VI (<i>Drawing</i>)	James Paton Douglas.

HISTORY

Set I (<i>English</i>)	Noel J. Chamberlain.
Set II	Hugh F. Marron.

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Set III	Vincent G. Knowles.
Set IV (<i>Roman</i>)	Godfrey A. Hayes.
Set V (<i>Greek</i>)	Harold J. Martin.
Set VI	Francis S. Cravos.
Set VII	Victor J. Cravos.

GEOGRAPHY

Set I	Gerald E. Farrell.
Set II	Anthony E. Rankin.
Set III	Frederic L. Le Fèvre.
Set IV	John B. Allanson.
Set V	Victor J. Cravos.

LATIN

Set I	Augustine P. Kelly.
Set II	John R. Temple.
Set III	John B. Caldwell.
Set IV	Gerald E. Farrell.
Set V	Godfrey A. Hayes.
Set VI	Joseph L. Fishwick.
Set VII	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Set VIII	Cyril J. Ffield.
Set IX	Patrick J. Wallace.
Set X	Victor J. Cravos.
Set XI	Robert G. McArdle.

GREEK

Set I	Augustine P. Kelly.
Set II	Hugh F. Marron.
Set III	Leo L. Lacy.
Set IV	<i>Not awarded.</i>
Set V	Martin J. Ainscough.
Set VI	Clement J. Rochford. ¹
Set VII	Leo A. Unsworth.
Set VIII	Lawrence B. Lancaster.

FRENCH

Set I	Gaston A. Lintner.
Set II	John B. Caldwell.
Set III	<i>Not awarded.</i>

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Set IV	Godfrey A. Hayes.
Set V	Thomas V. Welsh.
Set VI	Anthony B. Gibbons.
Set VII	Cyril J. Ffield.
Set VIII	John W. Bisgood.
Set IX	Robert G. McArdle.

GERMAN

Set I	John R. Temple.
Set II	Hon. R. H. Barnewall.

MATHEMATICS

Set I	Francis W. Long.
Set II	{ (a) Joseph O. Kelly.
	{ (b) Vincent G. Knowles.
Set III	Edward V. Williams.
Set IV	Denis T. Long.
Set V	Wilfrid A. Martin.
Set VI	Louis G. Lythgoe.
Set VII	Norman E. Fishwick.
Set VIII	Harold J. Martin.
Set IX	Francis S. Cravos.
Set X	Viscount Encombe.
Set XI	Henry W. Greenwood.

SCIENCE

Set I (<i>Mechanics</i>)	Francis W. Long.
Set II (<i>Physics</i>)	Joseph O. Kelly.
Set III (<i>Chemistry</i>)	Denis T. Long.
Set IV (<i>Chemistry</i>)	Martin J. Ainscough.
Set V (<i>Chemistry</i>)	{ (a) Frederic L. Le Fèvre.
	{ (b) Cyril S. Cravos.
Set VI (<i>Practical Mathematics</i>)	Cyril J. Ffield.
Set VII (<i>Nature Study</i>)	John G. Heslop.

MUSIC PRIZES

Piano	Bernard B. Burge.
Violin	Vincent G. Knowles.
Theory (<i>Turner Prize</i>)	James E. Marsh.
Improvement	Herbert J. Emery.

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PAINTING AND DRAWING PRIZES

Painting	John R. Temple.
Drawing	Oswald S. Barton.
Drawing (<i>Mechanical</i>) .	Basil J. Smith.
Drawing (<i>Improvement</i>) .	Hon. R. H. Barnewall.
Prize for the best copy of the year	<i>Not awarded.</i>

EXTRA PRIZES

Classical Prize	John D. Telfener.
(Presented by John McElligott, Esq.)	
“Milburn” Prize for the Upper School (<i>Mathe-</i> <i>matics</i>)	Francis W. Long.
“Fishwick” Prize for the II and I Forms (<i>Latin</i> <i>Grammar</i>)	Cyril J. Ffield.
English Essay for the VI, V, and IV Forms	Joseph O. Kelly.
(Presented by John Raby, Esq.)	
Latin and Composition for the Higher and Lower III Forms	Godfrey A. Hayes.
(Presented by John Nevill, Esq.)	

THE LUNCHEON

Luncheon was served in the school hall. About four hundred persons sat down. Father Abbot, who presided, in giving the toast of “the Pope and the King,” dwelt with emphasis upon the loyalty of the Catholics both to their spiritual father and temporal ruler.

ABBOT GASQUET

ABBOT GASQUET then proposed the “Cardinal,” saying that he did so with peculiar pleasure because, although he was in Rome when His Eminence received the hat, he was prevented from attending the ceremony, and this was the first occasion he had had of expressing not only in his own name but in the name of all English Benedictines, sincere congratulations

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to the Lord Cardinal and the hope that His Eminence might have every grace and blessing, and a long life in which to labour for the advance of the Church in England. If there was ever a time when the Church in England stood in need of a firm and wise ruler, it was the present day. If they looked around upon the seething discontent which existed among the population and upon the efforts which so many people were making to sap the foundations of true religion, true morality and true patriotism, by endeavouring to destroy religious education, it would be manifest that there was need of a leader with a determined policy, supported by every Catholic in the land. Speaking of his own Order and Congregation, the Abbot could assure His Eminence that he had the support of every Benedictine, as of every other Catholic, in his policy of "no surrender" in the question of religious education. The work done in secondary schools was no less important than that done in the elementary, and he rejoiced that the English Benedictines had taken their full share in the provision of Catholic Schools wherein an education could be given capable of producing men and gentlemen, and that thereby they had helped to remove all excuse for sending Catholic boys to Protestant schools, which wholly lacked the religious influences necessary for the boys' spiritual welfare and development. An instance of the progressive spirit of the Benedictine schools lay in the fact that when it was proved to be necessary for the Catholics of England to take advantage of the higher education of the Universities, the Benedictines were among the first to realize the existence of the necessity in the case of the clergy, and to take steps, even at considerable pecuniary sacrifice, to establish houses by Ampleforth at Oxford and by Downside at Cambridge. These (concluded the Abbot) were facts which the Cardinal would assuredly forgive him for mentioning, for they were closely connected with objects and ideals which lay very near to the heart of His Eminence.

CARDINAL BOURNE ON THE MISSION OF CATHOLIC LAYMEN

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP replied that he was most grateful for all that Abbot Gasquet had said, and especially for the assurance that, in all the work in which he (the Cardinal) was

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engaged, and particularly in the most anxious task of safeguarding religious education in England, he could rely upon the support, assistance and loyal devotion of the English Benedictine Congregation. He had, indeed, seen in his own experience of the Benedictines, whether in the secondary schools or in the more hidden and humble work of tending the elementary schools of the missions, how completely their hearts and energies were devoted to that great cause. It was to him a special occasion of joy to share in the festivities of an Ampleforth jubilee, for anything that recalled the progress which had been accomplished during the last fifty years, gave him encouragement and hope for the future. He was particularly grateful that within the short space of less than six months, since he had returned from Rome honoured with a special mark of confidence from the Holy Father, he had been privileged to take part in two great Benedictine celebrations. Hardly a month ago, at the invitation of the Abbot of Downside, he had had the great consolation of solemnly blessing the new school buildings there; and now he had the pleasure of seeing how, since his last visit to Ampleforth some ten years ago, new buildings had been erected at that school also, and of anticipating how the energies and devotedness of the sons of Ampleforth would, before many generations were gone by, render even the present generous accommodation inadequate. He hoped that, as in the past so in the future, the necessary money would be found without difficulty for the extension of the school buildings. Referring to Abbot Gasquet's remarks on the anxieties of the present day, His Eminence said that he considered it a mistake to regard the powerful forces which were working for socialism and secularism as necessarily and essentially hostile to the Church. He took it that the Catholic Church in virtue of her principles was aiming with all her power and strength to build up a population that should be as contented as possible upon this earth, and should be happy hereafter. The Socialists, too, whose sense of what was right and just and honest had been evoked by many of the conditions prevailing in our midst, though they did not think of the world to come, had nevertheless to some extent the same object as the Church in so far as they were labouring to secure contentment in the present life. Catholics, therefore,

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who possessed the knowledge of revelation, and who knew that contentment in this life was indeed part of God's plan, ought not to regard those who were opposed to them in so many other ways as necessarily their enemies. It was the mission of Catholics, and especially of those Catholics who possessed the great gift of a liberal education, and who had enjoyed such opportunities as did the boys of Ampleforth, to do their best patiently, perseveringly, and without spirit of antagonism, to show that their principles were not contrary to those which their supposed opponents had most at heart. Catholics must try their utmost to come into contact with those of the other camp, and to show them that the Church, too, laboured for the well-being of the people; for in that way he believed it was possible to win over many of those who now seemed most bitterly hostile. His most earnest desire was to see among those who issued from Catholic colleges, men who would be leaders of the people, especially in questions of economic and social reform. His Eminence instanced the case of the Catholics of Belgium at the present day, and said that the magnificent victory which had been recently won in that country was due to the young educated men of Belgium, and particularly those who had enjoyed advantages such as those provided in the University of Louvain, who had stepped forward to be leaders of the Belgian people in economical and social questions. He would put a similar ideal before the boys of Ampleforth, and urge them, by diligent use of their present opportunities in the school, to fit themselves, when occasion arose, to become Catholic leaders in the social matters which were perplexing England to-day.

"AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE"

Mr JOHN McDONALD, in giving the toast of "Ampleforth," paid an emphatic tribute to the work that was being done for English Catholics by those Catholic schools that devoted themselves to the higher education of Catholic boys. He could make no comparison between school and school on such a day as the present, but his hearers would perhaps allow him to say that to his mind the position of Ampleforth among such schools was the position that it occupied alphabetically. The English Bene-

Speech Day

dictines had proved themselves masters in all that pertained to educational efficiency, and in turning out from their schools men well fitted to give the lead to their countrymen and their co-religionists in the many perplexing questions of the day. The advance made in recent years by Ampleforth had been brought home in a peculiarly personal way to himself by the perception that his three boys were beginning to regard him as a back number in a state of—well, fair preservation. He submitted the toast of Ampleforth, and associated with it the name of Ampleforth's most distinguished son—his lordship the Bishop of Newport.

BISHOP HEDLEY, in replying to the toast, said that the task of responding was specially gratifying to him, because he wished to identify himself entirely with Ampleforth. It was fifty years since he had ceased to reside at Ampleforth, and, of course, longer since he had been a boy in the school, but it was impossible to shake off the influence of Ampleforth, which had entered into his bones and fibre and permeated his most inward nature. As an exile to his home, so he had returned to Ampleforth year by year during the last half century, and always with the keenest interest in the life and welfare of both masters and boys. Proceeding, his lordship said he wished to take this opportunity in the presence of so many friends of Ampleforth of thanking all whose generosity in the past had enabled the school to hold the position it does to-day. For every school must, to a large extent, depend on its friends. The Catholic schools in England were in need of scholarships such as were possessed in large numbers by the public schools, and the friends of Ampleforth who founded scholarships for the school would be among its greatest benefactors.

The Right Rev. PRIOR CUMMINS, O.S.B., in proposing the "Guests," made special mention of the presence among them that day of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Abbot Gasquet, and the Right Rev. the Abbot of Downside, whom he wished to congratulate in the name of Ampleforth on the recent opening of the new buildings at Downside. He had great pleasure in coupling with the toast the name of Sir David Hunter Blair.

REV. SIR DAVID OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR returned thanks in an extremely felicitous speech.

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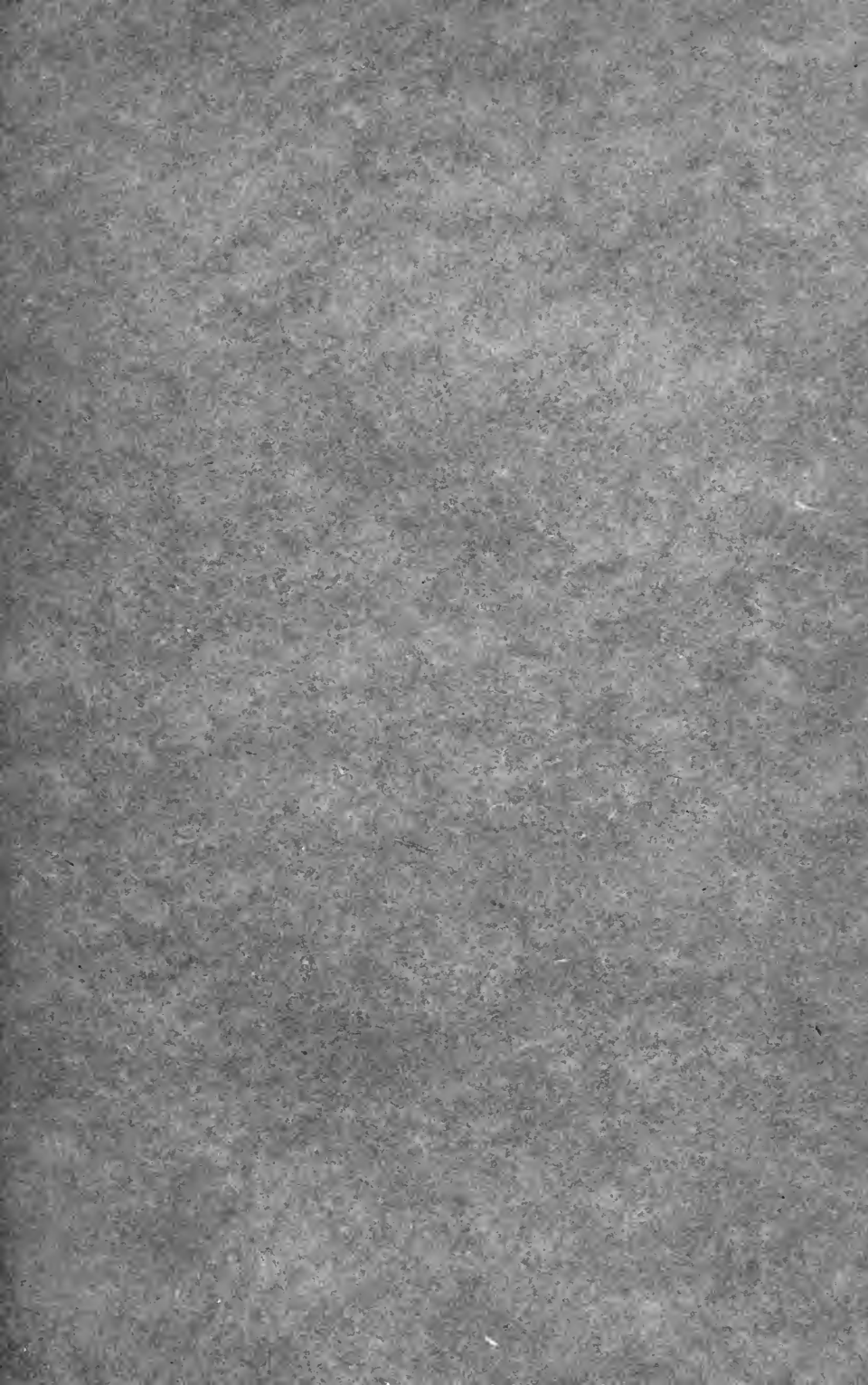
OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

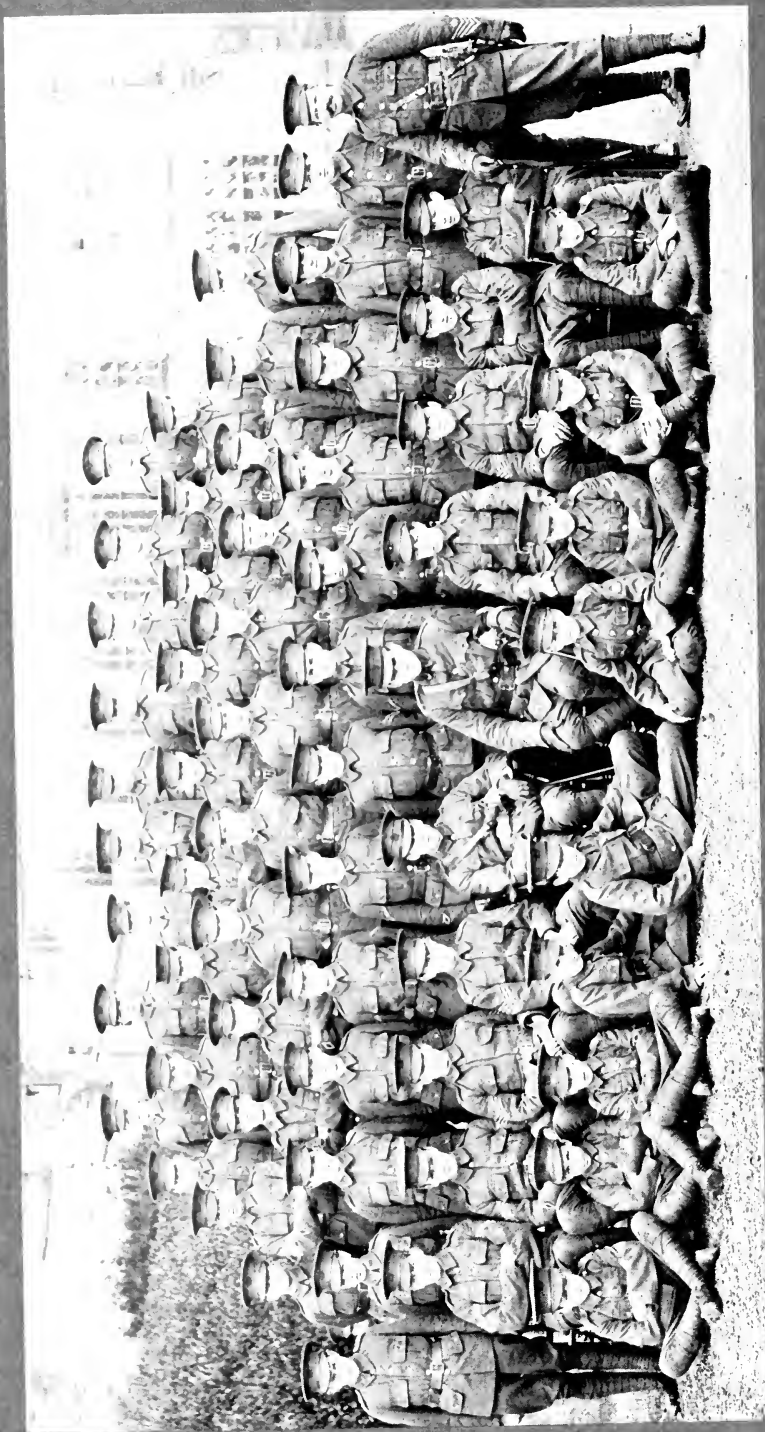
After luncheon the Officers' Training Corps was inspected by Cardinal Bourne, who also received the salute. After addressing a few words to the boys on the necessity of patriotism and of bearing their share in the defence of their country, His Eminence left by motor for York. The new rifle range, constructed on the principles approved by the Hythe School of Musketry, was then opened by Lord Trimlestown.

After tea the cricket match, Past *v.* Present, which had been begun the previous day, was brought to a conclusion. The full score of the match, which ended in a victory for the Present, will be found in the cricket news in this issue.

BENEDICTION AND "TE DEUM"

In the evening a solemn "Te Deum" was sung at Benediction, which was given by Bishop Hedley, assisted by Fr Paulinus Wilson, the doyen of the Ampleforth Community, Fr Ildephonsus Brown (Deacon) and Fr Placid Whittle (Sub-deacon), all of whom have spent more than fifty years in the Benedictine Order, and all of whom were members of the Ampleforth Community at the solemn opening of the "New College" fifty years ago.





[Elliot & Fry

THE AMBULANCES CONTINGENT OF THE O.T.C.

Photo by]

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

THE chief event this term in connexion with the Officers' Training Corps was the opening of the new rifle range which has been constructed east of the square. It has been built on principles laid down by the Hythe School of Musketry and has, of course, received the official approval of the War Office. Lord Trimlestown opened the range on June 12, Speech Day, in the presence of a large audience. The butts have been in constant use since, and rumour says that the school contains a number of quite promising shots. The shooting competitions have not taken place at the time of the writing of this note, but later in the term the following prizes will be competed for:

1. Cup, presented by Colonel Anderson.
2. Cup, presented by Mr L. Cadie.
3. The Head Master's Prize.
4. The Officers' Prize.
5. Prize, presented by Captain Boyce.
6. Prize, presented by Mr W. J. Sharp.

Several members of the contingent have taken up signalling (semaphore) with great energy and are now apparently quite fluent at it. The skill of the signalling corps was called into requisition on the approach of the motor bringing Cardinal Bourne to Ampleforth on June 11, and proved of the greatest convenience to those in charge of the arrangements for the reception of His Eminence, and saved everybody a good deal of waiting. A detachment of the corps received the Cardinal as a guard of honour at the school gates. The corps also furnished a guard of honour and escort in the two processions of the Blessed Sacrament on June 6, the Feast of Corpus Christi, and on June 12.

On May 17 a field day was held on the moors. The scheme of operations was that an invading force, advancing westward, was encamped at Hovingham, whilst a body of the defenders held Coxwold. To the defenders were attached the Officers' Training Corps. Whilst moving eastward through Wass the officer commanding the contingent received information of the presence of a party of the enemy on the Ampleforth Moor and instructions to force the party on to the Ampleforth Road if

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possible, when it would receive attention from the defenders' mounted troops. The contingent pushed on its advance from Wass in a heavy shower of rain. The invaders were first sighted occupying the ridge in front of the Haunted House in Shallowdale. Fire was opened at a quarter past two, and the invading party retired across the moor towards the Roman Camp. A final rush was then made on the road, when the "Cease Fire" brought an interesting situation to a close. The umpire afterwards criticized the work of the contingent, and commended it upon the excellent way in which the attack had been carried out. Afterwards forces were joined for the march back to the school after a day that was, up to a certain and safe point, quite realistic.

On June 20 the annual inspection was carried out by Lieutenant A. P. Wavell, of the General Staff, War Office. The report has not yet been issued. We understand, however, that the inspecting officer expressed satisfaction, and even admiration, at the smartness of the contingent on parade. The contingent go to the Public Schools' Camp at Aldershot on July 29.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THE Natural History Society resumed its accustomed activity at the beginning of the present term with nearly forty members, the session being again opened by an address from the Head Master on the aim and scope of the study of natural history. With one or two omissions, the usual general meetings have been held, when papers, followed by discussions, have been read. Sectional meetings have also been held as usual by members of the geological and entomological sections, four lectures having been given to the former, who have also done some good work in the field. The latter have had several successful field days, and many additions have been made to the list of local beetles, moths and butterflies. In addition, most of the insect and animal life of the district has been kept under close observation.

It may, perhaps, be a matter of no little surprise to the uninitiated or the unobservant how many objects of interest are to be found within a very small radius of the cricket fields. To mention first some of the more interesting birds which have been seen during the present summer. A pair of stonechats have built within a few yards of the scoring tent, and may generally be seen flying about near the hedge and uttering their very characteristic and unmusical note. This is the first time that these birds have been seen in the locality for many years. The low warbling song of the whinchat may generally be heard in the long meadow. These very shy and interesting birds may best be seen a little further down the valley or in the rough meadows below the Lion Wood, where they are seldom disturbed. They return here year after year along with the meadow pipits, and a patient search will be rewarded by finding the nest, which is generally built in a clump of grass beside one of the old mole-hills which abound there. Here also the reed-bunting and the sedge-warbler build every year in the reed beds which grow beside a small stream which runs down the valley; and the wheatear may generally be seen perched upon one of the low furze bushes which grow beside the marsh land, where in the early spring the nests of the plover and snipe were found. In an old ash tree a little further on a pair of green woodpeckers have their nest, and a few knocks upon the trunk of the tree brings

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out one of the birds, whose beautiful red and green plumage may be well seen as it slowly emerges from the hole, and then, realizing the presence of danger, darts off in that long swooping flight up the valley to where its mate is probably hunting for its favourite food among ant-hills. The magpie and carrion crow have again occupied their old nesting sites in the Lion Wood, where also the nest of the kestrel may be found every year, and in the Bathing Wood some jays and a pair of long-eared owls are to be seen. Though the owls have lived there for several years, and may be heard at night as they roam about the valley, their nests have never been found. This year a dipper has built its nest between the stones of the old bridge over the brook near the football fields, and in spite of frequent visits from the photographer and the merely curious has successfully hatched its eggs. This cheerful bird has long been familiar on the brook. It has been a matter of surprise that year after year its nest has succeeded in eluding the search of the collector of eggs—a person more rare, happily, than he used to be—and some misgivings were felt for its safety when it was discovered the sagacious little bird had dared to choose this much-frequented spot for its nest. But its confidence was justified, for the nest was not disturbed, though, only a few days after the young had flown, the nest was washed away in one of the floods with which we have been too familiar this term. Near the same spot a pair of grey wagtails were also seen for a few days, but they have since disappeared—they were probably resting on their journey northwards, for this bird is very seldom found here, though it may always be seen on the Rye in Duncombe Park and near the old mill at the entrance to Sleightholme Dale. Another very shy and retiring bird which returns to a certain meadow near the football fields year after year with unfailing regularity is the grasshopper warbler. Though less common here than in the south of England, it may still be found in several localities in the neighbourhood, and during the day and often throughout the night its song may be heard, if song it may be called, for its song most closely resembles in its persistent monotony the sound of a well-oiled fishing reel, but the bird itself is seldom seen and its nest has not been found for several years. In the Monastery Wood a solitary ring-ouzel was seen in the spring;

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it has probably departed. The nest of this bird, too, has been found several times of late years in Shallowdale, and in the deep valley which runs from Cold Kirby to Oldstead it is fairly common. In the Monastery Wood, also, the nests of most of the warblers have again been found, and in an Irish yew near the cemetery a pair of long-tailed tits have built their beautiful lichen-covered nest, where at night both of the old birds might have been seen sitting on the nest, their tails carefully folded upon their backs and their heads protruding from the nest. Here also a pair of hawfinches were found, but both died, apparently from injuries received by flying against some wire netting. These birds have often been observed here of late years, and they seem to be becoming more common, though the nest has never been found. Goldfinches, too, build annually in the orchard, though they often fall into the hands of some local bird fanciers who, when the young birds are just hatched, transfer them to a cage which they hang up in the tree near the nest, thus allowing the old birds to rear them. It is a local superstition that if the cage is not removed as soon as the young can fly they are promptly poisoned by the parents. Going a little further afield, a nest of the night-jar was discovered in June near the Roman Camp, off the Hambleton road. This singular and interesting bird is seldom seen here, though it occasionally breeds in Shallowdale and its curious reeling song is familiar in the Gilling Woods and on the moor beyond, where it is said to breed annually. These woods offer a safe retreat to another beautiful and rare bird, the pied wagtail, found also in Pry Rigg, which is seldom seen outside Yorkshire, save, perhaps, in some of the glens of Derbyshire or in the wild valleys of Central Wales.

The Gilling Estate also contains one of the few remaining Yorkshire heronries, which consists of about a dozen nests built in the topmost branches of some of the finest and tallest Scotch firs on the estate, which surround the upper lake. From below a good view may be obtained of many of the nests, large and unshapely erections measuring three or four feet in diameter, and if one approaches discreetly some of the birds may generally be seen on the ground or standing motionless in the lake waiting for their prey, but if once disturbed they fly off over

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the woods, and will seldom allow themselves to be seen approaching their nests in spite of the fact that it is almost impossible to reach them by climbing.

Curlews, too, have this year been very abundant since April on the Scawton Moors, whence they fly over to the Rye Valley in search of food, uttering their wild sea-cry. A long and patient search in the heather was this year rewarded by the discovery of a nest. The same good luck was not experienced in the case of the golden plovers which were found on Appleton Moor a few weeks ago, but these birds build early in the year, and the flock of a dozen birds which were put up were probably hatched early this spring. The merlin is still seen sometimes on the moors, and within the last few years several hen-harriers have been seen on Rievaulx Moor, but these birds have been nearly exterminated by the ill-judged zeal of ignorant gamekeepers.

Many additions have been made to the local list of coleoptera, and several new butterflies and moths have been found, some of them reared from caterpillars which were captured last summer. There is a certain pond, little known and uninviting in appearance to the mere outsider, which on wet afternoons has proved a veritable, if somewhat watery, paradise to the naturalist. Within its mysterious depths are contained several species of newts, including one rare variety, which, with their tadpoles, have provided food for much careful and expectant observation. Here, too, many species of water beetles may be captured by the aid of a small net, and a patient search among the rushes which surround it will generally be rewarded by the discovery of the larvæ of many different species of dragon-flies, including the large *Libellula Depressa* and *Æschna Grandis*. Several of these larvæ have been captured and successfully reared. As every one knows, after living for many months as loathsome and voracious aquatic insects, these larvæ, as the time of their transformation into perfect insects arrives, crawl out of the water and may then be found clinging to the rushes, there to perform the last wonderful change which makes them the most beautiful of British insects. To-day they are crawling in the mud, black and hideous; to-morrow they are chasing their insect prey in forest glades or skimming over the water with every vein in their wonderful transparent wings glistening

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in the sunlight. Many of these larvæ have been captured and this last stage of their wonderful development has been watched.

It is satisfactory to be able to record the addition of several species of insects, rare in this locality, which have been found by members of the society since last summer. These include two pairs of stag beetles and the beautiful crimson underwing moth, together with the willow and lime hawk moths, the bee hawk and several species of fritillaries. It is hoped that it may be possible, at no distant date, to issue a full list of all the insects and birds of which any record has been made as a permanent record of the work of the Society and as a help and stimulus to future members.

J. P. D.

CRICKET

UP to the time of going to press the First Eleven have played seven matches, won six and lost one. The Second Eleven have played two, lost one and drawn one very much in their favour. The Third Eleven have won the only match they have played so far—St Peter's School Third Eleven. The cricket season has been sadly curtailed by the abnormal weather of June. Since Whitsuntide there has not been anything like a dry wicket and high scoring has accordingly been out of the question. The First Eleven is an unusually level side. Kelly is the most valuable bat in the team, as he hits very hard; but Richardson, Burge and Barton also show good style. Chamberlain has not reproduced his last year's form; perhaps hard wickets suit him better. The bowling has been almost exclusively done by Richardson and Farrell. The latter has a deceptive flight and a good break from the leg. The former keeps a very good length, and if the wicket helps him at all is a by no means easy bowler to play. Long and McDonald, the change bowlers, have scarcely had a chance of showing what they are worth.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. DUNCOMBE PARK

This match was played at Ampleforth on May 9 on a good wicket and in fine weather. Rumour had credited Duncombe Park with a strong team, but they made the very moderate score of 96. The first four batsmen gave the impression that they could bat well, but the team had a tail that recalls the notorious one of the dog of Greek idiom fame. Kelly hit up fifty by bright and vigorous cricket and was never in trouble with the bowling.

Duncombe Park

W. Hunton, b. Richardson	6	D. Frank, c. and b. Rev. R. C. Hesketh	2
W. H. Stevens, c. and b. Rev. I. Williams	3	H. Hoggart, b. Richardson	6
J. Nixon, b. Richardson	20	F. Teasdale, c. Rev. P. Dolan, b. R. C. Hesketh	4
L. Frank, b. Rev. C. Hesketh	22	J. Ellenby, not out	0
Dr Blair, b. Rev. C. Hesketh	9	Extras	9
G. Bumby, b. Richardson	8		
E. H. Cooper, run out	7	Total	96

Cricket

Ampleforth College

Rev. J. P. Dolan, run out 37	L. T. Williams	} Did not bat.
A. P. Kelly, b. L. Frank 50	O. S. Barton	
Rev. C. Hesketh, l.b.w. H. Stevens 27	E. J. Marsh	
B. E. Burge, not out 19	G. F. Farrell	
Rev. W. I. Williams	} Did not bat.	Extras . . 10
G. R. Richardson		—
Rev. F. B. Dawson		Total (for 3 wickets) 143

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. CASTLE HOWARD

Played on May 23. Four of the Castle Howard Eleven missed the train, and the match was thus robbed of much of its interest. The wicket was altogether in favour of the bowlers. Four of the School Second Eleven played as substitutes for the visitors, and did not do at all badly.

Castle Howard

G. Calvert, run out 6
J. Calvert, c. Rev. C. Hesketh, b. Rev. I. Williams 17
M. H. Smith, c. Rev. I. Barton, b. Rev. I. Williams 14
F. Bradshaw, l.b.w. Rev. I. Williams 4
F. Thompson, b. Richardson . . 1
F. Smith, c. Rev. I. Barton, b. Richardson 4
B. Rodwell, b. Richardson . . . 6
N. J. Chamberlain, c. Burge, b. Rev. I. Williams 13
W. G. Chamberlain, st. Kelly, b. Rev. I. Williams 1
F. W. Long, b. Rev. C. Hesketh . 6
G. L. Beech, not out 7
Extras . . 3

Total 82

Ampleforth College

Rev. P. Dolan, c. F. Smith, b. M. H. Smith	24
A. P. Kelly, b. M. H. Smith	8
Rev. C. Hesketh, b. F. Smith	5
B. E. Burge, b. F. Smith	1
Rev. I. Williams, not out	23
G. R. Richardson, c. Beech, b. F. Smith	1
Rev. J. Barton, not out	13
L. T. Williams	} Did not bat.
C. B. Collison	
E. J. Marsh	
O. S. Barton	

Extras . . 8

Total (for 5 wickets) 83

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. " OLD BOYS "

The Old Boys London Club came down from London to play their annual match with the School on Whit-Sunday and Monday. The School won the toss, and of course batted first.

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Kelly and Williams gave the side a good start and put on sixty runs before Kelly was out to a good length ball he tried to hook to leg. Richardson and Barton both played well for their runs, but of the others Burge was the only one to play the bowling with any confidence. Towards the end of his innings he put up a few balls on the off, but on the whole he played correct and bright cricket. The "Old Boys" never looked like winning, and but for some vigorous hitting by Mr P. Westlake would have made rather a poor show, but Richardson and Farrell were bowling at the top of their form, and they were backed up by very good fielding. In the second innings Mr R. Calder-Smith made a great effort to pull the "Old Boys" through and played the best innings of the match.

Ampleforth College

First Innings

A. P. Kelly, b. Bradley	48
L. T. Williams, c. F. Calder-Smith, b. Carter	23
G. R. Richardson, b. Huntingdon . . .	15
O. S. Barton, c. F. Calder-Smith, b. Carter	14
E. J. Marsh, b. Huntingdon	0
B. E. Burge, b. Carter	45
N. J. Chamberlain, b. Bradley	1
C. B. Collison, b. Huntingdon	5
G. L. Beech, b. Huntingdon	0
D. P. McDonald, b. Carter	1
F. W. Long, not out	4
G. F. Farrell, b. Bradley	3
Extras	13

Total 182

Ampleforth College

Second Innings

A. P. Kelly, l.b.w., b. Huntingdon . .	31
L. T. Williams, l.b.w. Carter	3
G. R. Richardson, not out	28
B. E. Burge, b. Huntingdon	0
E. J. Marsh, c. Hansom, b. Bradley . .	0
O. S. Barton, not out	6
N. J. Chamberlain } Did not bat	
C. B. Collison } Did not bat	

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"Old Boys"

First Innings

B. R. Bradley, c. Williams, b. Richardson	6
H. Pike, st. Kelly, b. Farrell	16
R. Calder-Smith, b. Farrell	13
C. S. Kerrin, b. Farrell	0
J. B. Barton, b. Richardson	4
B. Rochford, c. Chamberlain, b. Richardson	13
H. Carter, c. Chamberlain, b. Richardson	3
G. McDermott, b. Richardson	3
F. Calder-Smith, b. Richardson . . .	1
P. Westlake, st. Kelly, b. Farrell . .	28
J. Huntingdon, run out	8
A. R. Hansom, not out	2
Extras	10

Total 107

D. P. McDonald	} Did not bat.	
F. W. Long		
G. L. Beech		
G. F. Farrell		
Extras		6
Total (for 4 wickets)		74

Cricket

"Old Boys"

Second Innings

C. S. Kerrin, l.b.w. Richardson	11	A. Hansom, b. Farrell	3
R. Calder-Smith, l.b.w. McDonald	70	H. Carter, b. Richardson	4
B. R. Bradley, b. Farrell	16	F. Calder-Smith, run out	0
P. Westlake, b. Richardson	5	G. McDermott, not out.	0
A. R. Barton, l.b.w. Richardson	2	Extras	9
B. Rochford, b. Farrell	15		
P. Huntingdon, b. Farrell	0	Total	125

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. CASTLE HOWARD

Played at Castle Howard on June 5 on a very wet wicket. Castle Howard had a very strong team, and just succeeded in winning an exciting game by four runs. The School cut up very badly before the bowling of Mr Byas, who made the ball turn in a great deal from the off. As the same player also made forty-two, it will be seen that he was largely responsible for our defeat. Richardson bowled very well, but the fielding left a good deal to be desired.

Ampleforth College

A. P. Kelly, c. G. Calvert, b. Rev. W. Ward	15
Rev. R. C. Hesketh, b. Rev. W. Ward	27
Rev. I. Williams, c. Smith, b. Byas	27
O. S. Barton, b. Byas	10
Rev. I. Barton, c. Rodvill, b. Byas	21
G. R. Richardson, b. Byas	0
L. T. Williams, b. Byas	0
B. E. Burge, b. Byas	0
N. J. Chamberlain, st. Calvert, b. Byas	9
E. J. Marsh, not out	1
G. F. Farrell, c. Rodvill, b. F. Smith	1
Extras	6
Total	117

Castle Howard

J. Calvert, c. Rev. I. Barton, b. Rev. I. Williams	3
H. Huggan, b. Richardson	9
T. Byas, b. Richardson	42
M. H. Smith, c. O. Barton, b. Rev. C. Hesketh	15
Rev. H. Ward, l.b.w. Rev. I. Barton	1
A. Freer, c. Rev. I. Williams, b. Rev. C. Hesketh	2
G. Calvert, c. Rev. I. Barton, b. Rev. C. Hesketh	10
W. J. Mayos, b. Richardson	4
J. Mitchell, c. Marsh, b. Rev. C. Hesketh	14
H. Rodvill, not out	10
T. Goodvill, b. Richardson	1
Extras	10
Total	121

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PAST *v.* PRESENT

This match was played as usual on Exhibition day in moments snatched from more solemn celebrations and interrupted by showers of rain. The Past had rather a weak batting side, but the bowling of Mr O. S. Williams was not at all easy. L. T. Williams was the highest scorer on the School side and played promising cricket, but he should put more power into his strokes.

<i>Past</i>		<i>Present</i>	
Rev. B. Hayes, b. G. R. Richardson	19	A. P. Kelly, c. B. Bradley, b. Rev. B. Mawson	18
O. Williams, b. G. Farrell	6	L. T. Williams, b. O. Williams	26
B. Bradley, b. G. R. Richardson	0	G. R. Richardson, c. Rev. B. Dawson, b. O. Williams	16
G. Chamberlain, b. G. Farrell	8	O. S. Barton, l.b.w. O. Williams	0
Rev. B. Mawson, b. G. R. Richardson	3	E. J. Marsh, c. R. Foster, b. O. Williams	0
P. Westhead, c. A. Kelly, b. G. Farrell	1	B. E. Burge, c. G. McDermott, b. G. Chamberlain	15
G. MacDermott, b. G. R. Richardson	7	C. B. Collison, l.b.w. O. Williams	0
Rev. L. Buggins, b. G. R. Richardson	2	G. L. Beech, not out	2
Rev. B. Dawson, l.b.w. G. Farrell	5	F. W. Long, not out	1
R. Foster, not out	2	D. P. McDonald	} Did not bat.
J. Raby, b. G. R. Richardson	0	G. F. Farrell	
Extras	8	Extras	3
Total	61	Total (for 7 wickets)	71

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE *v.* MR SWARBRECK'S ELEVEN

Played at Ampleforth on June 18. This was the thirty-third annual game between the School and Mr Swarbreck's Eleven. After we had made a moderate score against quite good bowling, Richardson started the bowling for the School in quite a sensational manner. He took four of the first five wickets without a run being scored off his bowling, and with the telegraph showing the modest total of one, half the visitors' wickets were down. The rest of the team, mainly owing to some hard hitting by Mr R. Bolton, made forty-four.

Cricket

Ampleforth College

Rev. P. Dolan, l.b.w. Firth . . .	2
A. P. Kelly, c. Tibbits, b. Goodrick	15
L. T. Williams, b. Firth . . .	0
Rev. C. Hesketh, b. Goodrick . .	19
Rev. I. Williams, b. Boddy . . .	26
G. R. Richardson, b. Goodrick . .	0
Rev. I. Barton, b. Firth . . .	1
B. E. Burge, c. Tibbits, b. Goodrick	2
O. S. Barton, c. Tibbits, b. Boddy .	15
N. J. Chamberlain, b. Goodrick .	17
E. J. Marsh, c. Tibbits, b. Boddy .	2
C. B. Collison, not out . . .	0

Extras . . . 5

Total 104

Mr Swarbreck's Eleven

J. Lee, c. Rev. C. Hesketh, b. Richardson	0
W. Goodrick, b. Richardson . . .	0
W. Reddin, b. Richardson . . .	4
W. Boddy, run out	0
B. Foggit, c. Rev. I. Williams, b. Rev. I. Barton	0
F. R. Hansell, b. Richardson . . .	0
R. Bolton, b. Rev. I. Barton . . .	29
E. B. Peat, b. Rev. I. Barton . . .	5
O. Firth, c. Rev. I. Williams, b. Rev. I. Barton	1
H. O. Tibbits, not out	4
A. Buchanan, b. Rev. I. Barton . .	1
W. Swarbreck, b. Rev. I. Barton . .	0

Extras . . . 1

Total 45

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

The First Eleven were to have gone to York for this match, but the St Peter's ground was unfit for play. The Second and Third Elevens met at Ampleforth. The ground was very bad and the outfield quite muddy. The play was also interrupted by rain. In the Second Eleven Clarke and Rochford showed considerable promise as batsmen, and Temple has the makings of a good left-hand slow bowler. Ampleforth should have won this game, but had to be content with a draw owing to the rather leisurely standard of fielding that was aimed at, once the game began to go in our favour. In the Third Eleven match Marron, who ought to have gone in earlier, has a nice style, and though rather weak has a considerable amount of cricket in him. Collison bowled very well with a sodden ball.

Ampleforth College

(Second Eleven)

J. G. McDonald, b. Durrant . . .	13	W. G. Chamberlain, b. Durrant . . .	0
G. L. Beech, b. Bastnett . . .	10	J. R. Temple, l.b.w. Durrant . . .	3
J. C. Clarke, l.b.w. Ratford . . .	33	W. A. Martin, b. Bastnett . . .	3
J. O. Kelly, b. Durrant . . .	0	F. J. Doherty, not out . . .	19
H. J. Emery, b. Durrant . . .	0	Extras . . .	5
G. F. Hall, c. Ratford, b. Foster .	13		
L. R. Rochford, hit wicket, b. Ratford	22	Total	122

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St Peter's School

(Second Eleven)

B. Jolly, l.b.w. Temple 6	L. Richards, b. Temple 0
O. Durrant, c. Emery, b. Temple 0	J. Radford, not out 4
J. Mold, b. Beech 0	R. Horton, l.b.w. 2
R. Bastnett, c. and b. Temple 5	R. Thornsby, did not bat.
A. Foster, b. Chamberlain 5	Extras 4
H. Hargreaves, b. Temple 12	
J. Darling, not out 17	Total (for 8 wickets) 55

Ampleforth College

(Third Eleven)

M. J. Ainscough, b. Oakly 13
O. J. Collison, b. Stirling 0
R. J. Power, c. Greenwood, b. Thornton 3
J. B. Caldwell, b. Oakly 18
Hon. R. H. Barnewall, l.b.w. Greenwood 8
V. G. Knowles, c. Bell, b. Oakly 10
C. J. Lowther, b. Stirling 10
L. F. Haynes, b. Stirling 5
H. J. Marron, b. Stirling 26
C. E. Leese, c. Cluff, b. Bell 4
A. T. Long, not out 0
Extras 7

Total 104

St Peter's School

(Third Eleven)

K. Harpley, c. Long, b. Collison 4
M. Yeoman, b. Marron 1
J. Stirling, c. Ainscough, b. Collison 28
H. Thornton, b. Collison 2
R. Bell, b. Collison 8
T. Greenwood, l.b.w. Marron 0
J. Waddington, b. Marron 0
F. Oakly, b. Collison 2
J. Yeoman, not out 2
C. Cluff, c. Power, b. Collison 0
L. Edgecumbe, l.b.w. Marron 0
Extras 2

Total 49

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

This inter-school match was played at Pocklington on June 29 on a drying and difficult wicket. Richardson won the toss and decided to bat first, as it was thought the wicket would get more difficult as the day advanced. Kelly and Williams opened the innings and, playing excellent cricket, watched the ball carefully and waited for the loose ones to score. Afterwards Richardson and Barton made a good stand for the third wicket. Both played attractive and Richardson even masterly cricket. The score was a good one under the circumstances. Pocklington had a difficult task and made a bad start, their first three batsmen failing to score. Richardson bowled in first-rate style and got a lot of work on the ball. He took six wickets for fourteen runs.

Cricket

Ampleforth College

A. P. Kelly, b. Burnett	16
L. T. Williams, b. Highmore	19
O. S. Barton, l.b.w. Hepton	24
G. R. Richardson, c. and b. Hepton	37
N. J. Chamberlain, c. and b. Hepton	13
B. E. Burge, b. Hepton	4
F. W. Long, c. Ashdown, b. Hepton	7
J. C. Clarke, b. Burnett	1
C. B. Collison, not out	7
G. F. Farrell, c. Burbidge, b. Hepton	0
D. P. McDonald, l.b.w. Burnett	4
Extras	4

Total 136

Pocklington School

G. Ashdown, l.b.w. Farrell	0
R. Alldred, b. Richardson	0
A. Hepton, run out	0
G. W. Holme, c. and b. Farrell	5
J. C. Burbidge, b. Richardson	2
G. Wood, l.b.w. Richardson	9
R. Burnett, b. Richardson	6
L. H. Lewis, c. Williams, b. Richardson	8
L. Leslie, c. McDonald, b. Richardson	18
G. Hodgson, b. McDonald	11
J. Highmore, not out	0
Extras	5

Total 64

The Second Elevens played at Ampleforth under very poor weather and ground conditions. The outfield was only just not under water. The scoring was low, but it was impossible to hit a boundary along the ground, and the batsmen of both sides deserve commendation in not trying to lift the ball.

Ampleforth College

J. E. Marsh, b. Coulson	8
J. G. McDonald, c. Harrison, b. Lanyon	3
G. L. Beech, b. Lanyon	2
L. R. Rochford, run out	6
G. F. Hall, b. Lanyon	0
F. Doherty, b. Lanyon	1
H. F. Marron, c. Cownie, b. Lanyon	0
H. J. Emery, c. Cownie, b. Lanyon	7
O. J. Collison, c. and b. Coulson	2
J. R. Temple, hit wicket, b. Lanyon	16
W. A. Martin, not out	5
Extras	4

Total 54

Pocklington School

R. Lanyon, b. Beech	1
T. Coulson, c. Martin, b. Beech	7
S. Oswald, c. McDonald, b. Temple	0
J. Sterling, l.b.w. Beech	0
H. Pennington, not out	9
F. Harrison, b. Beech	7
R. Cownie, c. Doherty, b. Beech	4
R. Robinson, b. Beech	1
D. Cordewick, b. Beech	0
L. Earle, run out	2
H. Dawson, c. Temple, b. Beech	0
Extras	4

Total 35

LAWN TENNIS

HAD it not been for the inopportune rain of June, Tennis would have probably had a record season at Ampleforth this year. Even in spite of the weather we believe that the courts have never been so much occupied as during this term. Perhaps the most gratifying feature of this is that it has not interfered with cricket practice, at any rate to any noticeable extent. For the place of cricket in the summer term is in the world of games that which classics occupies in the sphere of studies. Other subjects have their place—but they must not interfere. The Tennis Club has discovered in J. D. Telfener a Secretary who is both an organizer and an enthusiast—a somewhat rare combination. To his efforts must be traced the effective cause of the success of the season. The “Singles” tournament commenced shortly after the opening of term. The courts were not fit for play for days together in June, and the semi-final round has not yet been completed. Telfener and McDonald are the most convincing players, but Barton showed good form in his match with Chamberlain, a formidable opponent, and will have to be taken very seriously in the final round. Telfener has a very good service, but his contempt for “lobs” may prove his undoing. In returning a “lob” he often plays as though he thought the net had been taken away. McDonald is probably the most reliable player in the club. He contents himself with good-length drives down the centre of the court, and fights unaccountably shy of shots down the side lines, but his power of recovery is very great. His game with Telfener in the penultimate round should be worth watching. The “Doubles,” for which Mr J. Stanton has again offered a prize of two racquets, will be played towards the end of term.

Appended are the scores in the “Singles.”

TOURNAMENT—OPEN SINGLES

Prize: “Stadium” Racket

1ST ROUND

<i>Players</i>		<i>Score</i>
N. J. Chamberlain	beat B. E. Burge . . .	6-3, 6-1
E. J. Martin	beat R. J. Power . . .	6-4, 6-1
W. Martin	beat L. Lacy . . .	6-1, 6-0

Golf

<i>Players</i>		<i>Score</i>
O. S. Barton	w.o.	C. E. Leese . . . —, —
J. R. Temple	w.o.	J. G. McDonald . . —, —
D. P. McDonald	beat	B. J. Smith . . . 6-3, 6-0
F. W. Long	beat	R. J. Robertson . . 6-3, 6-4
J. D. Telfener	beat	C. R. Simpson . . 6-3, 6-3

2ND ROUND

N. J. Chamberlain	beat	E. J. Martin . . . 6-1, 7-5
O. S. Barton	beat	W. Martin . . . 6-0, 6-2
D. P. McDonald	beat	J. R. Temple . . . 6-0, 6-0
J. D. Telfener	beat	F. W. Long . . . 6-3, 6-2

3RD ROUND

O. S. Barton	beat	N. J. Chamberlain	4-6, 6-3, 6-4
J. D. Telfener	to play D. P. McDonald.		

FINAL

O. S. Barton to play *either* J. D. Telfener *or* D. P. McDonald.

GOLF

WE have heard it claimed for golf that the "royal and ancient game" is for all seasons and all ages. This is not, however, the case at Ampleforth, for with the beginning of the cricket season golf, as far as the School is concerned, ceases to exist. It hibernates in the summer, as the fourth form boy put it. But the club is still alive, and though the greens do not get all the attention in the summer months that the expert golfer would desire, yet considerable improvements are being made. Coco-nut matting is appearing on the teeing grounds—a very necessary provision for winter golf—and steps are being taken to enlarge several of the greens. The fortnightly competitions, which proved so popular last autumn and spring, will be held again next year. New members of the club are reminded that a heavy niblick is an absolute necessity for the rough places on the course, and that floating balls are desirable for the drive over the swimming bath. Over a dozen balls were found lying at the bottom of the bath at the beginning of this term. The Secretary hopes that members of the

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club who are leaving this year will find that the Spartan training they have endured in "doing" the third and fourth holes will stand them in good stead on more dainty courses. Finally, an Old Laurentian Golfing Association is being formed. Mr J. Westhead, 8A Winckley Square, Preston, is temporary Hon. Secretary, who will give any information that may be desired.

SWIMMING

MARKED advance has been made by the School in swimming this term, due, no doubt, to an unusual amount of talent, to more systematic and skilful teaching, and perhaps to the indoor swimming bath, which makes possible constant practice in the winter. Exclusive of the First Form, there are now only eight boys in the School who cannot swim a respectable distance. The Polo Club has a membership of twenty-two. Before admission every boy has to pass a swimming test and show he is able to swim ten lengths of the outdoor bath within twelve minutes. Practice games take place on Saturdays, and the Tournament will be held at the end of term. The Aquatic Sports will take place on July 27 and 28, when the following events will be decided:

- I. Colours—12 lengths in 10 minutes (400 yards).
 - II. Silver Cup, Open Race—3 lengths (100 yards).
 - III. Silver Medal, Open Diving—High Board, Low Board and Plunge.
 - IV. Learners' Race: for those who learnt to swim this term—1 length (33 yards 1 ft.)
 - V. Race—3 lengths. Open to the Lower School.
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THE FISHING CLUB

THE Middle Library have formed a Fishing Club which, having outlived ridicule, is at the time these lines are written, enjoying some prosperity. The origin of the Club, we understand, is due to the fact that some angling enthusiasts in the Middle School found that they could not prevail on the Captain or Games Committee to take them

The Photographic Club

seriously or give them any time for fishing. So they banded themselves into a Club, and, having secured the services of Dom Maurus Powell as President and Dom Sebastian Lambert as Vice-President, became a sort of Trades Union which could not be ignored. They have held weekly meetings to discuss things of interest to anglers and arrange fishing expeditions. The wet weather, which has ruined practically every other sport this term, has been of no slight value to the Club, who have constantly found the full streams and dull skies that fishermen love. On Ascension Thursday the Club went to the Rye at East Newton. Four brace of trout were secured, the largest being just over a pound. Another half-day was spent at Foss Ponds, where the victims were chiefly perch, but, we hear, "exceptionally fine ones." Other expeditions have been made to the ponds in the Fairfax Woods. But the Brook has been the source of the greatest yield for the Club, and dozens of fine trout have been caught there, generally, with an eye to "tomorrow's breakfast," on Thursday afternoons. The ephemeral literature of the Club consists of the *Fishing Gazette*, which is taken in weekly. We hope that each member has also a copy of Isaac Walton. Mr F. J. Lambert has presented a fishing rod for competition among members. The Secretary of the Club, whom we congratulate on its success, is S. M. Lancaster (Higher Third).

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

THE Photographic Club has so far had a good time, and has lived a somewhat strenuous life. At the Jubilee celebrations the click of the camera snapshotting distinguished guests and interesting events was frequently heard, and the results have been, on the whole, remarkably good. There has also been some good nature-study photography done during the term, but too many members are seriously handicapped with their film cameras. This is a pity, for, as photographs cannot be accurately focussed with a film camera, much of the value of photography as an educational force thus disappears. Films also are difficult to manipulate and are easily injured.

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They are provided in sets of at least half-a-dozen, and the temptation to finish off a spool in order to start developing often leads to a very uninteresting series of subjects. A modern quarter-plate is a much more satisfactory instrument than a more expensive film camera, and enables the user to devote himself to subjects that call into play his powers of observation and give him an eye for the picturesque, whether in nature or in architecture. Father Abbot has offered a prize for the best photograph taken in the School during the present term. The Prefect has given two prizes: one for the best photo of the Ball-place and the other for that of the Swimming Bath. Barton (mi.) won the Ball-place prize with an excellent photo, well arranged on the plate and showing the beautiful shade effects from the surrounding trees. The results of the other competitions have not yet been published.

OLD BOYS

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr JOHN H. NEVILL on his marriage to Miss Katharine Dick-Cunyngham, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Alexander Dick-Cunyngham, of Eccleston Square. The marriage took place at the Brompton Oratory on June 26. Dom Paul Nevill, O.S.B., brother of the bridegroom, officiated at the marriage.

Also to CAPTAIN BEDE JOHNSTONE, Royal West Kent Regiment, who was married on February 13 to Gladys, youngest daughter of Mr John Fort Jowitt, late of Bandara-wella, Ceylon, and of Mrs Jowitt, Bolton Gardens, South Kensington.

Mr N. COCKSHUTT has been again chosen as the Conservative candidate for Rochdale.

CAPTAIN the HON. EDWARD STOURTON, 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, is with his regiment in Cork.

Mr V. G. NAREY, Trinity College, Oxford, has read a paper on "Enclosures" to the *Rota* Society which will shortly be published.

Mr A. F. TEELING holds a commission in the Norfolk Regiment.

Mr T. D. POWER, Trinity College, Dublin, who on entrance was elected to a Reid Scholarship, has been awarded an extension of the Scholarship for a further period of two years.

SIR WILLIAM AUSTIN has resigned his mastership of the East Galway Foxhounds in order to hunt the Ormonde country, Co. Tipperary.

LORD TRIMLESTOWN opened the School New Rifle Range on January 12.

Mr E. P. HUDDLESTON has been gazetted a 2nd Lieutenant in Royal Field Artillery.

Mr BERNARD ROCHFORD (Inner Temple), was called to the Bar on June 20.

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Mr C. E. ROCHFORD, Wadham College, Oxford, took his "Finals," Law School, last month. The results are not yet published.

Mr W. N. BOOCOCK was recently gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Mr B. F. CADIC holds a commission in the Kent Royal Garrison Artillery.

Mr T. V. O'CONNOR DUNBAR, Trinity College, Dublin, is reading for the Law School.

Mr J. H. TEELING is in Dublin studying for the Irish Bar.

Mr J. J. MURPHY is studying medicine at London University.

Mr H. J. KING had the honour of being presented to the King at Gibraltar on His Majesty's return from India.

Mr J. P. SMITH, who was already a founder of Westminster Cathedral, has presented a second £1,000 towards the lighting of the Cathedral.

Mr L. E. EMERSON was admitted on April 2 a solicitor of the Supreme Court, St John's, Newfoundland. Mr Emerson received the congratulations of Bench and Bar on being the fourth successive generation of the family to hold a legal position at the High Court.

Mr A. F. MELVILLE WRIGHT, who left the school last Easter, was chosen to play for the "Colts" against Derbyshire County.

Mr T. AINSCOUGH is again Captain of Lancashire County second eleven.

Mr P. WILLIAMS has received the appointment of Assistant District Commissioner, Cape Coast Castle.

Mr O. L. CHAMBERLAIN passed his Law Finals last month.

Note.—The Editor will be glad to receive news of "Old Boys" for this column.

NOTES

THE JUBILEE

THE wonderful thing about the "New College" is its still youthful appearance. There are few noticeable signs of age. Its blonde complexion has suffered less from exposure to the elements than that of the New Monastery so greatly its junior. Such scars, from accident or ill-usage, as we have discovered do not disfigure nor lessen its beauty. Once, many years ago, there were suspicions of serious injury from a landslip, and it cost a big doctor's bill to set the place securely on its legs again. But now it looks as fit for work as it has ever been. We have never seen a school-building of its age so well preserved, nor one that has called for so few alterations, improvements or additions, in the necessary but disfiguring process of adaptation to modern requirements. Each part of it still serves the purpose for which it was originally designed. After fifty years of hard usage we can honestly say it is still as good as new.



To whom should the honour be given of this excellent piece of work? We have little hesitation in giving the credit pre-eminently and mainly to the architect, Mr Joseph Hansom. Of the Prior (Fr Wilfrid Cooper), the Procurator (Fr Bede Prest), and the Community, we can say that they knew what they wanted and had enterprise and courage enough to get it. Of the architect we can say that he created the site—Fr Prest tells us in *Old Recollections* that the greater part of it was a steep slope on which no one had contemplated building—and showed skill approaching to genius in the use he made of the scanty materials at his disposal. Let anyone compare Mr Hansom's collegiate Gothic with that of the costly Meadow Buildings at Christ Church, Oxford, erected about the same date (opened in 1863) if he wishes to test this statement. We are not afraid to assert that he will condemn the latter as crude and ignorant stuff and realize that in the "New College" he is looking at the work of a master.

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THINK of the cheap cost of the work. Some years ago we used to hear talk of the amount being about £7,000. But this, as Fr Prest has told us, is altogether incorrect. The contract with Messrs Simpson and Malone was, indeed, no more than £5,720, with an additional £500 paid for the extra work of raising the roof of the building four feet, in order to make use of the space above the class-rooms and construct the piano-room gallery. But this sum does not include the removal of the ball-place (estimated at £200), digging the foundations (estimated at £500), quarrying (estimated at £1,650), the work on the terrace and front (estimated at £400), architect's fees (£464), heating apparatus and furniture (£1,160), and the Procurator's "sundry improvements" (estimated at £116). Added up these sums make a total of £10,710, and, though Messrs Simpson and Malone claimed no more than their bond (£5,720 *plus* £500), since building estimates, clerical as well as lay, are of a reserved disposition, too shy and timid to speak out and say just what they mean, we may put the full expenditure at not less than £11,000. But even on this reckoning we have had plenty for our money. Building was cheap in those days, particularly in the new Gothic style. What would an architect nowadays say if asked to furnish our Church with its High Altar, statues and tabernacle complete, the Lady Altar, St Joseph's, St Benedict's and St Scholastica's altars, the aisle and choir-screens, the sedilia and pulpit, the benches, hot-water system, flooring and flagging and the colouring of the walls, all finished and erected and complete, after the architect's designs, in the best materials and of the best workmanship (just as we see it now) for the sum of £1,350? Would not his reply be, Pugin fashion, something like this: "Say guineas instead of pounds and let us have a complete set of assorted monks and students thrown in to round up the contract"? Yet the items and figures are taken from the Procurator's official statement.



IN such accounts of the "New College" enterprise as we have seen Prior Cooper is only a figure in the background, big, of course, but somewhat indistinct. We are left to conclude,

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therefore, that the part he played was not the leading one, not much better, indeed, than that of a "super." This could not have been the case. It was he who had to brush aside the inevitable opposition from authority made anxious and fearful by a sense of its responsibility. It was he who had to stand up to the criticism of those who, rightly or wrongly, believed they knew what was good for Ampleforth and the Order better than the Prior and his Community. There were those, also, to be listened to, if not quieted, who made themselves miserable by contemplating the risks of the undertaking—not those who merely counted the cost of it; they were invaluable friends; but those who busied themselves reckoning up the troubles, possible or fanciful, we were buying with our money. *Ut quid perditio haec?* Dr Heptonstall, for instance, wrote to Provincial Allanson in a letter dated Jan. 10, 1863, bidding him "ask Fr Cooper if it would not have been far better for St Lawrence's, if, instead of building his beautiful and far too large and far too expensive college, he had educated half-a-dozen or ten ecclesiastical students, etc." Most of the worry of the business must have rested upon Prior Cooper's broad shoulders, but he had strength enough to bear it, and tact and courage enough to carry the enterprise through to its happy conclusion. His Community gave him what help they could, and so, for the most part, did their brethren on the Mission. As for the good Provincial, what his advice was to Prior Cooper concerning the "beautiful" and "far too large and too expensive college," we may surmise from his advice to President Burchall concerning a contemporary piece of work: "I would not like the church at Woolton injured by cutting down architectural features to lessen outlay."



LET us not forget the name of Fr Jerome Watmough during this celebration. Obscure though his name and personality and history may be to the present generation, he is a man we should remember and honour as one of our chief benefactors. It was the gift of his considerable patrimony, without condition or reservation, which made the building of the "New College" feasible. He was a man whose career was spoilt by what people

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called eccentricity, but this waywardness, let us term it, was nothing worse than a succession of excited enthusiasms about whatever possessed his mind for the moment. These were sane enough, and altogether harmless; mild cyclonic storms quickly raised and quickly spent; sometimes brilliantly clever, mostly amusing; but they left behind them an impression of unreliability and inconstancy, not altogether unwarranted, yet belying a disposition essentially faithful and true. As a preacher Fr Jerome might have made a great name if he had not been too easily turned aside from his theme by quick changes of thought and feeling. Fr Dunstan Ross, a man of sound judgement and learning, used to say of some of the sermons he had listened to at St Augustine's, that they were equal in beauty of thought and expression to anything he had heard or read in the English tongue. He is reported to have left behind him a quantity of more or less fragmentary literary work, some of it believed to have been of considerable value; but all his papers were thrust into the fire after his death, without even a cursory examination. This is a pity. A man like Fr Jerome would be likely to reveal himself best in his writings. We know of at least two lectures, carefully written and read to a Liverpool audience, that should have been worth preserving. They were much talked about and praised at the time.



Our personal knowledge of Fr Jerome is almost wholly confined to his career as a master of Ampleforth. We saw him often afterwards on the Mission, but had no intimate relations with him. He taught us Latin and geometry—after a fashion. Somehow we managed to learn a good deal, casually, in the intervals between disquisitions on all manner of subjects—English literature, boxing, political events and characters, soldiering and sailing, ballooning, heroes and scoundrels, Ritualism, fads, controversy or whatever place, person or thing excited his immediate like or dislike, and happened to dominate his thoughts at the time. We learnt a good deal because when Fr Jerome did teach anything he taught it vividly, and among the matters in which he excited our interest he did not fail to include our appointed work. A more methodical and exacting

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professor of Latin poetry would have taught us more of syntax and prosody—we don't remember to have opened so dull a book as a grammar during Fr Jerome's year, but happily we had been previously disciplined under Fr Wilfrid Brown—doubtless, however, it would have been at the cost of our genuine liking for the author (Virgil) we were reading, and our awakening sense of his literary merit. Fr Jerome's fervid harangues certainly had the effect of stimulating our appreciation of the beautiful in poetry and prose, and also of the noble and heroic in sentiment and art. Not much of his worst rhodomontade was in bad taste.



WE would not like the reader to deduce from what we have written—as we fear he might—that Fr Jerome was one of those loud-voiced declaimers of private and peculiar notions and fancies, whose rude emphasis is wearisome and whose incessant dogmatism is likely to get on one's nerves. There was something gentle and considerate in his manner even when most intense and exalted. He looked to give pleasure and amusement to his hearers. Perhaps if he had been more robust, he might have developed into a bore. But, though healthy and active, he was slightly built and somewhat frail; his nervous excitability, therefore, was suggestive of a want of stamina. He seemed always strung up to the highest pitch, always on the strain; and one felt as though he were unduly calling upon his reserve of vitality, and living, as we may say, beyond his income. At Ampleforth his favourite pastime was fishing, but, as far as we boys were able to judge, his pleasure in the gentle art consisted in turning it into a riotous practical joke. From what we were permitted to see of his way of life, he was never restful or resting, during the daytime, for more than a few minutes together. No one, therefore, was surprised to hear of his comparatively early death.



HERE are some notes kindly sent to us by one less familiar than ourselves with the Ampleforth of the present day—an impressionist sketch from an old head of the school. We were glad to have him amongst us at the celebration:

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“Comparisons made with the impressions of fifty (save one) years ago may well lie under suspicion. The leading sensation, however, is not *quantum mutatus* but how little changed. How fresh and how recent everything looks! This, moreover, is possible of demonstration. Compare the Abbey buildings with those of the school: the stone is already darker and they actually look older than their senior by over 40 years. The old coloured medallions in the study windows are bright as ever; Jonah Ward's panelling in the 'Upper Library' looks more respectable than when he put it up under our remorseless criticism and active interference. Where can we find school accommodation as spacious and bright? Decay there is, as in the stone blocks holding the railings of the square, the south porch and elsewhere, but it had begun in those parts within the first decade of its existence and seems to have made little progress since.

“Of course things had been put into holiday trim: but you can't remove a radical defect for a day's parade. Moreover the writer used his intimate knowledge to peer where the public was not invited, and nowhere did he find any sign of wear and tear, and yet nowhere evidence of recent repair. He had the conviction that there must inevitably be a respondent comeliness in his person, which was wont to trick its beams daily in such surroundings. And the music room, where he blew melodious blasts from his minikin mouth, now an imposing chemical laboratory, which looks competent to produce the philosopher's stone. Even the refectory which we used to think dingy—but that of course was considerably more than fifty years.

“Also the trees; our assertion was challenged by a companion; but he had to admit that the examples he pointed out to disprove our statement were of later date; and that the trees behind the racket courts, the cherry tree and its associates, the hornihole tree, were unchanged.

“Finally, being now an outsider (on the surface, at least; a brother 'under the skin,') the writer can point to the splendid file of veterans that belong to the birth of the epoch; white of hair, but clear of eye, firm of hand and warm of heart. If this is a liberty, they will take it as they took many a frolic daring of their young charge in the nursery years of the 'New College.'

“Piety and honesty, Bishop Hedley told us, were the

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most exalted characters moulded upon us within those walls. But there was one quality of which it was not his part to tell us, of which we dare to boast when we dare not boast of the other, though we may believe we have them in measure—loyalty to the School. An elusive quality to analyse; but, as we thrilled to the associations of each familiar object, and of the men with whom memory repeopled them, and the manners in which they disported themselves, we realized of what potent simples the precious gift was compounded, and that it was spacious and fresh and enduring as the shrine itself in which it was garnered. Brave words, my brothers; but we are feeling rather proud just now in the pride of our birth and breed.”



MISCELLANEOUS

FATHER ABBOT was the special preacher on the Sundays of June at the twelve o'clock Mass at Westminster Cathedral. He has also completed his series of *Meditations on the Mass*. The book, which is now in the press, will be of especial value to priest adorers of the Blessed Sacrament for whom it has been mainly written.



FATHER DOMINIC WILLSON is collaborating in the production of a complete translation into English of the *Life and Letters of Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus*. The book will be published in the autumn.



FATHER PRIOR, Fr Paul Nevill, and Fr Justin McCann have been engaged in writing on the Natural Virtues for the forthcoming series, to be issued by the Catholic Truth Society.



THE following is a list of the members of Parker's Hall, Oxford (The Ampleforth House of Studies):

Master: Rev. S. A. Parker, O.S.B., M.A.

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M.A.

Very Rev. J. E. Matthews, O.S.B.

Rev. J. P. Dolan, O.S.B.

Rev. V. P. Nevill, O.S.B.

Rev. P. J. McCann, O.S.B.

Rev. W. A. Byrne, O.S.B.

Rev. W. D. Connolly, O.S.B.

Rev. P. A. Richardson, O.S.B.

Rev. W. J. Rice, O.S.B.

Rev. B. Jarrett, O.P.

B.A.

Rev. M. D. Willson, O.S.B.

Rev. W. C. Sheppard, O.S.B.

Rev. H. K. Byrne, O.S.B.

Rev. W. S. Lambert, O.S.B.

UNDERGRADUATES

Rev. J. S. Mooney, O.S.B. Rev. E. E. Taunton, O.S.B.

Rev. H. de Normanville, O.S.B. Rev. R. S. Marwood, O.S.B.

Rev. H. H. Chamberlain, O.S.B. Rev. Dominic Devas, O.F.M.

Rev. J. B. McEllegott, O.S.B.



WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St Augustine*, the *Austral Light*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Bulletin de S. Martin*, the *Baeda*, the *Cottonian*, the *Downside Review*, the *Edmundian*, the *Georgian*, the *Irish Rosary*, the *Oscotian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, and the *St Peter's College Magazine*.





THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT

“A FINE old man, sir! There’s no such thing. If his head or his heart had been worth anything, they would have worn him out years ago.” We remember reading this saying of “one of the best judges of human nature that ever fathered a proverb”—so Whyte Melville calls him—with delighted approval. But that was more than forty years ago, and we were very young then—young enough to think a man already in the autumn of his life when he had given up football, carried a malacca cane with a bone handle, wore reading-glasses, was a bit bald and grey, and liked to tell people of things that happened before they were born. We talked of “old” Father Almond (then turned forty-eight) and “old” Br Bernard Davey (not yet ordained, but as bald and grey as he was at seventy), and though we knew they were “old” only in a comparative sense, we judged they had already crossed the equator of life—the boundary line between the bright years when “from hour to hour we ripe and ripe” and the dull days when “from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale”—what this last phrase had to do with the matter we did not know, but supposed it to be a joke of some sort. We did not, however, think of them as “fine old men.” What we admired in them was not their old age but the remainder of their youth. Our conception of a really old man, at that time, was Fr Bede Day, once Prior of the College, and then a sort of pensioner, who might have been seen any morning or afternoon of a sunny day wandering aimlessly about the paths in front of the monastery, carrying a newspaper which he looked at for a moment or two at long intervals, ready to inform any inquisitive youth who spoke to him that “he came to Ampleforth in the year ’4.” He was undoubtedly good to

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look at—tall, straight-backed and venerable, almost beautiful, with his clean pink complexion and silken, snow-white hair. He was nearly eighty years of age at the time. By rights he should have been walking the stage in the “last scene of all,” “second childhood and mere oblivion,” *sans* everything that makes life worth living. We could not, however, place him in the earlier category of “the lean and slipper’d pantaloon, spectacles on nose, with shrunk shanks and voice turning again toward childish treble.” Yet we do not remember to have thought of him or heard him spoken of as “a fine old man.” Probably the reason was that somehow we had come to think of him with pity. He always had a dispirited, mournful look, however cheerful he may have felt in himself. He was ready to talk with us, but in a dull, unsmiling fashion; unresponsive, seemingly, to the efforts Fr Benedict and others made to please him; unable to take any interest in the things we cared about. It was this handsome, melancholy figure that presented itself to our imagination when we first read the words: “A fine old man, sir! There’s no such thing.” We judged him, illogically, to be an indirect confirmation of the truth of the proverb. He was, to our supposition, only the empty shell of a fine old man, one whose head and heart were worn out years ago.

We learned, only a year or two later, to suspect the soundness and justice of this cynical proverb fathered by one of the best judges of human nature, and to revise our mistaken estimate of good old Fr Day. Some one, probably Fr Romuald Woods, made us better informed of his career. He had been doing full work on the mission in his later years at a small place, Felton, Northumberland, until he retired at the age of seventy-eight (in 1869); and he lived but a few months to enjoy the well-earned eventide rest after his long labours. Then, as our knowledge of our old Fathers grew more intimate, we reformed our faith in the proverb altogether, and grew to understand that it was precisely because of the fine qualities of head and heart, kept in constant and vigorous exercise by hard, wholesome work, that they, and others like them, have lived up to, and passed beyond, the limit of three score years and ten (when the normal human machine is presumed to be run down and worn out), remaining still active in mind and body;

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sound, sane, and well preserved; better pleased to be asked to undertake fresh tasks than to lay down any portion of their accustomed burden. We are thinking now of Laurentians we have known, our own jubilarians gone to their eternal rest—Fr Anselm Cockshoot of the clear eyes, busy mind and youthful buoyancy, “The Father of Belmont; Fr Bede Smith, for forty-five years Rector of one parish, busy all the long years in the education of priests for the service of his Alma Mater; Fr Athanasius Allanson, Abbot and Provincial, for forty-eight years serving the same mission, a man of independent mind, ripe counsel and ready initiative, the able and diligent historian of the Congregation; Fr Wilfrid Ryan, whose administrative ability found clearest recognition when he was near upon seventy; Br Bennet McEntee, the tireless and cheerful worker, most loyal of servants and truest of friends, who never remembered an unpleasantness and never forgot a kindness; Fr Anselm Walker, gentle and genial, with a playful and kind word for everybody, eminently a “lover of the brethren”; Fr Maurus Margison, burly, loud-voiced and assertive, the picture of rude health, hasty in manner, but patient and humble in judgment, the trusty henchman of a half-dozen Provincials; Fr Placid O’Brien, of the mellow voice and polished periods, a man of infinite jest and irrepressible gaiety, immune from all the ordinary sickness and ills our flesh is heir to, a fine orator and a humorist of genius, niggardly with himself, but most generous to his Alma Mater; Fr Maurus Anderson, pattern of dutifulness and pious routine; Abbot Bury, of big brain and powerful frame, the master-mind, a builder of churches and leader of men; Fr Wilfrid Brown, stern disciplinarian of our boyhood, whilst on duty, like a watchdog, quick with bark and bite, when off duty the cheerful companion and staunch comrade, in his old age the typical veteran, lean of body, autocratic in manner and of abrupt speech, but a man of many thoughtful and generous deeds (do we not remember how bravely he stood by a parishioner when menaced with disgrace and under suspicion of a great crime, and by a public display of friendship encouraged him to look the world in the face and regain his position and good name?); Fr Bernard Davey, a devout, humble and guileless

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curate at the age of four-score years—these and a crowd of other jubilarians, Gregorians and Edmundians, and others again whose years have only fallen short of the golden number by a month or two, file before us, walking in the footsteps of the good old patriarch we remember so vividly—a race of valiant monks, faithful to God and devoted to their Order, of whom the least that we can say is that they were “fine old men.” We suspect that this best judge of human nature, who fathered the cynical proverb, had little acquaintance with priests, and none at all with any of our old Benedictine jubilarians. He was probably more familiar with those accustomed to apply “hot and rebellious liquors in their blood” and “with unbashful forehead” woo “the means of weakness and debility” than with those to whom “age is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly.” Certainly, if he were living now, and had the friendship of our three jubilarians, all very much alive—Fr Paulinus Wilson, hard at work still, in his eightieth year, who has just finished building a school; Fr Ildefonsus Brown, faithful always to duty, our thoughtful, helpful and generous friend; and chief of all, the venerable Bishop of Newport, noblest and most loyal of Laurentians, whom during the last six months all the English-speaking world has conspired to honour, instead of writing a cynical proverb, he would have joined with us in singing the canticle of the Preacher: “Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation. . . . Rich men in virtue, studying beautifulness, living at peace in their houses. . . . Their posterity are a holy inheritance . . . and their name liveth unto generation and generation.”

Early in the present year people somehow began to be conscious that Bishop Hedley's sacerdotal golden jubilee was near at hand, and we occasionally heard the remark in conversation: “We must do something.” A little later people began to say one to the other: “We ought to begin at once and organize and combine, or else we shall be caught napping, and this opportunity to do honour to the most distinguished and deserving prelate of our generation will be lost.” But who was to come forward and show others the way? As it fell out, we think it quite as well that Bishop Hedley's many friends and admirers were shy to take the initiative and that the suggested

Golden Jubilee of the Bishop of Newport

English Catholic combined demonstration never took place. Instead, we had a number of smaller, less showy, but more enthusiastic and more intimate gatherings in different parts of the country. The materials of half a dozen parish bonfires would furnish a grander spectacle when united to make a single district blaze, but it would not warm so many hands, nor light up so many faces, and they would be many fewer who had the proud delight of helping in its construction. To our mind, there is something artificial and unconvincing, something tasteless, in a well-organized and widely-advertised expression of sympathy and esteem; it too often lacks the flavour of spontaneity by which alone we can be assured that the thing is genuine. Looking back, even from this short distance of time, one realizes that the various jubilee celebrations were each and all of them natural and inevitable, breaking out into flame at the several points most intimately and directly connected with our good bishop and his career; that in no other way could it have been arranged that his brethren and his flock, his friends and admirers old and new, should, each and all of them, feel, and feel warmly, that they had played their due part in this general manifestation of veneration and esteem; and that the rejoicings, for the very reason that they were sounded in many parts of the land and continued through many months, had a movement and rhythm suggestive, not of a mere shout of congratulation, but of a majestic triumphal march.

It was right and just a beginning should have been made at the Bishop's own Cathedral Priory and church. All the fifty years of his priestly life he has been connected with them either as Canon or Bishop. He went to Belmont shortly after he was ordained. There he first became known to those outside his own Laurentian family; there he won distinction as a *littérateur* and musician; and there, on September 29, 1873, he was consecrated Bishop of Cæsaropolis and Auxiliary to the Venerable Bishop Brown of Newport and Menevia. It was a semi-private gathering of the Bishop himself, some prelates, the Canons and officials of the diocese, with the Prior and his community, to sing praise to God and thanksgiving for His many mercies, in the first light of the dawn of a long day of rejoicing.

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Following close upon it came an even more private and fraternal ceremony—an address of congratulation from the members of the English hierarchy, a touching and unexpected honour—at the Bishops' meeting at Westminster.

Then took place the pageant at Cardiff—a civic as well as a diocesan demonstration. The reader will be able to judge for himself of its importance from the descriptive report in our "Notes." More than £2,000 had been collected as a jubilee gift by a committee of the laymen of the diocese. The Cardinal Archbishop was present, less, as he confessed, for the sake of receiving an address of welcome to himself, than to do honour to the *doyen* and leader of the bench of Bishops. One incident will make the occasion memorable to us Catholics, and to his Lordship himself, when all else has passed out of mind. This was the reading of a letter of congratulation and the presentation of a gift—a jewelled chalice and paten of gold—from his Holiness Pope Pius X. The unlooked-for kindness of the act and the affectionate terms of the greeting make it a deed of that gracious sort "that blesseth him that gives and him that takes." No wonder the good Bishop was much moved. It was a gift of personal friendship from one whom, as the Bishop said, he had never seen.

The meridian of the jubilee was marked by Bishop Hedley's visit to Ampleforth and his reception by the Abbot and community of the house of his profession and a host of other prelates and brethren and friends. (Here again we must refer the reader for details to the full narrative of the proceedings in the "Notes.") It was the son, full of years and honour, coming to kneel at the feet of his Alma Mater to receive her blessing and be crowned with her praise; the monk, after a long day's work in the vineyard, returning in the evening to his monastery to bless God for having called him to His service. As Bishop Hedley said, it had long been his wish to say the Mass of thanksgiving, on the exact day of the jubilee, at the altar where he had first offered up the holy sacrifice.

The afternoon of the jubilee rejoicings opened with a gathering of the Ampleforth Society and their guests—the Archbishop of Liverpool and other prelates and north-country friends—to meet the Bishop at a dinner in the Exchange

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Hotel, Liverpool. There was the presentation of a handsome pectoral cross and chain. The great pleasure and satisfaction of this meeting to those present was that for a brief while they had their beloved Bishop to themselves. His Benedictine brethren felt this pleasure and satisfaction more deeply still, next day, when his Lordship celebrated the Feast of All Monks with them at St Anne's Priory, Edgehill. We do not remember to have ever heard Bishop Hedley speak to us so tenderly, so gravely and with such grace as at that great meeting of his northern brethren.

The cycle of congratulation and festivity closed with the entertainment of his Lordship at two dinners in London—one arranged by the southern members of the Ampleforth Society and the other by the members of St Gregory's Society, Downside. These meetings were as pleasant and enthusiastic as any that had taken place before. Like all final celebrations, they suffered somewhat from the fact that so many others had gone before them. But there was no evidence of this in the behaviour of those who sat at table. To them also was the satisfaction and pleasure—and they showed they felt it—of having for a short hour or two our good Bishop to themselves.

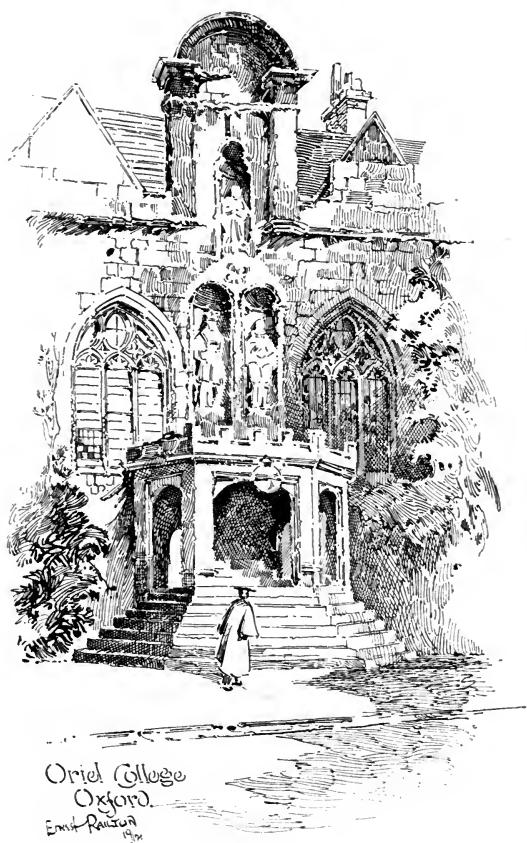
We can find no better thought to put before our readers, now that the jubilee celebrations are over, than that with which a writer in the *Tablet* of August 31 concluded his anticipation of them: "Now, when—despite activities seeming to belie the poet's definition of age as 'Death's reprieve'—the man of seventy-five years of life must keep well in view that 'mark on the dial of Time which is fixed for its limit,' we know what consolation, what gift and what congratulation we can best offer him. This is no other than the assurance of the help he has been to all his fellow-believers and of the certainty that his influence will continue among the coming generations, to whom his books descend as a precious legacy of the literature of religion. In this certain knowledge, and in this sure hope, the Bishop of Newport, whatever other honours and gifts go to him, *has found* his happiness on the day of his jubilee, and *will find* it on all the days left to him for the further service of the Church."

A LAY CONVERT: W. G. WARD*

THE Tractarian movement, which, taking its rise at Oxford some seventy years ago, left a deep impress on the Catholic Church in England, and even a deeper upon the Established Church, led amongst other results to the conversion of a number of eminent men, of whom many became priests. Ward was one of the chief laymen of this convert group. The colleague and successor of Newman in the Tractarian leadership, he became a Catholic before his great master, and whilst never ceasing to be his friend and admirer, developed later into an antagonist and in some sense a rival. As a layman he attained a peculiar position: in turn Professor of Theology in an important seminary, and the trusted editor of the principal Catholic Review, wielding at all times a powerful pen, influencing greatly both Catholic controversy and non-Catholic metaphysics. As a literary Catholic layman Dr Ward will be found especially interesting. He is an illustration of the power that a capable layman may become in the Catholic Church. It is sometimes thoughtlessly asserted that the Church has little use for laymen except to contribute, and is unable to profit by their gifts except those of cash! Dr Ward is a refutation, were one needed, of so silly a charge! Churchmen, if not the Church herself, are sometimes impatient at the patronizing airs or the readiness to offer advice occasionally to be noticed in recent additions to her lay ranks. The lay convert has not always been taken by his new Communion at his own valuation. A story is told of a convert clergyman consulting Dr Marshall as to the exact position of the layman in the Catholic Church, the reply being quite definite and correct, if a little too plain, that the layman's proper position in the Church was on his knees before the Altar and sitting before the pulpit!

Ward's career shows what a layman may do for the Church, yet he was by no means the *typical* layman, nor is he less interesting on that account. The ideal layman, in some clerical eyes at least, would be very different from Dr Ward. A man I once knew in a parish of which I long had charge would fulfil

**William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.* By Wilfred Ward. Re-issue. London: Longmans, 1912.



Oriel College
Oxford
Engraved by
1844

A Lay Convert

this ideal perfectly. He was the principal, in fact, the only Catholic man in the town. He was the priest's factotum: he stood at the church door, took round the collection plate, served at Mass, never criticized sermons, distributed tracts—fulfilling, in a word, the whole duty of a Catholic layman—and he was completely deaf and dumb! Dr Ward was not a layman of that stamp. He was neither deaf nor dumb, very much the reverse! He was not seldom a thorn in the side of some of the clergy, and of the normal laity as well; and there were grounds for the suspicion with which he was at one time regarded. The layman with ecclesiastical tastes is by no means the only ideal, or the one most fitted for general adoption. His is a peculiar though at times a genuine vocation; but when, in addition to ecclesiastical and theological tastes, he possesses a combative disposition, a keenly logical mind, a sharp and ready pen, he surely unites in himself all the elements of either a most useful ally or a very dangerous rival! During some period of his career it was uncertain which category should include Dr Ward. Still, as a wealthy layman who preferred strenuous intellectual toil to a life of luxury and ease, "who shunned delights and led laborious days"; as a man of the highest intellectual gifts, which he consecrated with intense devotion to the cause of the Church; as a steadfast champion of unpopular truth, and a fearless inquirer in the profoundest regions of modern speculation; lastly, as a humble-minded man who bowed with utter docility before the Church's decisions, Ward was an example and a model to all!

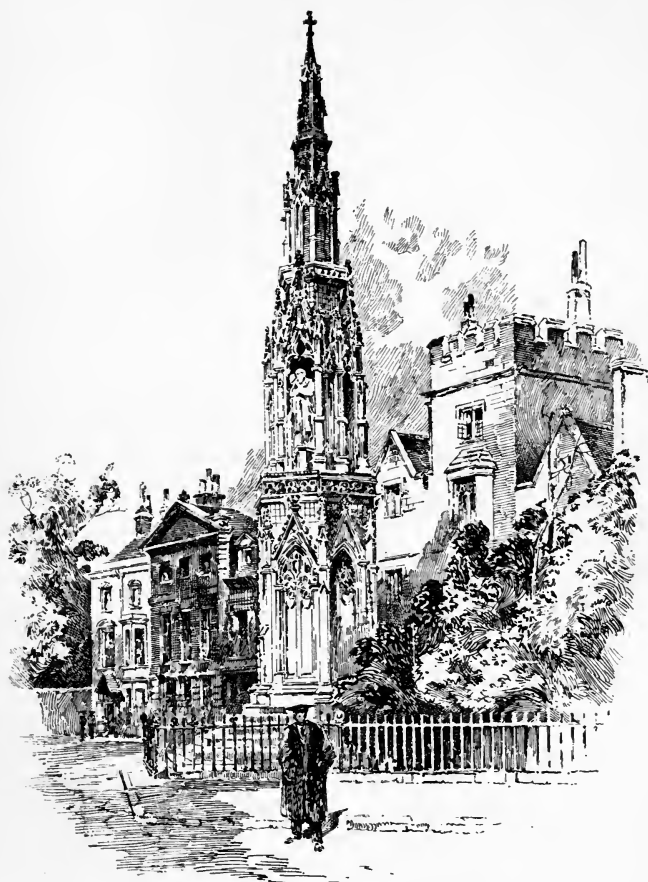
Dr Ward has been happy in his biographer. One of his own sons, Mr Wilfrid Ward, has produced two very readable volumes about him, to which I am of course deeply indebted in the preparation of this paper; and, making all allowances for the partiality of filial love and family pride, he has certainly given us a picture of his father which few could regard without reverence, and none without interest.

William George Ward was born in London in 1812, just one hundred years ago, the eldest son of a man less famous as an M.P. than as a cricketer and proprietor of Lord's Cricket Ground. Educated at Winchester and Christ Church, he developed in

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the Union unusual dialectical skill and power of argumentative statement. In 1834 he was elected a Fellow of Balliol. Strongly opposed at first to the Tractarian movement, the very first sermon of Newman's that he was persuaded to hear completely altered his attitude. From an opponent he became first of all an enthusiastic disciple, afterwards a pushing pioneer on his own account, and ultimately the leader of the extreme party that, driving Newman's principles to their logical conclusion, soon got beyond the control of its founder. Ward's aggressive and dialectical mind was little in accord with the gentler disposition and more tolerant mood of Newman; the beginnings of differences between them must have been evident even then. His famous work on *The Ideal of a Christian Church* openly advocated submission to Rome. Its condemnation by the University and the subsequent "degradation" of its author might have been anticipated under the circumstances, and were the means, under God, of showing to him and others the falsity of their position in the English Church. The storm raised by the book was loud and terrible. After a magnificently honest defence, which, however, only increased the popular anger against him, Ward was publicly deprived in full Convocation of his Fellowship, and of his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. This was on February 14, 1845. His reception into the Church took place in the following September, the first decisive Romeward step on the part of the leaders of the Oxford movement. Newman was received in October.

After his conversion Ward found himself in a very difficult and impecunious position. His recent marriage precluded his aspiring to the priesthood; anxious, however, to give his services to the Church in some shape, he betook himself to Old Hall with great hopes that he might have a share in what he regarded as the ideal work of preparing men for the sacred ministry. His reception by the College authorities was the reverse of encouraging. "We are glad to welcome you, Mr Ward," said the Ven. Bishop, Dr Walsh, who presided over the London district; "we are glad to welcome you, but of course, we have no work for you"! Nor was it for some years, not until the pressing poverty of those early days had been changed into affluence on his succeeding to large estates in the



Balliol College and the Martyr's Memorial
Oxford.
E. RAYSON.
1890.

To face p. 122.

A Lay Convert

Isle of Wight, that Ward found congenial occupation as a Professor to ecclesiastical students.

He was thoroughly in his element, however, when, through Cardinal Wiseman's influence, and in spite of much opposition, he was appointed to teach, first Moral Philosophy and then Dogmatic Theology at Old Hall. He made it a condition that some priest should always be present at his lectures; he would only accept the title of "Assistant Lecturer," and it was some time before his modesty and his success overcame the prejudice felt against him as a convert and a layman. Meanwhile, his acceptance of the post filled his former friends with amazement, as it certainly was an unusual mark of unworldliness. People were puzzled at his burying himself in Hertfordshire, keeping away from the world and his estates, teaching a handful of men who were to be Roman priests! The life seemed to be run on such unimportant lines, cut off as it was from the great world of English thought to which he had every claim to belong. Yet to Ward himself the most characteristic feeling about the life was just its *importance*. The College Chapel at Old Hall impressed his imagination as the scene of far more important events than Downing Street or St Stephen's. What was the interest of intellectual coteries, of public politics, or of a landed property compared to the work of fashioning good priests for England? That public opinion didn't recognize this affected him not one jot. Indeed, he rather enjoyed disconcerting its representatives. A man of the world who met him at Cardinal Wiseman's and was struck by his powers and information, said to him: "May I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?" "I am a master at a Roman Catholic College" was the only account of himself that Ward gave in reply; and he chuckled over the surprise and slight contempt which at once replaced the man's interest.

Nor was Ward merely an *amateur* theologian, dabbling in a science that was beyond him, intruding rashly on domains where angels might fear to tread. Fr Butler writes: "He was as truly a representative theologian of the Church as Cardinal Franzelin himself . . . and in several respects he surpassed Franzelin." Fr Reilly, S.J., says that "for breadth, depth and thoroughness of theological reading and knowledge, I have

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never met his equal." He had a wonderful faculty for arousing the interest and enthusiasm of his hearers, whilst his moral influence over them was simply unbounded. Coming from his lectures was like coming from the lectures of St. Thomas, whose heart burned with what he taught. "I shall never forget," says one of his auditors, "the way in which he brought before us strongly the presence of God amongst us, and the ingratitude of forgetting one who, though our greatest benefactor, stood like a forgotten friend in a corner of the room. It was like an electric shock." And Cardinal Vaughan recalls "the wonderful sight of him at that table holding his MS. in both hands, while there came bubbling up, pouring over, streams, torrents of exposition with application to daily life, followed by burning exhortations and reference to the future career of his pupils. Sometimes his voice trembled and he shook all over, and I have seen him burst into tears when he could no longer contain his emotion. There were often strange and memorable sights, for the enthusiasm and emotion of the Professor were caught up in varying degrees by many of his disciples." A peculiar humble-mindedness was very remarkable in one of his exceptional gifts. He rated his own intellect high enough, for he had none of the false humility that professes to ignore the gifts of God; but in comparison with spiritual qualities and supernatural gifts mere intellectual acquirements seemed trivial. He had the greatest contempt for intellect as such. "My great *intellect*," he used to say, "is no more worthy of admiration than my great *leg*. The only thing worthy of respect and admiration is the doing of our duty to our Creator, and making some due return to God for His unspeakable love to us."

Ward lectured on theology at Old Hall until 1858. These years of professorship helped him greatly in his later work, for he acquired a minute acquaintance with the whole range of theological literature; and he had gained great ascendancy over the clergy of the Southern dioceses. Pius IX conferred on him a Doctor's cap; a more permanent result of his labours was the publication of his lectures on *Nature and Grace*.

All his life Ward was a curious compound of contradictions; and to omit all mention of his eccentricities would give a false

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notion of an interesting personality. He had been known at Oxford as "Ideal" Ward, from the work which had first made him famous; but anything more unideal than his own personal appearance it would be difficult to imagine. Fortune made him a great landed proprietor; his tastes and ambitions were the very opposite to those of a typical English squire. To country sports and duties he was indifferent, and was bored by them; social life was irksome to him; he gave up living at Northwood because of the gaieties of Cowes; he liked the country mainly for its quietude and fresh air. He enjoyed trudging about on the plain road talking theology, or a game of chess, or a good "opera-bouffe" far better than any orthodox amusements of the English squire. Again, though he had strongly-marked ecclesiastical tastes and the highest spiritual ideals, yet he had nothing of the hermit about him, or the monk, or the rapt pilgrim through visionary worlds! He loved music, and was passionately devoted to the opera, whilst hating noise so much that even the songs of birds distracted him at work; and at Northwood, his well-wooded seat near Cowes, he is said to have offered a guinea for every nightingale's head they could bring him. A layman and the father of a large family, perverse fate made him Professor of Theology in a clerical seminary, where he long presented the unique spectacle of a married man exhorting young clerics to their sacred duties, and setting before them the noblest ideal of priestly vocation. His own marriage, when an Anglican clergyman, had greatly surprised the readers of the *Ideal of the Christian Church*, and had disappointed many of his friends. The story goes that, when once presiding at a conference to discuss the celibacy of the clergy, he suddenly adjourned the meeting, nominally for lunch, really that he might read a letter from the future Mrs Ward! During the long and anxious controversy over the condemnation of his book, his main preoccupation was whether Miss Wingfield would accept him; the decision of the two questions happened to fall together, the humiliation of public reproof being completely merged in the satisfaction of his private hopes. All through his life his really deep spirituality and his intense theological tastes were strangely counterbalanced by an equally intense love for the

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theatre and the opera. He had considerable dramatic powers himself, his imitations of theatrical celebrities in his earlier Oxford days being particularly good. The contrast between these frivolities and his normal occupation of discussing religious metaphysics suggested to one of his friends that it was "just as though Thomas Aquinas were to dance in a ballet." Even that *tour de force* would not have been beyond Ward's powers. Once in his rooms at Balliol he was giving some selections from an opera, and, of all other characters, was personating Cupid, to the delight of some of his friends, flying about the place and making a most alarming noise. A tutor in the room beneath sent up the scout to inquire what was the matter, and received the answer: "It's only Mr Ward, sir; 'e's a hafting of a cherubym."

Ward retained his love of the opera and the drama all through his life. It was his chief escape from worry; it afforded him needful relaxation from the strain of continuous controversy, and was a useful corrective to the melancholy that formed an ingredient of his character. He would rush up to London from his lectures at Old Hall or his controversies at Weston to revel in the operas of Donizetti and Rossini. His friends knew his tastes, and even Cardinal Manning could sympathise when he had no opportunity of indulging them. He was once complaining to the Archbishop of the loss he felt when there was no opera for him to go to in London. "My dear Ward," replied the Archbishop, "don't hesitate any evening you feel dull, to come in and have tea with Johnson and myself"! To appreciate the situation, one must have known Cardinal Manning and Dr Johnson—admirable men, and in their own way interesting, but not formidable rivals to the opera. Just before his death he horrified a clerical friend by telling him there was just one thing he longed to see before he died. "What is that?" said the priest, thinking he had some project of Church interest in his mind. "If I can only see the Bancrofts at the Haymarket I shall die happy"!

The main work of Dr Ward's life—that to which he devoted the energies and talents of his mature years—was the editing of *The Dublin Review*. It was through *The Dublin* that he exerted vast influence on the theological and metaphysical

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thought of the day, and as its editor he will be best remembered. His acceptance of the post is a striking instance of his readiness to take up very uncongenial work at the call of duty. About the year 1860 Cardinal Wiseman was anxious to provide an antidote to the Liberalism, the Religious Liberalism, of dangerous tendencies which found brilliant exposition in the pages of *The Rambler*. An attempt had been made to meet the need by getting Newman to edit *The Rambler*; he agreed to do so, but in a short time found the position so intolerable that he suddenly threw it up. To infuse life into the moribund *Dublin Review* was now the more necessary, and to use it as the main organ of English Catholicism. Great pressure was brought to overcome Ward's reluctance to step into the breach. He felt his own unfitness in many respects. Writing to Newman after his acceptance, he says: "It is a new phenomenon to have the editor of a Quarterly profoundly ignorant of history, politics and literature. But it was really a Quintus Curtius affair"; and to another correspondent he wrote: "I am about as competent to direct a *Review* as to dance the tight-rope, and Oakley is not much better. My whole wish was that the Cardinal should feel the converts would help him."

Ward's incapacity for literature was a point on which he differed greatly from his Oxford associates, for his style is cumbersome and awkward, massive indeed, and full of force, but almost entirely wanting in grace and lightness of touch. This lack of literary gifts and the absence of grace or distinction from his writings will doubtless prevent his works from being read, or valued, except by serious students. Yet his work at the *Dublin* was an unqualified success. He made that *Review* a power in the Church, and for sixteen years never remitted his labours in defending and spreading the principles of Catholic Faith. When in 1878 age and infirmity compelled him to withdraw, Cardinal Manning could bear witness that "his vigilant and powerful writings had signally contributed to produce the unity of mind which exists amongst us, and a more considerate and respectful tone even in our antagonists."

In the home contest with Liberalism, and the long and acrid controversies about Papal Infallibility which preceded the

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Vatican Council Ward took an active share, his writings distinctly leading up to the great definition of the Council. These were years of acute and often painful collision, sometimes with opponents whose names will be held in equal veneration with his own; for among them were found not only Dollinger, Lord Acton, and Monsell, but Montalembert, Dupanloup, F. Ryder, and chiefly Cardinal Newman. It must be confessed that Ward's methods in controversy with Catholics were often irritating. This was the fault partly of his lack of literary manner and partly of a hankering after logical completeness, which he himself recognized as one of his intellectual faults. In both these respects he offered a marked contrast to his old leader, Dr Newman. The two friends had for some time been drifting apart. Their habits and methods of mind were essentially diverse. Long before, Newman had said—with reference chiefly to Ward—that “the Common Room at Balliol reeked with logic,” and the skilful tact with which Newman directed minds and allowed for ignorance and prejudice was totally wanting in Ward. The latter was for ever stating general principles and extreme consequences, when the needs of the case called rather for veiling the one or the other. Their different temperaments inclined them to different schools. Ward was the strongest of the so-called Vaticanists; he revelled in Papal pronouncements; liked his Pontifical decisions hot and frequent; professed that he would have enjoyed a fresh Bull from Rome every morning with his paper. Newman belonged to the more Conservative school, which dreaded premature definition, not to say over-definition, of doctrine. He ever felt keenly that there were other things than logic to be considered. From men with an English love of the concrete, and English innocence of logic Ward soon gained a character for being *outré* and extravagant. He termed his opponents “minimizers”; they regarded his friends as “an insolent and aggressive faction.”

Many of Ward's antagonists during these years were, of course, as good Catholics and as loyal to the Holy See as ever he was himself; and between the two schools the questions in dispute were well and wisely worked out. If there were faults in the controversy on both sides, there was never any bitterness

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or personal rancour on Ward's. He differed in this respect from some of his opponents, particularly from one of his foreign allies, with whom he was often, though unjustly, compared—Louis Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*. Ward never hesitated to speak out plainly; he struck a downright blow with all his might, perhaps never realizing himself how hard he smote. But although his personal feeling to his antagonists was entirely friendly, yet he did not bring into his writings the *suaviter in modo* which never failed him in conversation; and he could not resist the inclination to express contrasts of opinion in the most startling and extreme form. Instead, however, of enjoying these polemics as the outside public thought, he really hated them. "People look on me as a kind of theological gladiator who delights in fighting, or a theological Red Indian who is only at home in war paint. They little know what a coward I am, and how I hate fighting. If it wasn't for the infinite harm which Liberalism is doing, I could never bring myself to write against it."

Ward admitted in later years that he had been too exacting and had pressed points as to Papal Infallibility too far; but as to the general question between himself and his opponents, on the whole he was right and they were wrong, though under Providence both parties were needed to bring out the mind of the Church on a vital point of Faith.

An interesting episode in Ward's career was his connexion with the Metaphysical Society, which flourished in London during the years 1869–79. The object of the Society was to bring together in friendly debate on the great problems of the hour representatives of the various schools of opinion existing at the time. It aimed at being a living microcosm of the great intellectual world in England, where men could meet and discuss with complete frankness, and in perfect privacy, the questions that were agitating men's minds. It was held—and the opinion was justified by the event—that a far truer understanding of an opponent's real mind must ensue from a *rap-prochement* of this kind than from any amount of written controversy. Besides Ward, the chief Catholic representatives were Archbishop Manning and F. Dalgairns. The success of their interventions at these discussions, which was undoubted,

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might suggest to others the desirability of imitating their example. I have often thought how much good might be done if Catholic laymen would bring together for friendly intercourse men of different lines of thought, and so provide opportunities, such as the clergy can seldom gain of themselves, for personal intercourse with intelligent persons outside the Church. Occasionally some mischief might result, for all are not equipped for such encounters; but Catholic truth would surely be the gainer on the whole! True, our young Catholic laymen are not all Wards, any more than the clergy are all Mannings or Dalgairns; yet neither would their adversaries be all Mills or Huxleys or Herbert Spencers. The instance of the Metaphysical Society is very cogent. The power of clear conviction held intelligently, the sight of Catholic thinkers willing to face the difficulties of modern thought, was found to be impressive. It was well said that one evening at the Metaphysical Society was a better answer to those who held that Catholics were uncandid and insincere than years of controversial writing would have been.

What kind of a man in his own domestic circle was this intellectual giant, this theological squire? He certainly had a deal of individuality; he was quite free from conventionality, for example, and from commonplace human respect. When living at Hampstead he used to take long walks with a lady friend, and when tired he would stop and sit down on the nearest doorstep. "I'm tired, madam; I mean to rest. If you're too proud, you can walk on." "But I'm not proud," she replied; and the pair of them would continue their conversation on the doorstep, to the admiration of the nursemaids and errand-boys. Tennyson described him in later years as "the most childlike and the least childish man I have ever known," and used to speak of him as being "grotesquely truthful." Before his marriage his wife's brother had tried to dissuade her from marrying a hard-headed mathematician; but in spite of his oddities and unconventionality, he made a loving husband and an excellent father. His relations with his family, and with his young children in particular, were undoubtedly peculiar. He lived all day in his study and hardly ever saw his children; some of them had an idea that he was a

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priest. He is reported to have said about them: "I am usually informed when they are born, but I know nothing more of them." This was perhaps only a story, but the next anecdote is certainly true. The absorbing interest which he took in theology and philosophy filled his whole capacity for enthusiasm, and he could not understand the interest which his friends took in other aspects of his life. The large property which he inherited in the Isle of Wight would have passed away from his family unless he had a son to succeed him. His four eldest children had been girls; there was consequently much rejoicing among his friends at the birth of a son and heir. Ward's surprise at the letters of congratulation which he received on the occasion was something ludicrous. "Here," he said, "for years I have been doing valuable intellectual work at Oxford and Old Hall—work which few men have the knowledge and ability to do—and no one ever wrote to congratulate me! I have a son—a thing any man may do—and I receive fifty or a hundred letters of congratulation!" But when his children grew up he treated them very differently. His relations with them became extremely intimate, on a footing of almost absolute equality, for he disliked greatly what he used to term the "parental heresy"—that "donnishness" and expectation of deference from which many children have to suffer. In return he received from them more than usual confidence, admiration and gratitude. It was his ardent wish that all his daughters should be nuns and all his sons priests; his desire was gratified in the case of two of the former and one of the latter. A pleasant feature of Ward's later life was the friendship which sprang up between him and his neighbour, Lord Tennyson. They often used to meet at the Metaphysical Society; but when Ward built his house at Weston Manor in the Isle of Wight, he was within a mile of Tennyson at Farringford. Notwithstanding the intellectual contrast between them, they had many things in common—a plainness of speech, great candour, enthusiasm for the moral aims of life, unworldliness, love of truth; and latterly they became close friends on almost playful terms, telling each other plain truths with the greatest frankness. "Your writing, Ward, is like walking-sticks gone mad"; and when the poet

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sent his friend his ode *De Profundis*, Ward replied that he had read it, but could not understand a word of it. "You really should put notes to such poems." But they could appreciate each other's gifts, and few descriptions hit off the character of the man better than the lines written by the Laureate after Ward's death, which may serve to bring this paper to a close:

Farewell, whose living like I shall not find,
Whose faith and work were bells of full accord,
My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,
Most generous of Ultramontanes, Ward!
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind!
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

J.I.C.

THE LEGEND OF A CHILD

“COME in,” St Peter had bidden the child,
Alarmed, like a bird into Heaven beguiled,
While myriad angels in golden array
Fluttered round and joyously beckoned to play.
Anon as he stood, still dazed by the light
Celestial, trembling in kirtle of white—
As he stood there, half frightened, mouth wistful, apart,
Punchinello pressed desperately close to his heart—
The cherub ranks open and sudden behold
His playmate beside him in raiment of gold.

“Come join us; we’re dancing all round in a ring
And neighbour’s lad Jack, he is going to sing!
I’ll gather you Paradise roses; you’ll say
Heaven’s gardens are fairer than meadows in May!
Why do you linger? No angels are rough.
We’ll first play at robbers and then Blind Man’s Buff!”
The little one whimpered: “Mama” all his cry.
“I want my Mama!” thus his tearful reply.

The Saviour heard him. His heart was moved,
He took in His arms the boy unproved,
And carried him to her God’s Mother mild,
And kissed her first, then kissed the child.

No sooner the child had looked in her face,
“Mama!” he smiled happy in Mary’s embrace.
(*From the German of Carl Bulcke*).

ANGUS COMYN.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

III. THE BUILDING OF AL ISLAM.

NOW that Mohammed had practically achieved his desire it would not be unprofitable to examine the character of the prophet as it had formed or transformed itself under the stress of active strife and success. It is distinctly remarkable, as Mohammed progressed toward his appointed goal, that he grew less prophetic as he grew more practical, and less mystical as he grew more active. The saint and the contemplative divine began to merge insensibly into the ruler and man of action; as he became more engrossed in the means and methods of propagating what he deemed the truth, so in proportion did the nature of the truth seem to grow more hazy in his eyes. What seemed to him to be obviously wrong he crushed with a firm hand; usury, drunkenness, treachery and unbrotherliness, he smote hip and thigh; charity in goods, honesty in dealing, valour in war, simplicity in manners, kindness to brutes he enforced with his utmost strength, but, save for the imparting of the knowledge of the existence of an all-just and all-seeing God, his prophetic mission dwindled away to nothing; he laid the foundations of a mighty edifice, but seems to have lost the knowledge he had once had of the building he was about to construct. To-day Al Islam is even as Mohammed left it, a kind of crypt without an edifice to support. In the religion of Mohammed you have every necessary foundation for the support of a new world, but no plan, no idea, as to what the form of that world should be. To me it would appear that the occurrence of this sudden and apparently infinite hiatus was brought about by women. So long as the elderly and pious Khadijah lived to encourage the wondrous and beauteous thoughts of her husband, so long did the strong yet impressionable mind of Mohammed remain pure, unsullied and sublime, but when this source of inspiration was withdrawn and replaced by the companionship of wives whose only idea was to maintain his allegiance by gratifying his passions and enthralling his affection, a rapid deterioration in his spiritual qualities immediately became noticeable. Mohammed's marriage with Khadijah was a

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wedding of two souls, and may we be permitted to imagine that Khadijah's was the stronger? When Khadijah died Mohammed evidently found only bodily and worldly gratification in his frequent nuptials; and was it not for that reason that they were frequent—because he was ever vainly seeking for that peaceful companionship of the mind which subsists within the bonds of a perfect marriage and only finding in return the wearisome yet turbulent satiety of the flesh?

It is not pleasant for either the reader or the writer to dwell upon this subject, and yet it is not one that can well be passed over. It would be far from my thoughts to deliver a glib and easy judgment on the guilt of Mohammed in his frequent marriages with young and attractive women. It has been a trait common to all Semitic stocks, the Arabs included, to define with great rigidity the relations and situation of the sexes. With them man is the doer of deeds and the active being who must think out and perform all the important acts of life save one, and that is the production of children; hence it is that although the widow and the virgin have, in theory at least, a complete freedom and independence, the wife and the mother are relegated to a position of servitude arising from their need of a protector and mate. The actual business of motherhood is considered a sufficient occupation; and the desires of the men, the habit of suckling a child for the space of over twelve months, the high rate of infant mortality in sultry climates, combined with a strong sound desire to keep up the numbers of the population, are sufficient in themselves to make polygamy seem a moral and normal arrangement. Once the Rubicon is crossed and a plurality of wives passes from the zone of definite reprehensibility to one of proper and laudable custom, the whole view of man in relation to woman undergoes an immediate and depressing change, and she becomes an almost mechanical minister to his pleasure and honour.

So long as Mohammed was bound to Khadijah it is little likely that the question gave him much trouble; impropriety and laxity of conduct were repulsive to him, as we have seen on more than one occasion; but once Khadijah was taken from him he had legitimate means of gratifying those baser passions,

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and he availed himself of them, so hoping to still the yearnings of his heart.

Mohammed found no peace in four marriages, and Christian critics are scandalized that he should make an exceptional law for himself by exceeding the customary limit. However, I think it would be unfair to judge the founder of Islam over hardly on this ground. He is blamed for exceeding a law already more than lax, and this view is I think incorrect. A Moslem may marry four wives, and he may co-habit with an indefinite number of slaves, consequently by Arab standards he is never limited to a fixed number of women.

In taking a fifth wife Mohammed did not wound the susceptibilities of his conscience on the score of over-indulgence, and whatever scruples he had must have been entirely confined to the legal aspect of the case.

Now any man who can deem his ideas as directly emanating from heaven is little likely to consider himself bound by the letter of the law, and that he should quite innocently imagine himself exempted from certain legal trammels is not a matter for wonder.

However, that Mohammed's acceptance of polygamy as an institution in the first instance was an unparalleled disaster for the world is a fact which I am freely prepared to admit, but even here it is difficult in Christian charity to blame him; he was bound by custom, tradition, and Judaism to accept polygamy as legal; his only business on this head was, he imagined, to codify and regulate the existing laws, his main office being to uproot paganism and preach the truth. Paganism indeed he uprooted, but there was very little that he set up in its place.

We now enter upon the sixth year of the Flight from Mecca, and I think that we may take this sixth year as the first year of active rule and success. Hitherto Mohammed had always laboured under the burden of the contingency of ultimate defeat and final obliteration by the Meccans, but the break-up of the besieging army outside the fosse had heralded the beginning of a new era. There could be no doubt now that in Arabia at least Mohammedanism was a permanent force.

Outwardly there was not indeed much change in the general

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trend of events; raiding parties came and went, robbers and brigands were slain and their bands dispersed, prayers regular and fervent were raised in the Mosque at Medina, Bedawin tribes began to make allegiance to the prophet more readily while Abu Sofian and the unbelievers continued to threaten with fearful threats; but Mohammed had in reality won, and his victory soon began to bear fruit.

The snarling and growling at Mecca led to little action, and the prophet began to think of peace—all Idolaters would doubtless roast and sweat in hell-fire, but still might not a temporary arrangement be made during this earthly interlude?—all Moslems must make the Pilgrimage; the voice of the Ka'aba grew loud and insistent; the Pilgrimage was a duty incumbent on all and not to be shirked; Mohammed's sleep grew troubled at night; presently a vision came to him of himself leading his people to the holy places in peace; the sacred month when war was unlawful approached. Will the reader be surprised to learn that when it arrived Mohammed and 1,500 pilgrims set out to perform their duty at the shrine? The caravan set out upon the road, and the noise of its departure was bruited abroad. In Mecca the news caused consternation and rage. True it was the sacred month; true battle was illegal; but who could trust the word of a madman and his rabble? The Koraysh stood to arms and marched out to oppose the entrance of the pilgrimage; Khalid and his horsemen scoured the desert to give notice of its approach. But Mohammed was in no fighting mood. By a detour he avoided the scouts of the Bedawin and halted his people at Hoduba, where there was a well on the frontier of the sacred territory of Mecca. There, as the prophet lay encamped, came to him the inevitable go-betweens and ambassadors; the Bedawin Shaykh, who was told to tell him to go home, was sent to the right-about; the Arab who was to inform him that it was a bootless errand he came upon was dismissed; the messenger who announced that both Mohammed and his pilgrims would be slain was ordered away; but at last the envoy who was commissioned to discuss the situation obtained a hearing. Then began the weary negotiations for a treaty of peace. The historians give us few details, but anyone who has

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spent a profitable hour in an Arab bazaar or a Bedawin encampment may figure to himself the roaring, swearing, refusing, cajoling, handslapping, haggling, oath taking, leaving go and taking up again, which must have been gone through before the following treaty received the seals of the Chiefs of Islam, and the guardians of the Meccan shrine:

“In thy name, O God! These are the conditions of peace between Mohammed and the son of Abdallah, and Soheil the son of Amr.

“War shall be suspended for ten years. Neither side shall attack the other. Perfect amity shall prevail betwixt us. Whosoever wisheth to join Mohammed, and enter into treaty with him shall have liberty to do so; and whoever wisheth to join the Koraysh and enter into treaty with them shall have liberty so to do. If any one goeth over to Mohammed without the permission of his guardian he shall be sent back to his guardian. But if any one from amongst the followers of Mohammed return to the Koraysh the same shall not be sent back. Provided, on the part of the Koraysh, that Mohammed and his followers retire from us this year without entering our city. In the coming year he may visit Mecca, he and his followers, for three days, when we shall retire therefrom. But they may not enter it with any weapons, save those of the traveller, namely, to each a sheathed sword.”

Mohammed styles the accomplishment of the treaty with the Meccans a victory, and well indeed he might; he had paralyzed the most serious combination against him, and now he had prevented its ever becoming formidable again. To pagan and believer Mohammed had now a recognized position in Arabia. He no longer held the station of a refugee or outcast, who lived a precarious life in a town of strangers who might at any time disown him, he had become part of the scheme of things and a permanent factor in Arabian politics.

Once a man has a recognized position among Arabs and no longer depends entirely on his own efforts for success, he has achieved a lasting victory which will bear him up through a perfect avalanche of adversity. Mohammed now felt his strength and power, and the tone of his utterances changed with his access to dominion. He no longer implored with

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passion, or upbraided with bitterness, or threatened with supernatural punishment; he now began to command with confidence, and to chastise indiscipline with active regulations. But the mystic was still strong within him, and the events of the day began to find their reflection in his musings and dreams.

Soon the nature of his victory in Arabia suggested to him that the area of his success need not be limited by the land, nor by the tongue of the Arabs. The wave of faith and belief which seemed to have been ebbing for so long, and which appeared to have been ousted from his mind by the consideration of worldly affairs, now surged back with redoubled strength.

I think there is no more magnificent moment in Mohammed's career than when he set himself to call upon the kings and rulers of the world to accept not his rulership but his faith. North, south, east and west rode his messengers, calling upon the princes and lords of the earth to acknowledge the Oneness of the one true and only God. What can have been the comments of those who received this strange admonition? It probably reached Heraklius while he was busy in Syria re-ordering and re-settling the ruined and distracted province, and at the same time deeply engaged in correspondence with Constantinople, daily in audience with officers and governors from all parts of his empire, considering at every turn the complex finances of the provinces, the infinite intricacies of municipal politics, the tangled intrigues of the place hunters. Amid such surroundings Heraklius cannot have delayed long to consider the meaning or the object of the writer. We can see him perhaps pausing for a moment amidst a heap of despatches and reports which he is checking, or during the interval betwixt two audiences, to listen to the words of the interpreter who translates the summons from Arabia. Amidst the jumble of words there is but little that is distinct. "Religion," mutters Heraklius—"O, one of these schismatics down south of the Dead Sea; prophet of God—some mad monk I suppose; too far west for a Nestorian, a Meccan; I suppose Harith of Ghassan knows something of the matter; all these Arabs are very loyal now we have won"—and the Em-

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peror perhaps dismisses the matter from his mind, not to think of it again for many a long day. Harith, the Bedawin border lord of the Ghassainds, also received the message, and scenting a profitable little war in the summons asked permission to smite the Moslems; but the matter came to nothing.

The Christian King of Abyssinia, who had given Moslems a place of refuge in the hour of distress, received the command in a manner which could best be described as of a negative-affirmative kind, and with this Mohammed seemed satisfied and accepted of him several offices of friendship and goodwill—to wit, a marriage with the widow Umm Habiba, a daughter of Abu Sofian, who had fled to Abyssinia with her husband, and ships for the remaining refugees to return to Arabia.

The Governor of Egypt, Makukas, was also approached. He had doubtless heard not a little of the prowess of the Moslems, and knew full well the ease with which Bedawin horsemen could harass his province from the Sinai peninsula; nor had any Roman governor at that time any particular desire to embroil himself in hostilities with a capable but unplunderable enemy. Makukas answered the missive with abject and honeyed words, and judging his man with some accuracy dispatched to Mohammed two beautiful Coptic girls, and what was perhaps an even greater mark of esteem, a magnificent white mule and a robe of honour. In Ctisephon the notice was received with less cordiality; the Persians, although they had been even more rudely shaken by the shocks of war and revolution than the Romans, and though smarting under a sense of defeat and disgrace, had still leisure to indulge in their inveterate hatred of the Arabs.

When the ambassadors appeared before Kavadh he received them neither with the nonchalance of Heraklius, the friendly aloofness of the Abyssinian, nor the suave diplomacy of the Egyptian. Wrath, contempt and rage were the passions which surged in the breast of the Persian tyrant. Persia had been humbled with the dust; her armies, scattered and impotent, her treasures filched from her, her plundered trophies yielded up, her princes killed, her palaces ruined; but still she was the Persia of old—luxurious, poetic, refined and polite; her religion dated back to dim antiquity, her clergy prided themselves

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on their purity and philosophy, her troops were still to be numbered by thousands, her princes still of ancient lineage and fiercely proud of their birth—and it was more than could be borne by the son of Khosrau the conqueror that he should be addressed in tones of command by a ragged, lean-shanked, wizened-faced, illiterate, tent-dwelling desert thief, to accept a lecherous old poet who kinged it in a mud Brentford as the prophet of a God of sand and camel dung. In fury he tore up the letter and hurled the fragments in the ambassador's face. The Bedawi messengers returned to Mecca with news of the insulting answer of the King of Kings. The prophet's wrath was kindled: "Even thus, O Lord," he cried, "rend thou his kingdom from him."

The prayer of Mohammed and the anger of Kavadh were perhaps both inspired by a single event, for shortly before the embassy of Mohammed reached Irak, the Governor of Yemen had thrown off his allegiance to the Persians, and in assuming his independence had along with the majority of his people accepted the Moslem faith.

But Mohammed, while he indulged in his glorious visions of the future, did not neglect to attend to the minor details involved in the consolidation of his power, and though he had sufficient enthusiasm to warrant his despatching emissaries to the four quarters of the globe commanding submission to his revelation, he did not fail to lead an army against the scornful Jews who dwelt in the rich valleys of Kheybar, some three days' march north of Medina.

The Jews were ever a thorn in the side of Mohammed, and they alone in Arabia hated him with good cause and reason. Mohammed must have ever disliked the Jews because of their assumption of superior learning, and because they owned scriptures which he could not read; their stubbornness must have rankled in his heart; all the ignorant and blind could perceive and appreciate his truthfulness, the Jews alone rejected his mission with scorn when they should have been the first to accept it. The kings of the world could wait, but while the Jews mocked him for a madman and a false prophet Mohammed could not wait. The chief man of Kheybar, an intriguer of the fosse, was slain by a band of midnight as-

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sassins, and presently the Moslems sallied forth to attack the settlement. The Jews stood out to guard their fastness; but hope had departed from their breasts; it was not Mohammed the refugee, but Mohammed the greatest man in Arabia, Mohammed with 300 not thirty horsemen, Mohammed the maker of the truce with Mecca who was marching up against them. The Jews fought stubbornly, but did little to impede the progress of the attack, and at last the chief fortress of the colony yielded itself up. The Jews were supposed to depart if they would yield up their gold; they accepted the terms, but two of their chiefs who concealed their wealth were discovered in their treachery and slain with slaughter as grievous as that with which their forebears slew the men of Canaan. Mohammed viewed the wives of the slaughtered chiefs, and Safia pleased him; that night she became his bride; but Nemesis stood near at hand with sudden punishment in readiness. Zeinab, a Jewess, whose husband, father and brother had fallen in the battle, was inspired with the courage of another Judith. With smiling face she prepared a feast for the Arab chieftains.

Mohammed and his shaykhs sat around the steaming meat bowl, stretching out their hands to tear the soft flesh of the young kid. Suddenly the Prophet cried "Hold; the food is poisoned." Bishr', who sat beside him stiffened and fell motionless. All was in confusion. Zeinab was seized, and confessed her deed without fear or shame. Some say she was slain, others that she was pardoned. But she had struck a heavy blow at Mohammed's constitution; he writhed in pain, threw up the poison and partly recovered; but physically he was never the same man again. For many a long day he suffered and pined, at times imagining himself bewitched, at others growing surly, mournful and depressed. But nevertheless efforts were not relaxed; the marauding parties to and froed Medina, sometimes empty-handed, often laden with booty, nearly always adding converts to Al Islam, and ever spreading the fame of the prophet throughout Arabia.

Presently the season of pilgrimage came round once more, and by right of treaty Mohammed set out to accomplish his duty to the Ka'aba. The Koraysh were powerless to stop him;

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the written bond held them fast, and with inward raging of the heart they withdrew from the city that their hated enemy might enter and pray beside the Ka'aba. Mohammed approached his native town with 2,000 followers, a party was detached to watch as a precaution against treachery, and the prophet and his men proceeded to the temple.

Within sight of the grinning statues of the false gods and idols the Moslems performed the rites of pilgrimage, and as the sun rose to the meridian one named Billal mounted the roof, and for the first time the quavering call to prayer echoed through the Meccan streets. By the time the days of pilgrimage were ended Mohammed had contracted a fresh alliance and was affianced to a Meccan widow. It was not love or any tender passion which prompted Mohammed to this venture; he was working to an end, and the influence of the aged Meimuna (she was fully fifty) might be of use to him.

He asked the Koraysh if he might tarry a day to celebrate the wedding, but they bade him be gone, and swiftly at that. By this discourtesy they irritated the relations of Meimuna, and thus played into the hands of Mohammed, who was able to give a more than cordial reception to Khalid ibn Walid, when the latter, along with Amru and Othman ibn Talha came to give their adhesion to the new faith on the score of relationship to Meimuna, whose nephew Khalid was.

This diplomatic dexterity practically ended the Meccan question. The Koraysh were now busily quarrelling among themselves concerning old grievances and new blunders, while Khalid, Othman, and Amru, the three chiefest men in the holy city, had deserted idolatry for the camp of the one true God. The pilgrimage to Mecca was only, as it were, a breathing space in the continual round of warlike propaganda which was being continually disseminated from Mecca. Tribe after tribe of the Bedawin yielded to persuasion or force. Occasionally the raiders were discomfited, but punishment sure and certain followed the slightest Moslem defeat, and all the northern tribes began to yield. A Roman official even intrigued with Medina, and it was apparently only death which prevented the Governor of Amman from adding his district to the lands of the faithful.

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A vague feeling of unity, and a seemingly fortuitous concurrence of opinion began to exert a force of life and movement on the nebulous tribes of Arabia. The glow of being was hazy and indefinite, nothing was clear or distinct, but things were no longer as they had been; the age was pregnant with things both new and strange, the idea of the Ka'aba, the tradition of Abraham, the echo of the voice of the Son of Man, had mingled into an indefinable substance, and a new element had been evolved therefrom. Defeat and disaster mattered but little now, the foundations were firm and solid. The Ghassanid Arabs near Bostra must have felt dimly that a power was rising with which they could not cope alone. A messenger from Medina was murdered, and a war of battle and death, not of plunder and flight, was proclaimed against the Moslems. The warrior missionaries of Al Islam set out to avenge the crime, but at Muta they met not the border Arabs whose blood they desired, but the disciplined legions of the Emperor. With the temerity of belief the desert men ventured not only to attack the Romans on their own ground, but without feint, stratagem or surprise; the unshakable infantry were suffered to draw up in array, to await the attack, to discharge their arrows without haste, to advance in order over known ground, to manœuvre, stand firm, retreat, or go forward unharassed, unambushed, and unbetrayed. It is not decreed that the men of the prophet, the book and the sword shall defeat the men of the cross under such conditions. The Moslems attacked, seeking martyrdom as an end and victory as an incident. The leaders cheerfully hamstrung their horses and accepted death with the embrace of a lover, the heroes died in happiness, the craven, the faithless and the wise fled back to the desert. Khalid, the Knight of God and convert of Mecca, had more wit than religion. He saw the day was lost; his superiors had fallen under the swords of Christians. To a soldier retreat in good order is as useful and honourable as the final charge of victory to which it may ultimately tend. With a firm hand he allayed panic, shepherded the beaten army, covered its rear, staved off the pursuit, and at last presented to the prophet an army beaten, driven back, shattered, but still in being. Amid the cries of wrath of the

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crowd who had hoped to see plunder-laden victors, the shrieks of the dust-dabbled women who would see their men no more, the whimpering of the wondering children who were told they were orphans, Khalid rode in with the discomfited troops he had saved for a future victory. The hacked chain mail hung in tatters on the shoulders of the infantry, their arms trailed on the road, rusty and unburnished; some hung on the girths of the sweat-caked, jaded horses of the Bedawin who had saved their headlong flight. Downcast they bore the curses which the mob spent upon their cowardice. Mohammed, though stricken to the heart with grief for the loss of his dearest friends who had fallen in the forefront of the battle, and bitterly pained with disappointment at the issue of the fight, was undismayed. He wasted no breath in repining on the repulse. He saw beyond the accident of the hour, and silencing the revilings of the people told them that if Allah willed these troops would once more return to the battle.

The reverse at Muta encouraged the Syrian Bedawin who were Christians, but in no way affected the tribes near Medina, who felt sure that a single disaster would not shake the new kingdom. Mohammed, eager to revenge the death of his faithful followers, and equally anxious to prove the worth of his converts, dispatched Amru and 300 men to raid the lands of the North. Amru found great hosts gathered to oppose him, but neither legions nor disciplined troops. With seasonable caution he sent back for reinforcements, which were promptly dispatched under Abu Obeyda ibn al Jarrah. When these reached the Meccan chief there instantly broke out the usual bickerings regarding the supremacy of command. Amru said that the prophet had entrusted him with the sole leadership. Abu Obeyda held that the charge was committed to him. At other times the two chiefs would have quarrelled. One would have deserted, or at least withdrawn, and the expedition would have become one of the thousands of similar fiascos which are the rule of Arabian warfare.

But Ibn al Jarrah remembered that Mohammed had forbidden any discussion concerning the division of authority and yielded to Amru. This was a new spirit in border warfare. Discipline, obedience and submission were totally alien to the

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minds of the people of the Peninsula, but they now appeared as the housemaids of Al Islam. The Arabs of the north broke peacefully before the united front of the Moslems. Thousands of nominal Christians came over to the ranks of the invaders; the remainder fled in dismay. Amru retired laden with booty, undisputed conqueror. The confederation of the Syrian border had dissolved even more easily than the confederation of Mecca.

IV. THE FINAL TRIUMPH

When last we saw the Koraysh they were beginning to perceive the disastrous nature of the treaty they had made; now they noticed with fear that the truce was drawing to a close and that at its end the power of Medina had waxed strong and mighty, while theirs had declined year by year. The Bedawin no longer came to them for alliance; bribes, advice and help, all went to the prophet; every day exhibited the impotence and insignificance of Mecca, hitherto a ruling city; every post brought in news of the further spread of the religion of the man she had cast forth.

Matters went from bad to worse. The dogmas of Al Islam were accepted by Bedawin, who actually pastured within a few hours of the town; the hand of Allah weighed on all Arabia. Lat, Ozza, and Hobal and the other tribal gods were neglected and half forgotten.

The Koraysh struggled in the stifling folds of Al Islam, but it was useless; they could no more check the gradually rising forces than a man can check a storm of rain with his hand or blow away the rising mist with his breath. Impotent, furious, galled beyond all bearing the Koraysh gave vent to their spleen by a signal act of useless and wanton treachery.* The tribe of the Bani Khozaa, which dwelt in the valleys near Mecca had accepted Al Islam; one night a band of the Koraysh stole into one of their camps, murdered some sleeping men and slunk back to the city.

* Such conduct is characteristic of the Arab when stung to irritation by humiliation and defeat.

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A few days later all Medina was roused to fury by the news of this dastardly act; a few days later still the men of Mecca and the Koraysh trembled at the tidings of a general congregation of the Bedawin. The villagers, the greater and the lesser tribes, and all who were allied to or subject to Mohammed—horsemen, footmen, swordsmen, lancers and archers—were said to be gathering under the banner of Mohammed, the son of Abdallah. Letters from the North related how an expedition of succour and vengeance was gathering at Medina, even as a full pent storm-cloud gathers over the desert in spring time. The Koraysh looked vainly for their long-severed allies of the Fosse, but they were with the enemy; their city was unfenced and indefensible; their courage was ebbing away. Who knew who would prove true to idolatry in this day of stress? The hosts of the man who had preached in vain were rapidly approaching; he whom even in the hour of pilgrimage they had slighted, whose prayers and verses they had mocked, whose family they had bound and cast forth, would soon stand before them to demand a full account of his wrongs.

The terror of the Koraysh must have grown pitiful as the hours rolled on. The day of reckoning and doom was at hand; nor could they attempt any justification of their wickedness. Presently familiar faces began to be missed; Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed, hitherto a staunch supporter of the Ka'aba, was seen no more in the city; he had gone over to join his nephew, and had abandoned the Koraysh for ever.

The Moslems approached within a day's march of Mecca. Abu Sofian grew weary of waiting for a fate the horror of which was made more fearful by the vagueness of its nature, and more terrible by its unavoidable certainty. In desperation he called to him two of the leaders of his people, and at nightfall crept out of the city. The hills of Mecca frowned dark and forbidding before the little party as it shuffled through the dust into the gathering darkness. Suddenly, from every peak and ridge for miles around, there burst forth a gigantic circle of watch-fires—a circumstance calculated to produce an intended effect. By this stratagem the invading host seemed even greater than the rumours had suggested. The usually deserted and silent hills were alive with people; the twinkling flames vanished and

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re-appeared as the kindlers walked to and fro; the distant hum of the multitude was borne across the intervening space and filled the lonely wanderers with indefinite fear. In subdued tones they began to speak among themselves as to the true portent of these mysterious sights and sounds.

Suddenly a voice echoed from the darkness calling on Abu Sofian by name. The chiefs of the Koraysh stood spellbound with awe. The voice cried out: "Yonder is Mohammed and ten thousand men; believe or die!" And the wretched men recognized that the speaker who threatened was Abbas, who but a week before had been one of their foremost counsellors. Completely overwhelmed, Abu Sofian and his two companions yielded without a murmur, and were conducted to the tents of the believers; there that night they lay in grave anxiety awaiting a final audience with the avenging prophet on the morrow. When the sun rose they were conducted into his presence. He received them sternly and without salute. "Is there any God beside the one true Lord?" cried Mohammed, perhaps in taunting remembrance of the scoffs and sneers he had endured from the idolators. "Nay," answered Abu Sofian in confusion, "had there been, he would have assisted me against thee." "Admit that I am His prophet," came the peremptory command. It was a bitter draught to Abu Sofian, this last humiliation. He hesitated. "Woe is thee!" cried Abbas, who stood at hand. "Testify, or thou diest." "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet," mumbled the chief of the chiefs of the Koraysh. The prophet's face lit up with smiles. Mecca had been won; the last entrenchment of idolatry had been carried; the proud had been humbled, and the black stone of the Ka'aba should now form the key-stone of Al Islam. Abu Sofian hastes away to the city to bid the people accept, submit and believe even as he himself had done. Ere he reached the city, the invaders were pouring down upon it on every side. Khalid and his horsemen were feebly opposed in one quarter, but elsewhere deserted streets and barred-up doors and windows were all the Moslems saw. Mohammed mounted on his camel, rode up to the Ka'aba, not as a pilgrim, but as the chosen apostle of God entering the Temple of the Lord. Hobal, the false god, swayed upon his

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pedestal and fell in sprawling fragments upon the flags of the courtyard. Standing amid the splinters of the idol, Mohammed cried: "Truth hath come and falsehood hath vanished, for falsehood is a fleeting dream." The last shrine of idolatry had been swept away, and for untold ages the Ka'aba was destined to the worship of God, the compassionate and compassionating maker and destroyer of all things.

When the true faith had been proclaimed in Mecca, and the town lay at the feet of the man it had wronged so long, Mohammed stayed his hand. He loved his native city with all the fervour of his generous nature. With the innumerable and greedy hosts at his command he might have bullied, brow-beaten and oppressed as much as he chose. One does not like to think what a Cromwell, or a Napoleon, would have done in his place; but Mohammed stands out above reproach. In the whole city of enemies only five were slain, and with justice. Two Meccans who had pursued and indirectly caused the death of Mohammed's daughter; two murderers who had fled from Medina; a singing-girl who had blasphemed; for the rest, kindness, friendship and good words. The conquest of Mecca must have rejoiced the heart of Mohammed perhaps more than any event in his career. To be the friend and protector of his long-lost tribe, to be respected and credited by those whom he had so long endeavoured to convert, must have made the victory sweet—even sweeter by reason of the length of time that had elapsed since he had first endeavoured to achieve it. Suddenly, in the midst of the rejoicings and compacting of friendships and the forgiving of wrongs of years, there came an evil adventure.

As might be expected, all the pagan, or at least un-Moslem, Bedawin who lived to the south of Mecca began to acknowledge the supremacy of Mohammed; but this easy victory did not suit the relentless and military nature of Khalid, the Bedawin commander of horse. To Khalid battle and slaughter were the breath of life, and a diplomatic victory was to him apparently as odious as a defeat in the field. The fierce warrior nature rebelled at the sight of his enemies submitting without striking or being struck. To alter the situation was the work of a moment, and we read with some sorrow that Khalid achieved

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his end by the ill-treatment and murder of a pagan tribe* who desired to ally themselves with the Moslems. Mohammed was shocked beyond expression at this deed, and prayed for forgiveness of heaven, but he was obliged to bear the punishment.

The outlying tribes heard the rumour of treachery, and in the desert no rumour flies more quickly. Ere Mecca was fully converted, the prophet and his army had to move southward to quell the rising confederation of nomad clans. The Moslem forces had been increased by recruits, and among them Abu Sofian, with men of the Koraysh and Meccan citizens to the extent of 2,000. The army presented a spectacle fair and brave enough as it set in motion. Acres of dark infantry, seamed by ridges of laden camels and splashed with pools of glittering mail-clad horsemen, above which waved a forest of dark banners. Mohammed, viewing this array, could not forbear thinking of the days of Badr' when the puny numbers of his train provoked the laughter of Abu Sofian, and he smiled in the pride of his heart when Abu Bakr' cried: "Truly we shall not be worsted by reason of our fewness!" But in a short space conscience rebuked him for his vainglory. At dawn, as the unwieldy battalions lumbered through the Pass of Honein, the enemy rushed out on them from an ambuscade. From front to van and van to rear, confusion, terror and panic reigned supreme; banners were tossed aside, riderless camels and horses darted hither and thither, each man turned to flee from the press. Allah, Mohammed and plunder were forgotten, and the Moslems rushed away in a headlong flight more disorderly and craven than that of Ohod. The prophet bawled in consternation: "Whither away?" but his words were unheeded. "Now is the spell broken," sneered a doubting Meccan as he forced his way through the crowd; but the spell was in truth stronger than ever. Abbas, the new convert, had a voice of brass, and suddenly it rose above the broken cries of panic, distinct and audible, calling on the men of Medina to rally. A hundred of the faithful checked in their mad flight, paused, and returned in order; the din of confusion and rout subsided, the army gained heart and confidence; the Bedawin in turn were

* Pour encourager les autres.

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amazed, wavered before the unexpected charge, and betook themselves to flight. "Perdition clutch them!" shrieked the Apostle, hurling gravel in the direction of the retreating foe.

The victorious Moslems pursued the Bedawin from place to place, giving them neither rest nor respite, slaying the fugitives without mercy, capturing their women, tents and beasts in great quantity, until in a few days the desert was clear, and the remnants had either locked themselves up in the strong city of Tayif, or scattered beyond reach of pursuit.

Tayif was too strong a city to take by assault, and the Arabs were too little versed in the art of besieging to carry it by a more gradual process; further, it was not wise to keep an army of would-be martyrs and saints engaged thus early in the dreary routine of a blockade. After a few formal attempts at battery and escalade had been made, Mohammed decided to retire with the glamour of victory and success strong in the hearts of his men.

Soon the more amenable of the defeated Arabs came to sue for peace and the return of their wives and families.

At first the Moslems were little disposed to entertain these proposals, until an aged woman proclaimed herself the foster-mother of the prophet, when it appeared that one of the tribes arrayed against the faithful at Honein was the one in whose tents Mohammed had been reared as a child.

For Mohammed to resist an appeal for mercy and forbearance from such a quarter was impossible, but the avaricious and grasping nature of his disciples was beyond the reach of any finer feeling, and the authority of the prophet was taxed to the utmost when he quelled the quarrelling, murmuring and snarling which instantly arose in their ranks when the release of prisoners was commanded.

As regards the Bedawin and Chieftains of Mecca who had accepted Islam at the last moment, they were bribed openly and shamelessly; nor did the prophet think it necessary to conceal from the Meccans his object in doing so. *Quid pro quo* is the law of the Arabs, and the Arab has an insatiable appetite.

Pausing only for a brief space to pay a visit of ceremony to the Ka'aba, Mohammed turned his steps once more toward Medina, and truly there was something there to attract him,

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for Miriam the Copt was far gone with child, and shortly after his return home Mohammed was rejoiced in the birth of a son who was named Ibrahim. The prophet in his old age had become the father of a man child, and it would be difficult for us to imagine the joy such an event must have brought to him; even as Mohammed had sprawled and crept under the cloak of Abu Talib, now the little Ibrahim slept and snuggled in the arms of the prophet. The old man took a childish pride in the boy, fondled him and showed him to his wives, who looked sourly on the babe, and breathed vengeance and jealousy against Miriam.

While little Ibrahim played by the side of the Apostle of God, the messengers went to and fro, and the first rude foundations of the mighty state of Islam were set firmly down. Obedience to the law, belief in God and the payment of a tithe to the treasury of Medina were the outward and visible signs of that firmly-cemented sense of unity which binds the orthodox Mohammedan peoples together to this very day. The rough Bedawin were broken to the yoke, the cunning and garrulous townsmen accepted the inevitable; here and there some slight objection or trivial resistance quickly brought the keen sword of the fiery Ali, or the thundering horsemen of the ruthless Khalid, to accomplish a speedy retribution.

Swiftly and surely Arabia was bound hand and foot to the Koran. Tayif, the last refuge of idolatry, yielded of its own free will, and the statue of Lat was hammered in pieces by the orders of Abu Sofian. Christian nomads of Sinai and the Syrian border cast aside their creeds for the rhymes of the son of Abdallah, and their shaykhs and chiefs, attired in the silks and brocades of Byzantium, came from the North to glorify God and acknowledge the prophet in Medina. All this while the child Ibrahim throve fat and chubby in the wistful gaze of the old man, his father, who as he looked on him perhaps pondered on the future. In a brief year Mohammed had passed to the summit of his ambition, with scarce an event to cause him pain or anxiety. He was growing old in years, but his work had been done, the mighty engine of regeneration had been set in motion; surely God would be well pleased with His servant; assuredly he might die in peace? Had he not been



THE CHILD'S EYES GLAZE, THE HEATED BODY SHIVERS, & CHILLS; & BRAHIM, THE SON OF MOHAMMED, IS DEAD.

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granted all, even to his last wish—a little son? But there came upon him suddenly a cruel blow of fortune, a piercing dart of grief and pain.

The little Ibrahim, who but yesterday ran and prattled in the courts, tugged at the prophet's beard, and was the merriest of the little ones of Medina, was to-day strangely hushed and silent; Miriam looks wild-eyed and distraught; the prophet prays with burning words to God; perhaps in the dark recesses of the chambers of Ayesha and the others the hateful laugh of malicious pleasure might have been heard, but it must have been low and subdued by caution. And now we see a heart-rending picture. The child is stretched on a mat in the shade of a palm grove, beside it sits Miriam, dry-eyed and speechless, near at hand the nurse sobs as she goes to and fro on errands of service, while Mohammed groans in impotent passionate grief; no prayer will delay, no sacrifice prevent the dread course of the fever. Little Ibrahim stares out upon the world he has sojourned in so short a time, his eyes ablaze, his cheeks flushed, his dimpled limbs lax and flaccid; the breath is now but a tiny thread parting the dry cracked lips. Mohammed the man knows all these signs too well; it is but for a few moments more he can hold his son to him in this world, but the grand faith in him bears him up through even this; the tears run down his cheeks, and he sobs: "Ibrahim, O Ibrahim, if it were not that there is naught but truth and the resurrection certain, and that all must pass through this gate, I would grieve for thee with even a greater grief than this." The child's eyes glaze, the heated body shudders and chills, and Ibrahim the son of Mohammed is dead.

* * * * *

After the little body was laid in the grave, Mohammed smoothed the earth with his hand, saying: "This giveth ease to the afflicted heart. It neither profiteth nor injureth the dead, but it comforteth the living." Who can say that this was an impostor?

The death of Ibrahim was the last event of any great importance in the life of Mohammed. Arabia was conquered, and for the moment at peace. From Bahrein to Hadhramaut, from Hadhramaut to Yemen, from Yemen to Sinai, all acknowledged

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or pretended to accept the teachings of the Apostle of God. The Bedawin were perhaps restless, the townsfolk in places doubting, but the victory was complete; there was but little more to say.

At the end of the tenth year subsequent to his flight, Mohammed made one more pilgrimage to Mecca. The city had been purified, idolatry cast forth for ever, and Mohammed performed the rites of pilgrimage amid a vast concourse of Moslems, among whom not an idolater was to be found. When all was accomplished, Mohammed addressed the people in one last discourse. Its words rang in the ears of the Moslems, and there was no district in Arabia which had not its representatives at that gathering.

This last adjuration of Mohammed is, in fact, to this day the guiding rule of the whole Moslem world. Let the student study it with care, for to above three hundred millions of mankind it is an absolute rule of conduct. "Ye people, hearken to my words, for I know not whether, after this year, I shall ever be amongst you here again. Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time. The Lord hath ordained to every man the share of his inheritance; a Testament is not lawful to the prejudice of heirs. The child belongeth to the parent, and the violator of wedlock shall be stoned. Whoever claimeth falsely another for his father, or another for his master, the curse of God and the angels, and of all mankind, shall rest upon him. Ye people! Ye have rights demandable of your wives, and they have rights demandable of you. Upon them it is incumbent not to violate their conjugal faith nor commit any act of open impropriety; which things if they do, ye have authority to shut them up in separate apartments and to beat them with stripes, yet not severely. But if they refrain therefrom, clothe them and feed them suitably. And treat your women well, for they are with you as captives and prisoners; they have not power over anything as regards themselves. And ye have verily taken them on the security of God, and have made their persons lawful unto you by the words of God. And your slaves! See that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves; and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. And if they commit a fault

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which ye are not inclined to forgive, then sell them, for they are the servants of the Lord, and are not to be tormented. Ye people! hearken to my speech, and comprehend the same. Know that every Moslem is the brother of every other Moslem. All of you are on the same equality."

These solemn words have gone forth to the world; they are the living things of Islam, and until they are neglected Islam will be a force in the world. Faults in the Mohammedan body are not difficult to find, but this at least may be said: in no part of the world does there exist a large Mohammedan society in which men are cruel to those whom they employ, indifferent to their parents, systematically dishonest to one another, or socially oppressive to the poor, all of which odious vices are practised as common customs in the land whence come those persons who sally forth to regenerate the East. It is not Mohammedan law which we would admire, but the observance of those social duties by Moslems, of their own free will, which Christians will not perform save at the end of a policeman's truncheon.

Mohammed now turned his steps once more toward Medina. There was little to trouble him in the affairs of Arabia, save that in Yemen an impostor named Aswad, who pretended to prophetic powers, headed a small rising which was easily quelled; but the noise of his limited excursions cannot have caused much uneasiness in the councils of the Prophet. His thoughts were now turned towards those who had neglected his summons of four years ago. Many of the Bedawin and Arabs of the northern border were wavering between the two creeds; many had accepted the new faith; some hesitated to abandon entirely the old one. The permanence of the bankrupt Empire of Heraklius was not very strongly impressed in their minds; the sympathy of the Koran found much response in their hearts; but still, held by tradition of submission and vassalage to the West, they did not immediately respond to the call. A strong blow was necessary to establish the ascendancy of Islam among them; consequently the first act of Mohammed, on achieving complete dominion over the East and South, was to prepare an army for the North to confirm the faithful and extend the ever widening circle of enlighten-

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ment. The disastrous expedition of Muta had cost the life of the prophet's dearest friend, Zeyd; to his son Osama the command of the expedition of revenge was entrusted. But ere the troops could be dispatched Mohammed was suddenly seized with a fever. For a week he strove manfully to perform his duties, but at last sickness got the better of him, he could no longer command and order as he had been accustomed, and at last he could hardly lead the daily prayers as he had been wont. Medina was in a ferment; the chieftains of the prophet looked on one another askance; Ali and Fatima began to think of the future; Omar was distraught and troubled, the gentle Abu Bakr' plunged in grief. Mohammed grew worse, and knew that his end was near. True to his brave nature, he used his ebbing strength to tell the people that the time had come when he was about to depart from them. It was in the house of Ayesha that he chose to lodge during his last sickness.

When he found that he could no longer rise, he commanded that Abu Bakr' should lead the prayers in his stead.

The fever ran its course, but did not abate. His flesh burned like fire, and he groaned in torment, but no complaint escaped him; the greater grew his pain, the more did he praise and glorify God. In the paroxysms of the sickness which held him he stinted not from reciting to himself the longest suras and proclaiming the unity of the Lord. As delirium swept down upon him he muttered a last direction that he would give the world. Omar, dreading some disaster, forbade the women to bring ink or paper, saying that the prophet was beyond his senses. When, a little later, he was asked if he wished to write, he said he no longer desired to do so.

Presently his wandering thoughts turned to other things, and he begged Ayesha to distribute what little gold there was in the house amongst the poor. So, on through a long night, Mohammed wrestled with the angel of death. In the morning the mosque was crowded with eager and anxious people. Abu Bakr', as was customary, led the prayers. Suddenly a curtain before a doorway leading into the mosque was raised, and there stood Mohammed, supported by a friend and a servant; on his face was the smile of one at peace who has accomplished a mighty task, and whose strength is well-nigh spent. For a



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short space he spoke to the people, affirming the truth of his mission and challenging contradiction; then he withdrew to his room, leaving the faithful rejoicing in his recovery. Abu Bakr' left the precincts of the mosque, and the news spread through the town that Mohammed had been spared. But it was not so. In Ayesha's room Mohammed lay quiet for a little while, then suddenly broke out into a fervent prayer: "O God, I pray assistance in the agony of death!" Then thrice he called upon Gabriel to approach him; then, after a little restless fit, he whispered: "Lord, pardon me—eternity in Paradise—yes, the blessed companionship on high." He sighed once, and his mighty spirit had sped.

* * * * *

The soul of this man had gone to give its full account. Who are we that we should judge it? This much we know: his genius still broods over a third of the earth; his words still ring out across the world; men bend their stiff necks to God on his account. He founded a mighty brotherhood amongst men, but how the even scales are matched and judged we know not.

* * * * *

When the first shrill and piercing shrieks of Ayesha announced the dreadful tidings to the people, confusion, grief, amazement and despair reigned in Medina. In the houses of the dead man's women the hoarse screams rose and fell in quick succession; the courtyard of the mosque was in an uproar of lamentation; from house to house the news sped like lightning. Omar, half stunned by the intelligence, forced his way into the room of death, gazed upon the calm features he knew so well, then, consumed by grief and rage, he cried that Mohammed was not dead, that he had swooned, that he would return to life; then, in his impetuosity, he rushed out and harangued the growing crowd of frightened people; he threatened with torture those who said that the prophet could die, swore that Mohammed would return and slay all who believed that he had gone for ever, and continued thus proclaiming and shouting to the people with the words of one almost demented. The crowd, growing more and more excited, began to accept the words of Omar for the truth. But ere long the

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gentle Abu Bakr', who rode at all speed from his house, had reached the dead man's bedside. The moment he saw him, the companion in victory and misfortune knew that his dear master and teacher was no more. He kissed his friend's face, and gazed upon him for a short space overcome with sorrow; then, with the quiet, unassuming courage of a meek and good man, he stepped out into the courtyard and cut short the mad words of Omar.

Abu Bakr' was sadly stricken by the blow; but his was one of those great wise, kind hearts in which love of justice and unflinching fortitude were mingled with simplicity of thought and unalterable calmness of disposition. With a serene solemnity he quietly dispelled the illusion of which the assembled people had been the victims. Mohammed was mortal. In his book he had affirmed that he should die, and now he was dead. The people wailed in anguish, and Omar, suddenly realizing that Abu Bakr' indeed spoke the truth, fell senseless to the ground, while Medina finally abandoned itself to lamentation.

The breath had hardly passed out of Mohammed's body before the turbulent spirit of disintegration, which is the characteristic of the Arabian genius, began to assert itself. The Meccans and Medinans, the Koraysh and the refugees, the true believers and the hypocrites, the leaders and the led, each began to eye the other with the glance of disparagement and jealousy; each little band would be foremost, each little party would wend its own way; before the sun had set the Shaykhs of Medina were busy choosing a leader; but in truth they were bound fast by bonds stronger than they knew.

Alexander's Empire faded even as the news of his death spread from Babylon, faded as the light fades from the mountains when the sun sets, but Mohammed's sway was not limited by the short span of a mortal life, nor imperilled by material shocks. The elders of Medina thought that his death had brought back the old world again, that the Meccans should have the city, and that the ancient and interesting feuds might be immediately resumed. The Bedawin wondered what they might be going to get, and from whom they might be going to get it. Ali, notwithstanding his valour in the field, had a vein of weakness in his character. He was the adopted son of

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Mohammed, he was the husband of the daughter of the prophet; visions of kingship flickered before him; but, undecided and doubting, he retired to his house. Omar, the fierce and turbulent, hungered for strife; the desire to contradict and to assail anyone or some one in mere "oppugnancy" boiled in his heart.

While the Shaykhs of Medina wasted precious moments in garrulous discussion, and while Ali sulked in his home, word was brought to Abu Bakr' concerning the dangerous conjuncture of affairs.

The aged companion of the prophet was no more perturbed than when he hid his master in the cavern, or when he quelled the madness of the people in the mosque. He felt his duty lay plain before him, and without fear or hesitation he directed his steps to the hall where divided councils prevailed. Burning words saluted him. Amidst the babble of angry voices one shrilled above the rest: "We are your protectors! Our valour saved you! We are the upholders of the faith! One of us shall be the leader!" Omar was ready to take up the challenge. Let all come to wreck, a fight of words and blows was worth any sacrifice; but Abu Bakr' checked him without heat. He admitted the worth of the deeds of the men of Medina; but, with that simple pride which is instinctive in the high-born Arab, he added: "We are of the Koraysh, and it is only to a son of the Koraysh that Moslems will give obedience." He then bade those present choose between Omar and Abu Obeyda. Omar, passionate as ever, wrung Abu Bakr' by the hand. "Nay, neither Omar nor Abu Obeyda, but Abu Bakr' shall be Khalif. O companion and dearly beloved of the prophet, thou art his chosen one alone!" The clamorous assembly was stilled for a moment; then one of the Shaykhs of Medina stepped forward and hailed Abu Bakr' as leader of the Moslems. "Traitor! thou desertest thy brother through envy!" cried one. "Not envy, but justice," replied the chieftain. "Let there be two Khalifs, one of Medina and one of Mecca!" shouted another, clutching at a compromise. "We are the Amirs, you the Wazirs," replied Abu Bakr' with lofty assurance. For a moment all was in confusion. Ere five minutes had elapsed, the men of Medina had divided among themselves, amidst cries of dissent and

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approval. Omar shouted in a voice that rang above the tumult: "Abu Bakr', stretch out thy hand!" and, himself striking the palm of his kinsman, betokened his oath of fealty and allegiance. On the instant there was a rush to acclaim the new Khalif of the Moslems. The spirit of Islam, unity and brotherhood conquered the native spirit of dissension, and Abu Bakr' was leader of the people.

If, indeed, the spread of Mohammedanism has been the result of chance, then the greatest factor in the success of the new religion was the personality of Abu Bakr'. In Abu Bakr' the student will find the highest expression of the good and devout Moslem, for all unconsciously the nobler spirits who accept the revelations of the Koran seem to model their behaviour through life on the conduct of the first Khalif—unflinching fortitude, simplicity, modesty, and immovable justice were his virtues; and, happily enough, even to this day there are not a few reverend men in the ranks of Al Islam who would bear comparison with Abu Bakr'.

V. THE STORM

Hardly had Abu Bakr' assumed the office of Vicar of the Apostle of God than it was necessary for him to exert his authority. All about Medina news of the prophet's death had spread consternation and dismay amongst the city folk. Out in the desert camps the raw and crafty nomads muttered and nudged one another by the guest fires. "He is dead and dead men do not collect taxes." "He is dead, and who will follow him?" "He is dead, and where is Medina and where is Mecca?" must have been whispered in every council tent through the length and breadth of the land. The Bedawin plotted and the townsmen quailed. The great empire of the Son of Abdallah seemed to shrivel up and wither under the very eyes of the leaders of Al Islam. Even the dauntless Omar was apprehensive. The allies of yesterday might become enemies to-morrow; the friends of the morning might be traitors at nightfall; the converts of the day of Honeyn were cold and unresponsive; it behoved every man to guard his house and watch with diligence.

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Abu Bakr' alone was unchanged, and with calm confidence gave orders that the army the prophet had assembled under Osama should immediately proceed northwards. Omar protested that all was on the hazard, and that the men-at-arms should not be sent away just when an attack might be expected. Abu Bakr' silenced the objections by the affirmation that the commands of the Mohammed must be obeyed. Osama was but a youth, and Omar begged that an older or abler man might be sent in command. Abu Bakr' flamed out in unwonted anger, "Hath not the prophet of God chosen him, and would'st thou have me choose another?" he cried. Omar stood reprov'd, and Osama set out with the army.

No sooner had the troops departed beyond recall than the rebellion that Omar had dreaded and foreseen broke out on all sides. From the remote regions of Najd, Bahrein, Hadhramaut and Oman came disconsolate taxgatherers and discredited emissaries each with his special tidings of ruin, disaffection and rebellion, which became more terrible when it was seen that these messengers from afar were only repeating accounts of events precisely similar to those actually taking place in the neighbouring districts of Mecca and Medina. To make matters worse, no less than three impostors had raised their heads and were proclaiming themselves as messengers of God and were daily gaining adherents and power. The only news which tended to relieve the general depression was that Asad the false prophet of Yemen had been slain and the rebellion in that country quelled; but in every other quarter the most melancholy apprehension could not but have been felt.

At this dismal hour the rebel tribes of the desert began advancing on Medina, and soon the city was almost surrounded by the encampments of disaffected Bedawin. It was not yet war, but this gradual closing in toward the town could not but have filled its people with unhappy forebodings. Soon a number of chiefs came in from the camps as a deputation. They haughtily proclaimed their immunity from further taxation, but added, as if by way of favour and concession, that they would continue to observe the other precepts of the creed they had adopted. The elders of the city and the Shaykhs of

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the Koraysh, sunken in the depths of despair, were prepared to accept any terms no matter how humiliating, and endeavoured to excuse themselves to themselves with true Arabian, or perhaps Hibernian, sophistry: "And would it be legal," said they, "to force true believers to pay a tax?" With the enemy at the gates and no troops in the town the question was perhaps one worth discussing. But Abu Bakr' had neither craft nor fear. With plain downright words he told the council that the law was one for tent dwellers and townsmen; that those who withheld the sacred tithe were apostates; and that he himself would be the first to march against them, trusting to God for victory. "He has more faith than all of us," cried the impetuous Omar, and the Bedawin ambassadors were dismissed with a refusal. That night the tribesmen of the Ghatafan decided to wreak their vengeance on the devoted city. At sunset parties of greedy warriors began stealing from the encampments, but before they reached the city walls they were met by a resolute band, who turned them back. Repulsed but not defeated the Bedawin returned once more the following night. This time a large party fell upon them and threw them into complete disorder. It was composed of the old men and boys of Medina hastily armed, unapt in war, but fired with the courage of heroes. The Bedawin fled in all directions, leaving baggage tents and plunder far behind. In a few days certain tribes who had held aloof from open insurrection brought in their taxes. Mecca (where sedition had been quelled with firmness and rapidity) dispatched horsemen and arms to Medina, and a little later Osama returned with a booty-laden army and the intelligence that he had spread terror and destruction with fire and sword into the very heart of Southern Syria.

The incoherent efforts of the Bedawin to throw off the shackles with which they had been bound failed ignominiously. Abu Bakr' now had at his disposal sufficient forces to carry the war into the rebels' country, and before them resistance crumpled up and vanished. When a Moslem column sallied forth to attack a tribe that had shown insolence or signs of independence, it trebled its numbers on the road and generally ended by accepting the allegiance of the recalcitrant tribe

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itself. In a few places there was resistance; on a few occasions the armies of the faithful were defeated; but at this distance of time we need only notice the almost uninterrupted series of successes which the Mohammedans effected. The false prophets Tuleiha and Moseilama were brought to book by the generalship of Khalid; the first to join the ranks of the faithful, the second to be hacked to pieces in battle.

In the outer marches of Bahrein and Oman punitive expeditions were no less successful than in the central regions of the peninsular, while in Yemen peace and tranquillity were once more restored. Within one short year of Mohammed's death the Arabs had apostatized, rebelled and submitted.

Although the military capacity of Khalid and the dauntless valour of Ali, Omar and El Ala' may have counted for much in effecting this re-settlement, we must remember that it was the absolutely unshakable and uncompromising faith of Abu Bakr' which was the true support and strength of the Moslem arm. Leaders were loyal, for they knew that justice would be done to them; soldiers fearless, for they knew that there was neither quarrelling nor rivalry at headquarters; and the taxpayers who did not bear arms had no fear lest their hard-earned tithes should be embezzled or squandered, while enemies soon learned that although justice might be tempered with mercy, and outrage and rapine were not practised, yet false faith and treachery were punished by a stern and irrevocable decree.

MARK SYKES, M.P.

(To be continued)

THE FOURTH MAGUS

MORE than eighteen centuries ago there dwelt, in the East, four wise men in the countries beyond the Euphrates. They lived quiet lives, contemplating the wonders of nature—the fields and the stars, the rivers and the sea—and their earnest gaze pierced through these outer screens to their Maker beyond, and so their study passed into prayer. Nature spoke to them of her Creator and their silent changes brought them His words, and of whatsoever that was not plain they sought interpretation in the wise books of old. When, therefore, they saw among the stars a new star greater and more splendid than the rest, they searched for its meaning with eagerness and awe, till they found in the Hebrew Book of Numbers the words: “A star shall rise out of Jacob and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel.” Then they knew that the time was at hand and that the long-expected ruler of the world was born. Whereupon Melchior, the eldest, said: “Let us rise up and go to worship Him,” and the others answered: “It is well said.” Melchior spoke again: “Let us take gifts in token of fealty.” They assented, and Kedar, the youngest, asked: “What gifts are most fitting?” Melchior replied: “It is thus written: ‘Gifts for a king are gold and precious stones, frankincense and myrrh.’”

Then they sought counsel from an old and most holy man who dwelt alone, far from men. He approved their thought and said: “If you see it to be good, permit me to join myself with you in this worship, at least in wish, for my age and infirmity forbid me to make the journey. And as to the gifts, since there are five of us, do you, Melchior, take five ounces of the finest gold, and Balthasar five pounds of the best frankincense, and Gaspar five pounds of the most excellent myrrh, and you, O Kedar, since you are the youngest and the richest, take five precious stones.” They assented, and Kedar said: “They shall be rubies, flawless and brilliant, all equal in shape and size and perfection.” The four Magi returned to their city, and going to the merchants in the bazaars, bought gold of Ophir, and frankincense of Arabia Felix, and myrrh from the Island of Lanka. But Kedar sought in vain for the five rubies

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in the street of the jewel-sellers. Emeralds and jacinths and sapphires they had in plenty, but their rubies were scarce and poor. On the day appointed for the journey the other three wise men came together at the city gate with their camels, and Kedar met them and said: "Behold, all my labour has been in vain, for there are no rubies in this city; but word has come to me that there are in Balkh five wonderful rubies in the hands of a certain merchant there. I will therefore go thither and follow after you." They said: "We will await you here, that we may all go together." But he replied: "It is not fitting that for my sake you should delay your homage to the King. So forward now, and I will follow as quickly as I may."

So they rode out towards the West, and Kedar watched them in sadness for a long while and turned to the East.

Now, what befel Melchior and Balthasar and Gaspar is written in the book of the Gospel of Saint Matthew.

But Kedar went speedily to Balkh, "the Mother of Cities," and found the jewel merchant whose name he had learnt in his own city. He was pleased with the rubies, for they were more wonderful than he had been told, and in their depths seemed to be a smouldering fire. He gave the merchant five thousand pieces of gold for them, and turned and rode swiftly after the other three. But he did not overtake them, for they also had ridden as speedily as they might.

One evening in the third month of his journey, as he came out from the great desert on to the road that runs from Egypt to Jerusalem, he met three robbers. They took from him his camel and all his money, but the jewels he had hidden away safely. Ere the robbers left him, three poor travellers were seen approaching, a man leading an ass on which a woman rode holding a Child in her arms. The robbers, being angry at their evident poverty, said among themselves that they would presently leap out and slay them. Kedar, hearing this, was touched with pity and thought: "Surely the King will regard the lives of his subjects above these dead stones, and will forgive my further delay." So he said to the robbers: "Behold, I have here a ruby worth one thousand pieces of gold; take it, I pray you, and spare the lives of these poor people." The robbers agreed, and crouched behind certain rocks till the wayfarers

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passed by. Kedar also hid himself, but in such a manner that he could see them. He thought sadly of his return, but as the travellers passed, the Infant, looking up, smiled at him, and the smile lightened his heart and cheered him all during his weary journey on foot back to his own country to search for another ruby.

When he came to his own city, he met Melchior, Balthasar and Gaspar once more, and they told him what they had seen and Whom they had worshipped, and how they had fled from the face of Herod, and how the King was in hiding. "But," they said, "be of good comfort, for He will surely appear again, as it is written, and rule in majesty."

So Kedar took heart and sought to make up his tale of rubies, But a fifth equal to the other four was hard to come by, and he went to the holy man in the mountain and told him his story, who said: "Show me thy four rubies." Kedar placed them in his hand. "These," said the holy man, "are no ordinary gems; these are the ones that are known to the instructed as the 'Tears of Solomon'"; and he told Kedar their story—how King Solomon, the master of the djinns and the friend of angels, for his great goodness and knowledge of hidden things, fell away, and wept bitterly on his deathbed over the loss of his wisdom and his turning to idols, and how the angel Azrael had come to him and comforted him and shown him four great rubies and said: "The first is the tear that Adam shed when he came forth from Eden; the second is the woe of Eve over the death of Abel; the third is the lamentation of Jacob over Joseph; and the fourth is the sorrow of Moses over the hardness of his people." And Azrael touched the tears that Solomon had wept, and they ran together and hardened and changed colour. And he said: "Thy great penitence has made a fifth, and these five shall be known by thy name, and go among men till the Taker-away of all Sorrow come and receive them."

When the holy man had finished the story, Kedar cried aloud, casting blame on himself for parting with one of them. "Nay," said the old man, "be comforted. Since the gift was made by thee, not out of human pity, but out of love for the subjects of the King, it will be counted to thee as love for the

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King Himself, and four will suffice. Go now and wait His manifestation." So Kedar went his way and prayed.

The years rolled on and the old man died, and Melchior died, and Balthasar and Gaspar; and Kedar grew old, yet no sign came of the King.

Then one day a traveller passed through the city and left tidings of One who had appeared in Palestine, whom all held to be the longed-for restorer of the kingdom of the Chosen People. So Kedar took heart and rode away once more on the Western road.

On his way he came to a certain city, and there he found the people starving, and many lay dead in the streets. Others told him faintly that there was corn in plenty in the storehouses of certain rich merchants, but the people lacked the money wherewith to buy it. Kedar felt pity for them, though they were strangers, and out of love for them as fellow subjects of the new King, he sought out the rich merchants and offered them one of his four jewels. But they replied scornfully: "This is but worth one thousand pieces of gold, and three thousand will barely suffice to keep this hungry multitude till the time of the new harvest." So Kedar gave three of his gems, and rode forward with one only. He began to grow sorrowful, for the assurance of the old man had become faint in his mind, and he feared to go empty handed into the presence of the King.

Towards the end of his journey, as he entered another city, he saw the elders doing justice at the gates. Looking, he saw that the prisoners were the three robbers who had spoiled him on his first journey, and through whom he had failed to reach the King. He listened to the charge. A merchant was accusing them of breaking into his house and stealing his goods many years ago—in the year of the Great Star—and witnesses came forward and swore these were the very men, despite the long lapse of time. The robbers denied strongly, but when their eyes fell upon Kedar, and they knew him, their words faltered and they became silent. But he stepped forward and asked leave to speak. He said to the accuser: "When in truth did these things happen?" He replied: "On such and such a day, thirty years ago," and the witnesses confirmed. Kedar considered the time and said to the elders: "Here is an error;

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on that day these men were with me on the road between Egypt and Jerusalem," and he affirmed it on oath. But the elders said: "We may not set aside the words of so many for the sake of the single testimony of a stranger. These men must die." But Kedar was still more instant, till they yielded and said: "We will spare them from death and lay on them a heavy fine. They shall recompense the merchant for his loss and pay an equal amount to the State in return for their lives." And the hearers cried that this was just. Now, the merchant counted his loss at five hundred pieces of gold, and the robbers had no money; so once more Kedar gave away a ruby, and was left with empty hands. As he turned away the people mocked him for a madman, but the robbers followed him and blessed him. He told them why he had acted thus, and they said: "If such be the servant, what will the master be? Let us come also." Kedar welcomed them, but said: "Alas! How can we go to Him without a gift?" One of them replied: "I have heard of this wonderworker in Judæa. He requires none of these things from His followers. He stills the winds and raises the dead and heals the lepers. What should such a One want with silver and gold?"

So Kedar went forward, though he doubted somewhat, and they went with him. They came at last to Jerusalem, and Kedar's years of waiting and months of travel were at an end. He sought in the city for his long-hoped-for King and found Him at last—in the darkness of the midday on the trembling hill of Calvary. Kedar hastened up the mount, thinking bitterly within himself: "Had I but saved the gems, I might have saved His life; wealth has few enemies, and it overcomes them easily." But when he came into the presence of his King, it seemed to him that he saw a momentary smile of compassionate insight and sympathy like the one he had seen thirty years before on the road that led to Egypt. And as he looked at the red Wounds in Hands and Feet and Side, which a last ray of the expiring sun turned to a deep and shining brilliance, he saw that his rubies had found their way to his King and that they had been accepted for everlasting ornaments.

L. D. S.

CATHOLIC DISABILITIES—PAST AND PRESENT

THIS subject may be only of academic interest to the present generation of Catholics, but I hope that an account showing the hardships of the past, and how they have been gradually removed, may not be considered out of place in the pages of this JOURNAL. To peruse in detail the various old penal and relieving Acts would be tedious, so that I shall commence by epitomizing the law against Catholics at the time when Ampleforth was founded, and then give the chief enactments since that time, culminating with the remnant of Catholic disabilities which exist to-day.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, we find that persons aged eighteen years and upwards, and professing the Popish religion, were disabled from acquiring land either by descent or purchase. Is not this provision alone sufficient to answer the oft-hurled gibe that so few of the large estates in England are owned by Catholics. Such were not allowed to keep, or teach in, any schools under pain of perpetual imprisonment, and if they heard Mass they should be fined 100 marks and be imprisoned for a year. If a clerical student were sent to reside in a religious house abroad, the sender, besides incurring other penalties, forfeited all his property, both real and personal, for life. A convert was considered guilty of high treason. Persons convicted of not attending the Church of England service could hold no office or employment. They could not come within ten miles of London on pain of £100, nor travel above five miles from their home unless by licence; they could bring no action at law, nor could they present to any advowson. None such could be baptized, married or buried except by a Minister of the Church of England. A married woman so recusant could have no part of her deceased husband's goods, and during coverture could be kept in prison unless redeemed at £10 per month.

No person could be legally elected to any office of a city or corporation unless, within twelve months previously, he had received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according

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to the rites of the Church of England. All civil and military officers were obliged to make the declaration against Transubstantiation and receive the same Sacrament in a public church, within six months of their appointment. No person could be naturalized without a like test.

Most of these enactments were made in the times of Queen Elizabeth and James I, but, after these reigns, when persons became more tolerant and the laws were less exerted against Catholics, we find additional disabilities side by side with relaxations of the stringency of the earlier statutes. In the reign of Charles II it was enacted that the Book of Common Prayer should be used in every place of public worship; also, all religious meetings consisting of five persons or more (exclusive of the family) assembled for other than Church of England services were prohibited and made subject to penalties. In 1700 Priests were forbidden to say Mass or exercise their functions, except in the houses of ambassadors under penalty of perpetual imprisonment. It was under this saving clause that the early Catholic Churches in London were protected, such as the Sardinian Chapel (recently demolished for the improvements of Kingsway) and Spanish Place.

Does not every Amplefordian know of the prosecution in 1766 of Fr Anselm Bolton, the Chaplain of Gilling Castle, for receiving one of the servants, with the consent of her parents, into the Catholic Church? An information was laid, no doubt by some local "defender of the Faith," on which a warrant was issued against Fr Bolton "for traitorously and feloniously practising to absolve, persuade and withdraw one Mary Bentley from her natural obedience to her Sovereign and reconcile her to the Pope and See of Rome." The Priest was dragged off to York Gaol to await the approaching Lent Assizes. At the trial the evidence against the prisoner of undue priestly influence was so evidently spurious and clumsily marshalled that the High Court Judge (Edward Willes) told the Jury there was not sufficient evidence to convict, and instructed them to acquit the prisoner. To Fr Bolton belongs the honour of being, and to St Lawrence's the distinction of supplying, the last Priest to be imprisoned in England for exercising his religious calling.

Catholic Disabilities—Past and Present

Many of the before-mentioned penalties and disabilities were eased or repealed, some by the Relief Bill of 1778 * and others by the Toleration Act of 1791.† The former Act was introduced by Sir Geo. Saville, who described the existing laws against Catholics as “disgraceful not only to religion, but also to humanity,” in consequence of which his house was set on fire and destroyed in the Gordon Riots of 1780. By the latter Act Catholic Chapels had to be certified at Quarter Sessions, every Priest had to register his name, address, and order with the Clerk of the Peace, but even then he could not officiate at any burial. By the Toleration Act also no Catholic could be the Master of any School or College at Oxford or Cambridge or of any endowed school, nor could any Catholic school or college be founded nor any religious or monastic order established in England. Likewise Catholics were unable to hold any position, either military or civil, in the State; they were excluded from Parliament; they could accept no office or emolument under the Government; they could not exercise the franchise; if soldiers or sailors, they were compelled to attend the Churches of the established religion; marriages by other Ministers than Church of England were invalid; they could not present to an ecclesiastical living; and—think of it, Amplefordians—property given for purposes of religion or education was liable to be confiscated, and all members of religious orders or priests exercising their vocation were liable to banishment or imprisonment.

Such was the state of the law in 1800, but the Catholic Faith of this little isle set in the silver sea was too deeply rooted to be easily killed. Under a more genial atmosphere, seats of learning, such as Ampleforth, Downside, and Stonyhurst, were being founded by the successors of those who had sought exile in more troublesome times at Dieulouard, Douai and Liege. The success of these regenerated establishments on English soil, together with the wide influence for good they exerted, were bound to influence the rising generation, and so we find that, step by step, many important

* 18 Geo. III, c. 60.

† 31 Geo. III, c. 32.

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Acts for the relief of Catholics were passed through, not without a good deal of opposition and bitter feeling.

Several attempts at legislation on the Catholic question were made in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. But George III, mindful of his Coronation Oath, was averse to any measure giving more freedom to his Catholic subjects. In 1805 the Premier, W. Pitt, tried to introduce an Act which was to do away with all religious tests, but the King told his Minister that he would consider the introducer of such a measure his personal enemy. At a later date it was proposed to endow the Catholic Bishops on condition that the Government had a veto on their appointment. To this measure there was dissension among the Vicars Apostolic. Bishop Poynter was in favour, and Dr Milner strenuously opposed it. To obtain the latter's conversion, it is related that he was invited to the Duke of Buckingham's country residence in order that the arts of gentle persuasion might be tried, but on finding out the purport of his visit, the Bishop made his escape through a window, saddled his horse, and while riding away down the avenue, gave forth, in good choir style, "In exitu Israel de Ægypto."

The Duke of Wellington next turned his attention to this matter, and in 1825 drew up a memorandum* with the intention of introducing an Act. In 1827 he discussed the matter with the eminent Dr Phillpotts, who afterwards became Bishop of Exeter, with the result that a draft Bill was passed, the main provisions of which were that Roman Catholics should have the same privileges in the English Constitution that their fellow countrymen enjoyed; that the declarations against Transubstantiation and the Mass be abolished, that Catholic Bishops and Priests should be paid by the State, but that the former should exercise no episcopal function except under licence from the Crown through the Secretary of State in England, the Secretary for Ireland, or the (*sic*) in Scotland. But there was so much bitter feeling against these proposals that the Bill was never introduced.

Matters are now moving apace, and at the commencement

* See Gleig's Life of Wellington.

Catholic Disabilities—Past and Present

of 1828 we find the great Duke Prime Minister and Daniel O'Connell, a prominent Irish Catholic, elected to represent Clare in the House of Commons. Strengthened by the controversy concerning the position of Catholics in England, and fortified by his fellow countrymen, he presented himself at the bar of the House and demanded admission, although he had not taken the statutory oath against Transubstantiation. This brought matters to a climax, and the Duke determined to introduce, without further delay, legislation removing these anomalies. But, alas, he could not carry his Cabinet with him, and the King and the Protestant majority of the country was against him. Disheartened, but not beaten, he gave his mantle to the Home Secretary, and in due course the great Magna Charta of our liberties was drawn up. The Catholic Emancipation Act* was eventually laid on the table of the House of Commons by Mr Peel on March 5, 1829.

Even now the Premier could not escape taunts and insults which were written and spoken openly against nearly the whole of the Cabinet. Lord Winchilsea wrote publicly that the noble Duke, the head of His Majesty's Government, was determined to break in upon the constitution of 1688, and was carrying on insidious designs for the infringement of English liberties and the introduction of Popery in every department of State. This so incensed the Duke that he demanded a public apology, which, not forthcoming, led to a duel. It was arranged in due form by the seconds, and took place in Battersea Fields, known to the present generation as Battersea Park. The Duke fired first, and then Lord Winchilsea fired his pistol in the air. A lengthy conference followed, and the Premier insisted on a fuller documentary apology than Lord Winchilsea was willing to give. "Unless the word 'apology' be inserted, we must resume our ground, it is useless to prolong this discussion." So the word was inserted. This incident will serve to show how highly strung were the feelings of politicians and others over the glaring injustice to which the Catholics at this date were subject.

By the Catholic Emancipation Act the provisions of earlier

*10 Geo. IV, c. 7.

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statutes requiring declarations against Transubstantiation were repealed, Catholics were enabled to sit and vote in Parliament, might exercise the franchise, and they were to have equal civil rights, with few exceptions, with their countrymen. But such advantages would never have been obtained without some palliation being offered to the strong opposition from all sides of the House and all parties in the country. Lest the powers of the Papists, under the influence of the religious orders, should ruin the country, it was enacted by sec. 9 that no Catholic Priest could sit in the House of Commons. On the proposal of Lord Redesdale, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who promised the support of his party to the Bill, the Duke readily consented to further provisions being inserted for the gradual suppression and final prohibition of religious orders and Jesuits in this country. By sec. 29 any such entering from abroad was liable to severe penalties and transportation, and the offence of admitting a new member into any Order or the Society of Jesus was punishable by fine, imprisonment and banishment for life, which could be meted out to both the admitting and the admitted. Thus it will be seen that the existing members of such orders were tolerated to remain *in statu quo*—but they had to be licensed and an annual return made—and thereby the youthful Ampleforth was maintained. Despite these penal sops thrown out to Cerberus the Benedictines and Jesuits remain, and we are thankful for this Act, which did more than any other to re-instate us in the eyes of our fellow Englishmen.

The next step of any importance is the Roman Catholic Charities Act, 1832,* by which Catholics were made subject to the same laws as Protestant Dissenters as to schools and places of worship, that is to say, were enabled to acquire and hold land for these purposes as also for charitable purposes subject to certain formalities, and in 1860 this Act was further extended as to charitable uses,† but be it noted there is in each of these Acts a clause preserving, unaltered, the sections in the Catholic Emancipation Act against the religious orders.

Another year of much interest to us is 1867, when an

* 243 Wm. IV, c. 115.

† 23 and 24 Vic., c. 134.

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Act* was passed by which all subjects of the Queen could exercise and enjoy any civil office, franchise, or right within the realm without making that blasphemous and obnoxious declaration which of recent years has been so prominently before Parliament. This act of common decency was extended to Peers and Commoners alike nearly half a century before our Sovereign, who rules over many millions of Catholic subjects in every quarter of the globe, was granted a similar freedom. King Edward VII wished to avoid the necessity of publicly denouncing certain doctrines of the Catholic religion when he opened his first Parliament, but his Ministers advised him that no repealing Act could be passed until he was in a position to give his royal assent. With his Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, beside, and many Catholic Peers in front, he reluctantly performed the letter of this distasteful law by mumbling inaudibly the Declaration against Transubstantiation, the Invocation of the Saints and the Sacrifice of the Mass as practised in the Church of Rome. As if to atone for this forced insult to his Catholic subjects King Edward, in 1908, attended in state at a solemn Requiem Mass in London said for the soul and after the assassination of the late King of Portugal. During King Edward's reign several attempts to frame a repealing Act were made, but the difficulty was to ensure the Protestant succession while not offending Catholics. When King George V ascended the throne he had acquired from his world-wide journeys an intimate knowledge of the loyalty of his many Catholic subjects in the dominions over seas, and it is generally supposed that he resolutely refused to make the same declaration as his predecessors. So the then Ministers of the Crown found that the Constitution of England would now permit of an Act being passed to abolish the gratuitous insult, with the result that on August 3, 1910, this infamous blasphemy was finally deleted from the laws of England, and the King, in lieu thereof, subsequently and publicly declared that he was a faithful Protestant, and that he would, according to the enactments which ensure the Protestant succession to the Throne, uphold and maintain them

* 30 and 31 Vic., c. 62.

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according to law.* With this last Act passed away for ever the chief stigma remaining in England against the Papists.

In 1894, it will be remembered, the English Bishops, led by our own venerable Bishop Hedley, petitioned the Holy See, through Cardinal Vaughan, to remove the ban on English Catholics frequenting the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and so open them to us without the special permission which, before then, was necessary. The way for this movement was paved as far back as 1871, when it was enacted† that persons taking lay academical degrees or holding lay academical or collegiate offices within the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge or Durham should not be required to subscribe any formulary of faith or take any oath respecting his religious belief.

Such then are the chief enactments penalizing or legalizing the position in which we find ourselves to-day, and perhaps it will be useful if I summarize the remaining disabilities. They are as follows:

1. No Catholic Priest may sit in the House of Commons.
2. Any member of a religious order (males only) may be banished or imprisoned.
3. No Catholic may present to an advowson.
4. A Catholic may not be Guardian or Regent of the United Kingdom, or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
5. Such may not hold the office of Lord Chancellor of England (but since 1867 may be Lord Chancellor of Ireland).
6. He is naturally excluded from the office of Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, or any office in the Church of England or Church of Scotland or in the Ecclesiastical courts.
7. The high offices in the Universities, colleges, and public schools of this Kingdom are closed to him.

Of these the only serious disability is the one regarding the religious orders. As this is a matter that closely concerns or interests the readers of the JOURNAL I should like to consider its present legal aspect more deeply than is permitted by a mere tabulated statement of its existence. It originated, as we have seen, with the Catholic Emancipation Act of

* 10 Edw. VII and 1 Geo. V, c. 30.

† 34 and 35 Vic., c. 26.

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1829. It is a remarkable fact that though the religious orders were increasing in England at this date and at all times since, no prosecutions have been made until recently. Lord Mansfield, one of the greatest English Judges of the nineteenth century, has said that our penal laws against the Catholic religion "were never designed to be enforced at all, but were made *in terrorem*." It may have been this dictum which, up to 1902, deterred any religious fanatic from setting in motion such rusty legal machinery. But such a one was found that year in a clergyman of the Church of England. He sought to put this antiquated law in force by seeking to procure a sentence of banishment against the well-known Jesuit Priests Fr Sidney Smith, Fr Thurston and Fr Gerard. He applied to a London Magistrate—Mr Gilbert George Kennedy—for a summons, which was refused on the ground that after so long a time the Magistrate did not think it right to grant a summons unless at the instance of the Attorney-General. The informer then applied to the King's Bench for a mandamus to the Magistrate to review his decision. Such came before a strong Divisional Court consisting of the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Darling and Channell, who unanimously refused to interfere with the discretion of Mr Kennedy. The judgments are too long to set out here, especially as the only point at issue was whether the Magistrate had rightly or not used his discretion in refusing to grant a summons, but it may be recorded how Mr Justice Darling showed by the following sentence the absurdity of the existing laws: "Here is a statute which says: The Jesuit shall not exist in this country—that the Jesuit is to be banished. At the same time a Catholic school may earn a grant of public money, and, so far as I know, a Jesuit may teach in a Catholic school and may help to earn that grant."

There is nothing to prevent a similar application before another Magistrate who might be found willing to allow the issue of a summons, but it is my conviction that even on a summons being issued there would be found ways and means in the twentieth century of getting behind such bigoted persecution, failing which the penal clauses of the Act would be, by force of circumstances, at once repealed.

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And this leads on to the last consideration of this subject, viz.: the repealing by an Act of Parliament of the remaining disabilities under which we are supposed to suffer. From the foregoing pages, it will be seen that in every way can Catholics in this country now equally compete with their fellow countrymen. An attempt against the Religious Orders has miserably failed, and both cleric and layman alike are treated with the same reverence and consideration as non-Catholics in similar walks of life. Even if our present legislators could afford the time to consider the matter in Parliament, (mind, the Parliament of an admittedly Protestant country), what hopes should we have, with the evidence before us, of the treatment of the Religious Orders in the Catholic countries of Europe such as France and Portugal? As matters stand, the Religious Orders here are suffered to remain unmolested, acknowledged, by those who come in contact with them, to be doing a good work for religion, education, and charity in England, but what a storm of contumacy, what a flood of bigotry would be let loose if the matter were to be opened on the floor of the present House of Commons! Our Chancellor of the Exchequer, ever mindful of robbing hen roosts, would not allow such an Act to pass without taking his toll. Religious, as other corporations, are free from much taxation which bears heavily on individuals. This has already been recognized and somewhat remedied by the Finance (1909-10) Act,* for therein it is provided that when land is held by a body corporate in such a manner or on such permanent trusts that the land is not liable to death duties, certain other duty is to be collected and recovered at intervals of fifteen years, and the first occasion of such collection is now very close, viz., April 5, 1914. No; the Religious Orders of this country now enjoy an immunity and freedom by tolerance which they could not hope for by legislation, and, in my humble opinion, the time is not yet ripe for taking any active steps.

When the great Abbey of Westminster is once more ruled by a Benedictine Abbot and peopled with monks drawn from its own community at Ampleforth Abbey, when the

* 10 Edw. VII, c. 8.

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neighbouring Westminster school is taught by the English Benedictines who have taken degrees at their own Hall in Oxford, originally founded by Prior Burge, then will be the time to allow *de jure* the residence of monks in this country which they now enjoy *de facto*, then will be the time to permit a Catholic to present to a living, and then will be the time to make for ever one clean sweep of the remaining Catholic disabilities, whether concerning the tenets of a King or the profession of a humble lay brother.

JOHN M. TUCKER.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE following were the school officials:

Captain of the School	N. J. Chamberlain
Captain of the Monitors	N. J. Chamberlain
Monitors	F. W. Long, B. E. Burge, L. T. Williams, R. J. Power, E. J. B. Martin
Captains of the Games	E. J. B. Martin, J. G. McDonald
Librarians of the Upper Library	J. O. Kelly, H. F. Marron
Librarians of the Middle Library	C. S. Cravos, N. Fishwick
Librarians of the Lower Library	Hon. M. Scott, J. P. Douglas
Journal Committee	C. R. Simpson, J. B. Smith
Football Committee	N. J. Chamberlain, L. T. Williams, C. B. Collison
Captain of the Fifteen	N. J. Chamberlain

THE following boys left the school at the end of the Summer Term: G. R. Richardson, A. P. Kelly, B. Livesey, E. Marsh, R. Robertson, J. Clarke, C. Lowther, D. P. McDonald, L. Walton, J. R. C. Temple, P. Wallace, N. Smith. Their places were taken by J. W. B. Fitzgerald, P. McDonnell, E. J. Massey, R. Fishwick, T. B. Fishwick, J. K. Loughran, W. J. Mawson, D. M. Rochford, A. Fors, J. Loughran, J. W. Hawkeswell, L. V. Milburn, F. Clancy, E. Baines, P. Blackledge, G. Ainscough.



ON our return it was found that Dom Joseph Dawson, who was for so long Prefect, had retired. He had filled the office for nearly eight years, and during that time seemed never to grow older. To the last he was full of new projects and ideas for the improvement of all that came within his department. No detail of administration seemed too trivial for his cognizance. He did so much for the games, both by skill, example and organization, that the school cannot be too grateful to him. But has not THE JOURNAL recorded his deeds time out of number? He has a worthy and indefatigable successor in Dom Ambrose Byrne.



THE large field, which a few years ago was acquired as a second cricket ground, and from which the ridge and furrow

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was immediately removed, has served as an excellent field for the small boys, but it was evident at the time that a large financial outlay would be necessary before it superseded the "old" one. A plan with this in view has been drawn up, and a posse of men, who have been at work for several months, has put a large part of it into execution. When the field is completed, six acres of playing-ground in addition to the present ground will be available. If the weather does not prohibit work in the early months of 1913, the First Eleven matches ought to be played on the new ground next season. Should this not be accomplished, it will certainly be ready for 1914, as the authorities seem determined that the question of cricket grounds shall be finally settled *coûte qu'il coûte* and with as little possible delay.



PREPARATIONS for the new "Gym" have already begun. The selected site, south of the theatre, has involved the removal of many trees, among them an old friend—the cherry tree, whose exquisite bloom annually delighted lovers of nature, and who, later in the year, made friends with the less æsthetic but more human boy. Details of the new building are still part of the *arcana imperii*; but, apparently, as well as a gymnasium, the building is to contain a covered shooting-range, and two covered fives courts, to which later, if the necessary funds are forthcoming, another two covered and three open courts are to be added. By the next issue of THE JOURNAL considerable progress ought to have been made.



THE contagion of tree-chopping has spread to the other side of "the bounds." Many of the Ball Place trees have been felled. It was thought that they obstructed the view both of the buildings and the valley, and were a hindrance to the terracing of the ground to the full length of the buildings. With a pang we saw the woodmen lay low these fine "fellows," who have stood so long and presided so majestically over our "play hours." That they had outlived their original function there is no doubt, but they were old acquaintances—nay, old friends. And are we not allowed to grow sentimental over the

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cutting down of trees? From tiny saplings they have grown in grace and beauty, and in the course of decades waxed strong and great, but all the while defenceless against the blows of an axe or the plying of the woodman's saw. In one brief hour all is at an end. There is something unnatural about these dendroclasts. It is well that their sordid job is, generally speaking, confined to a special class. Whatever view we may take of the politics of Mr Asquith, we can at least rejoice that the Prime Minister has found other forms of exercise and recreation than tree-felling. The forest no longer "laments" that England's first minister "may perspire." It is well that it is so.



BUT too much, perhaps, is being made of these particular trees, for they were in a decaying state and their natural demise could not have been long delayed. Their removal has effected this at least, that the question of a new plan for "the front" can no longer be delayed. Some work has been accomplished in this direction by the digging operations which have been carried on for the greater part of the term. Lawns are being made where the trees formerly stood, and on the monastery side of the Ball Place. Some considerable time must elapse before they are finished, but possibly this is the beginning of a satisfactory and permanent solution of a difficulty that has existed since the new monastery was built.



IN the last volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* recently published are the lives of two "old boys"—Francis H. Salvin, the famous naturalist, and Herbert Railton, the founder of a new school of art.



AFTER a lengthy dormancy, one of our minor games reappeared at the beginning of term. "Own-y-holes" (this is the best authenticated but not undisputed spelling) probably originated at Dieulouard or Lambspring. Certainly it dates back to the penal times. The rules of the game are such that we can well imagine our stern forefathers framing them, for the mistakes of an individual are immediately visited upon the heads of all

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his side. The requirements, too, are of that simple nature we associate with them—a ring sixteen yards in diameter on some surface rough or smooth, undulating or plane, seven small holes situate about seven yards apart on the circumference of the ring, seven bats of baseball shape, and seven players on each side. Undoubtedly seven was a mystic number! The element of danger in the game is sufficient to make it real sport. It had a small but successful season of its own in the days before “Rugger.”



WITH the match against the Yorkshire Wanderers on December 18 the term's Rugby came to an end. It has been an instructive season so far, and the Fifteen now play a game greatly in advance of the displays given by last year's side. This was only to be expected. Increasing experience and no diminution in enthusiasm and keenness have yielded fruit. The Fifteen have, it is true, lost their unbeaten record in school matches since they were defeated at York by St Peter's School by the narrow margin of two points. They had, however, ample revenge in the return match at Ampleforth, where a most decisive victory showed that the result of the game at York did not truly indicate the values of the two sides. Easy victories were won over Pocklington School and Ripon, and the defeats by the Scots Greys and the Yorkshire Wanderers showed that the Fifteen could put up a fight against really strong sides. Turning to individuals, J. G. McDonald is a capable back, a good tackle, and extremely good kick. He is a little slow and undecided about going down to the ball—rather a bad fault—but has made a great advance this term on his last year's form. L. T. Williams is as safe as ever, and shines chiefly as a defensive player. W. A. Martin (left-centre) got hurt early in the season, and has scarcely recovered his form since. C. R. Simpson is one of the most improved players of the year. Slow to start, his elusiveness when he is once on the move has led to many an opening for Farrell (right-wing), who is the try-getter of the side. J. O. Kelly (stand-off half) has greatly distinguished himself this year. Both in attack and defence he is equally resourceful, and

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when he has the ball a score always seems likely. Rochford (scrum-half) is good in defence, but his passes to Kelly are slow and not very accurate. He is suffering from inexperience. The best praise that can be given to the forwards is to say that they work as a pack and not as individuals. Ably led by N. J. Chamberlain, they are still the back-bone of the side, and their loose rushes have been the feature of the season. Their heeling, however, has been consistently slow and clumsy throughout the term, and this has greatly reduced the number of openings for back play. The following were given their "caps" during the term: L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, E. J. Martin, G. E. Farrell, J. O. Kelly and W. G. Chamberlain.

Captains of Rugby Sets:

1st Set.—N. J. Chamberlain, L. T. Williams.

2nd Set.—J. B. Caldwell, H. M. J. Gerrard.

3rd Set.—A. J. McDonald, L. A. Unsworth.

4th Set.—Hon. C. Barnewall, V. G. Cravos.

5th Set.—R. J. Cheney, A. F. Bisgood.



THE Retreat this year was given by Dom Anselm Parker, and took place on October 17 and 18. We offer him our best thanks.



ON the holiday given in honour of Bishop Hedley's jubilee, the school, some by train and some on foot, made lengthy expeditions to places of interest in the district, whither orders had previously been dispatched for substantial refectious supplementary to the rations carried. The day was an entire success, well worthy of him in whose honour it had been given.



ON a few afternoons, when the state of the fields rendered "Rugger" out of the question, paper chases and cross-country runs were substituted. They are an invigorating form of exercise, and certainly kept the Fifteen in good training. So successful are they that the latter on more than one occasion rose betimes, heard an early Mass, and, fortified by a modest potion, ran to Oswaldkirk and back, returning in time for breakfast. The small boys adopted a novel form of cross-country running. In the company of two sporting dogs, Vic

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and Nell, they have pursued as quarry the rabbits that swarm in our fields. Success has frequently attended their efforts. When are we to have a pack of beagles?



At the end of last term a cheque for £10, collected by the captain in the school, was forwarded to Mr Norman Potter. This term the school has subscribed £5. The surplus over and above the promised annual sum is being funded.



THE complete set of the National Portrait Series published by the Medici Society have been hung in the school. This Society is in no need of praise. Their work is always excellent, and the standard of their pictures is on a level with all they have done. The love of a portrait depends so much on its subject that it is difficult to decide which is the most pleasing of this little gallery. In almost every case the faces are full of interest and character, and portraits of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, William Pitt and Nelson, Shakespeare, Milton and Thomas Carlyle awaken so many different sentiments that, apart from the genius of the artists, it is impossible to correlate them. "A Lady of the Court of Mary" has the best position, and the most satisfactory frame, and thereby gains considerably. The question of frames is not unimportant. Economic difficulties have a nasty, sordid way of asserting themselves on all occasions, even when art is most concerned; but a solution of this difficulty might be reached by adopting the intensive method in our collection—fewer pictures, but shown to better advantage. Our membership of the Medici Society dates from its beginning, and we have now forty-five of their prints, a goodly collection, but still far behind the aggregate of the Arundels. Mr J. Tucker has recently made a valuable addition to the latter by presenting Signorelli's "Events in the Life of Moses," for which we offer him our best thanks.



THE usual Christmas epidemic has overtaken the drawing class. Apparently, though the designing of Christmas cards is not part of their ordinary curriculum, it possesses a mar-

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vellous attractiveness. Every year it "crops up" with incorrigible persistence. The artists are frequently facetious, sometimes seasonable and serious, but always, they declare, artistic. Other members of the school are not safe from the contagion. One First Form boy, aged eleven, whose draughtsmanship betrayed the fact that he was not a member of the drawing class, but only a possible friend of the Muses, accurately described his design of a cat in original rhyme, for printing which no apology is needed:

This is a funny cat.
(I am sure you'll admit that.)
It's got a funny nose,
Funny eyes and funny toes.
And as he licks his Christmas dish,
He wishes you the old, old wish,
And through his fiery bristles
A smile comes as he whistles:
"A very merry Christmas to you all."

F.D.



IN spite of the loss of some useful voices, the choir this term is not inferior to last year. In accuracy and attack they have improved. This was especially noticeable in Advent, when the organ was silent and Mollitor's Mass, "Tota Pulchra," was sung for the first time. Solesme Plain Song, as sung by the trebles, has a peculiar charm. Without disparaging the tenors and bases, may we say that it would be a delight to hear the entire proper of the Mass rendered by them. Occasionally they have treated us to the Alleluia verse of the Mass.

With voice sweet entuned and so small
That methought it the sweetest melody
That ever I heard in my life.



VESPERS has been vigorously sung by the school as well as the choir. Some practice at psalm and hymn singing (the use of the New Westminster Hymnal has given new life to the latter) has demonstrated what inspiration can be gained from a body of untrained voices. Formerly the "church" voices,

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though well meaning, were a little raucous and apt to drag behind their highly trained fellows. Even as it is, some ought to be cautioned that the fate of Falstaff, who tells us: "For my voice, I have lost it with holloaing and singing of Anthems," may also be theirs. A reserve choir has been formed of about twenty of the smallest boys. They are being taught voice production and the elements of music—a wise prevision on the part of the choirmaster.



ON the feast of St Cicely, the choir, having taken all reasonable trouble to render the ode in her honour in an effective way, were reminded that their successes are partially dependent upon beings of another world. Duly impregnated with the *Zeitgeist*, the staff of "Vulcan's Stithy" were on strike for the second time this term. The gas failed, and the ode was sung in semi-darkness, partially dispelled by the sporadic flicker of a candle. But they rose to the occasion, and their singing was marked by more spirit than usually attends their early-morning efforts. Lythgoe, a "front bench" treble, took the solo, and sang in a simple and unaffected way well befitting the words and the music. Later in the day, armed with lunch, the choir made their way by unfrequented paths along the river Rye to Rievaulx. The day was bright and clear and the air clean and crisp, with first frost of early winter. A thoroughly "good day" was spent near the old abbey. The usual select "sing-song" was a worthy conclusion to a day the happiness of which was in no way dimmed by the thought that the other boys had done a full day's work and were abed when these revels were at their height.



A FEW "sing-songs" have been held in the theatre, and have afforded a good deal of amusement. The school as a body is rapidly becoming proficient at chorus singing. This movement ought to develop, and a large repertoire of school songs acquired. Among other things, they are useful for the O.T.C. At the annual Christmas "Sing-Song," on the night before "breaking up," four trebles sang some of Mr R. R. Terry's "Old Rhymes with New Tunes." The choir also carolled

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from the same author's book of carols. Dom Benedict also sang, and finally the school, in a manner befitting the occasion, made "the welkin dance" by its united choral efforts.



THE Head Master offered the usual Essay prizes.

The subjects for the *Upper Library* were:

1. The poetry of either Homer or Virgil or Tennyson.
2. A comparison of the principles of the English and French Revolutions.
3. Political life at Athens in the fifth century B.C. or Rome in the last years of the Republic.
4. The meaning of evolution.
5. The Eastern question in the light of the present war.

For the *Middle Library and Form II*:

1. The Turks.
2. A story either of (a) R. L. Stevenson, (b) Rudyard Kipling, (c) Dickens.
3. Aerial flight.
4. A journey across North America.
5. Either Pericles or the Court of Augustus Cæsar.
6. A seafight in days of Queen Elizabeth.

The following boys won prizes for their essays:

Set I. G. A. Hayes, E. Williams.

Set II. G. A. Lintner, E. J. B. Martin.

Set III. F. Clancy, A. B. Gibbons, W. Smith (*ex æquo*).

Set IV. C. J. Knowles, L. B. Lancaster, C. J. Ffield
(*ex æquo*).

Set V. R. G. McArdle, R. J. Cheney.



THE following boys are heads of their forms:

Upper Sixth, F. W. Long.

Sixth, J. O. Kelly.

Fifth, V. G. Knowles.

Fourth, G. A. Lintner.

Higher Third, A. B. Gibbons.

Lower Third, L. Unsworth.

Second, V. J. Cravos.

First, A. F. Bisgood.

School Notes

THE school staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (*Head Master*)

Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.
Dom Joseph Dawson.	Dom Bruno Dawson.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Anthony Barnett.
Dom Benedict Hayes.	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Hugh de Normanville,
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	B.A.
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Francis Primavesi.
Dom Adrian Mawson.	Dom Ildephonsus Barton.
Dom Iltyd Williams.	

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*).

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing and Painting*).

J. F. Porter, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (*Medical Officer*).

Wright, Esq. (*Rugby Coach*).

Sergeant-Major Grogan (Sergeant-Instructor, late Irish Guards).

Mrs Doherty (*Matron*).

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*).

THE EXAMINATIONS

THE following boys passed the Oxford and Cambridge Higher and Lower Certificate, 1912:

Higher Certificate

B. E. J. Burge.

*N. J. Chamberlain. Distinction in History.

A. P. Kelly.

J. O. Kelly.

F. W. Long.

G. R. J. Richardson.

* Gained exemption from Responsions.

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Lower Certificate

Name.	Subjects in which first classes were obtained.
M. J. Ainscough.	
J. B. Caldwell.	Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, English.
J. Clarke.	
C. B. J. Collison.	Arithmetic, English, English History.
H. J. Emery.	Arithmetic.
G. F. M. Hall.	
G. A. McL. Hayes.	Additional Mathematics.
H. J. Hickey.	Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics.
V. G. Knowles.	Latin, Arithmetic, English, Additional Mathematics and English History.
L. J. Lacy.	
E. Leach.	
G. A. Lintner.	French, English.
D. P. McDonald.	Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics.
E. J. Marsh.	Latin, Greek, English.
R. J. Power.	Latin, Additional Mathematics, English History.
E. Williams.	Arithmetic, English.

In all, six Higher Certificates with one distinction, and sixteen Lower Certificates with twenty-eight first classes, were gained. The percentages of passes in the Lower Certificate was well above the percentage for the whole examination, and the number of "first classes" is especially noteworthy. We offer to all our congratulations, more especially to N. J. Chamberlain, who gained the Higher Certificate prize, and V. G. Knowles, who gained the Lower.

LECTURES

DOM BENEDICT HAYES

INTEREST in the great European crisis was stimulated by a comprehensive lecture on the subject by Dom Benedict Hayes, who first sketched the early history of the Turks and the Balkan States, and reviewed the chief crises through which the Eastern question has passed in the nineteenth century. The lecture ended by some account of the movements of the armies and the battles of the present war. The lecture was sadly wanted, and it is only a pity that Dom Benedict did not treat us to a series dealing with each of these three questions separately.

DOM OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR

DOM OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR, now Fr Prior of Fort Augustus, gave us an excellent lecture on "Jerusalem." The subject may sound a little dull to those who do not know Dom Oswald, but he is incapable of being dull. He has lectured here several times in the last few years and he has never once been anything but most entertaining, most happy in anecdote and observation, and withal most instructive. This was more than ever the case on this occasion. Every one felt that they had visited the Holy Land, not as do our "Yankee" friends, but peacefully and intelligently, not in dust and heat, but in sunshine and good fellowship. As for Jerusalem itself, few traces of its sacred memories are left. No one who knows anything of its early and mediæval history could be surprised at this. His astonishment must be that there is anything saving the identity of locality. Modern Jerusalem is a strange mixture of old-world barbarism and modern conveniences, with few of the merits of one or the other. Our best thanks are due to Dom Oswald.

HERR OBERHOFFER

THE controversy that has raged in the pages of the *Academy* and elsewhere as to the value of "Programme Music" found

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for us its most complete solution in Herr Oberhoffer's lecture on December 2. To hear his performance of extracts that came within the debatable ground was an experience which cleared the mists. The lecture was entitled "The Pictorial Element in Music," and was designed to show the methods by which the great composers represented in their music the movements, forms and sounds of Nature. Schubert's "Erl King" was cited as an example of the "pictorial" use of rhythm and melody, and the value of pitch was illustrated by the dialogue between our Lord and Saul on the Damascus road, from Mendelssohn's "St Paul." As representations of the sounds of Nature were selected various movements of Beethoven's 6th Symphony (Pastoral), and that delicate phantasia of elfin imagery, the music of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn). Further points were illustrated by Liszt's arrangement of "the spinning wheel" from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and three lyrics and a sonata by Grieg. Perhaps the most interesting movement of the lecture was Herr Oberhoffer's eloquent exposition of the sublime effect of the pause as used in the Hallelujah Chorus. Herr Oberhoffer's musical examples, played with his own consummate art, were striking instances of the power of music to idealize even where it is most imitative. As Plato might say, it was not ἵππος τις that we heard, but αὐτὸς ὁ ἵππος. Perhaps the most beautiful and suggestive examples of this power are to be found in concerted music and in the larger orchestral works. In Tschaykowsky's D Quartet, for example, a few falling notes of the violoncello on chords sustained by the other instruments gather up into one simple phrase the majesty of the sea. Again (unless this be merely a perverted vision of the writer) there are the same composer's presence-haunted woods with their wide moonlit spaces, an effect which curiously resembles the emotional atmosphere of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." And who does not know the four notes of "Fate knocking at the door" in Beethoven's 5th Symphony, or the pomp and circumstance of war in Tschaykowsky's "1812," or the clinging, dragging chords of Wagner's Prelude to "Tristram and Isolde," which have thrilled so many audiences with the mysteries of love and death? A more recent example is the Scherzo in R. Vaughan

Lectures

Williams' "Sea Symphony," which perfectly realizes Walt Whitman's

"A myriad, myriad waves hastening, lifting up their necks,
... Waves of the ocean, bubbling and gurgling, blithely
prying,
Waves, undulating waves, liquid, uneven, emulous
waves"...

Herr Oberhoffer gave us of his best for two hours, and it was all too brief. Our best thanks are due to him for analysing for us some of the beauties of his art, and above all for taking us with him for a time into that Land of Luthany where he is himself so entirely at home.

DOM ANSELM PARKER

THE last lecture of the term was given by Dom Anselm Parker, Master of the Ampleforth House of Studies at Oxford. The subject was "Pompeii." The lecturer led the audience on gradually from a general view of the antecedents of Pompeii to the great catastrophe of 79 A.D. For this we had Pliny's account of the eruption and the fate of his uncle. Then we were given a very clear, well-ordered account of the Pompeii that is gradually appearing under the hands of the excavators. The slides were good, particularly the rather grim memorials of the "last days."

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, September 29. In Private Business the usual elections took place, which resulted as follows:

Secretary, Mr E. Williams.

Committee, Mr N. Chamberlain.

Mr Burge.

Mr L. Williams.

In Public Business there was a debate on "Conscription." Mr Williams, who moved "That England should adopt some form of compulsory military service," dwelt upon the serious situation caused by the want of efficient officers and men in the army. The growth of trade and industries during the last fifty years had been the chief cause of the decay of national feeling in the country. Men no longer adopted a military career as a matter of choice. There were too many more attractive professions which offered better prospects of promotion and success in time of peace. Thus a serious situation had arisen which called for strong measures. Compulsory service would rekindle national feeling and give to the average Englishman what he most needed at present, a sense of discipline and responsibility. Mr Hall, in opposition, referring to the success of compulsory service in Germany, said that England, unlike Germany, was a sea power with no frontiers to protect. A large army was unnecessary for purposes of defence and would be a great financial burden, besides being a strong incentive to war. Mr Chamberlain also opposed the motion as calculated to disturb the peace of Europe. After several other members had spoken, the motion was put to the vote and lost by fourteen votes to eighteen.

The second meeting was held on Sunday, October 6, when Mr Kelly read a paper on "Light as a Factor in Nature."

At the third meeting, held on October 13, Mr Smith moved "That England is Justified in Her Attitude Towards Germany." The feeling in Germany of hostility towards England was natural, for England alone stood in the way of German

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expansion. That Germany intended to extend her boundaries there could be no doubt; therefore we must be prepared for war.

Mr Marron, who opposed, controverted Mr Smith's conclusions. A war with England was the last thing that Germany desired, since England was the chief market for German manufactures. The German navy was necessary for the protection of her trade.

Mr Hayes thought that the precarious state of German finances made war impossible.

Messrs Martin, Knowles, Hall, and several others also spoke. The motion was lost by thirteen votes to sixteen.

At the fourth meeting, which took place on October 27, Mr Chamberlain read a very interesting paper on "The Influence of the French Revolution on English literature," which evoked a lively discussion.

The fifth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, November 3, when Mr Lacy moved "That it was desirable for England to abandon further colonization." The colonies provided a market for our manufactures, but otherwise rendered little material assistance to the mother country. We had reached a stage when they had become merely an expensive luxury which we were bound to forgo in view of the increased demand for Dreadnoughts. Mr Hickey opposed. He thought that our colonies contributed something to British prestige besides providing an outlet for superfluous population. Their cost was trifling, and they were our best market. Their number should increase with the growth of trade and population.

Mr E. Martin opposed further colonization. Our colonies, instead of attracting the loafer and the unemployed, claimed many of our ablest and most promising citizens.

Mr Simpson dwelt on the spirit of enterprise fostered by a policy of colonization.

Messrs Lancaster, Knowles, Chamberlain, Hall, Kelly, Power, Lintner and Rankin also spoke.

The motion was lost by ten votes to twenty-four.

At the sixth meeting, held on November 10, Mr Emery read a paper on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

The seventh meeting took place on November 17. Mr

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Knowles opened a debate on Trade Unions by moving "That Trade Unions should be abolished." They had been instituted when wealth tyrannized over labour, and, encouraged by legal support, had succeeded in turning the scales in favour of labour. They had created a greater tyranny than that which they had suppressed. Recent events had shown clearly the evils which they had created and the dangers with which the country was threatened at their hands.

Mr Caldwell opposed. He said that they were the only means by which the voice of the working classes could be heard.

Mr Simpson suggested co-partnership as the only alternative to Trade Unionism.

Mr Lancaster thought that the unions were the tool of the Socialist party.

Mr Hall thought that the unions robbed the working man of his freedom.

The motion was lost by seventeen votes to nineteen.

Eighth meeting, November 24. In Public Business Mr Telfener read a paper on "Dante."

The ninth meeting was held on December 1. Mr Barton moved, in Public Business, "That the change of England from an agricultural to a manufacturing country was a happy one." To this change, he said, was due our present prosperity, together with our supremacy among the nations of the world.

Mr Martin opposed, chiefly on the ground of its effect upon the individual and upon the physique and moral qualities of the nation.

After a vigorous debate, the motion was lost by twelve votes to sixteen.

On Sunday, December 8, the tenth meeting of the term was held, when Mr Mansfield Hall read a paper on "The Situation in the Near East."

On Sunday, December 15, the eleventh meeting took place, when the motion before the House was "That restoration to the working classes should be in capital rather than in land." This somewhat ambiguous motion produced a good debate on the question of small holdings. It was begun by Mr McDonald, who said that agriculture had ceased to be a matter of importance in England. The working man had no

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taste for it. Foreign competition and the use of machinery made the success of the small holding impossible.

Mr Hayes opposed. No State interference could secure the holding of capital, while the control of land would be a simple matter in the hands of District Councils. He gave an interesting account of peasant proprietorship in France and the agricultural benefits which it produced, in spite of many natural difficulties.

Mr Knowles drew attention to the success with which small holdings were worked in many of our colonies.

Mr Hall pointed out that the success of the small holding in France was not a safe guide to the probable result of its adoption in England. France was not a manufacturing country.

The motion was won by nineteen votes to sixteen.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

ON Sunday, September 29, the Society celebrated the tenth anniversary of its birthday and held its 200th meeting. Ten years ago Mr Robinson re-organized the Society, and for five years presided over its meetings. He was succeeded by Father Ambrose, who for the next quinquennium performed the same office. This year other duties have compelled him to abandon the position of President. When Mr Clancy and the members of the Lower III had been elected members of the Society, and the officials for the term had been chosen (Secretary, Mr J. Heffernan; Committee, Messrs N. Fishwick, F. Doherty, L. Haynes), Mr Heffernan proposed a vote of thanks to Father Ambrose, who for so long had worked untiringly for the Society as its President. The Society fully appreciated the trouble he had taken, and regretted that new duties entailed the breaking of his close and long connexion with them. The proposal was seconded and carried unanimously. Father Dunstan has succeeded to the office of President.

In Public Business the House at this and at the 201st meeting considered the motion "That this House would welcome a return to the methods of warfare in use before the introduction of gunpowder." Mr Lythgoe, the mover, argued first on economic grounds—sword, shield and battleaxe were quite inexpensive compared with the modern outfit, and they were provided by the soldier, not by the State. Further, ancient warfare developed individuality, and the victory fell to the strongest, not, as at present, to the richest nation.

Mr Fishwick opposed. He urged that modern methods do not cultivate the merely animal man, but exercise the noblest part of his nature—his intellect. He admitted that the body still has a part to play; the millennium of a merely intellectual conflict has not yet begun; but even here the moderns are at an advantage—the body is clothed, fed and patched together better than formerly.

Mr A. McDonald proved himself a *laudator temporis acti*. The joy of smiting your foe with battle-axe, and of leaving him cleft from crown to chin offered to him personally allurements not to be found in shooting at a man 2,000 yards away.

At the adjourned debate Mr Beech supported the motion,

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and struck a note of decided pessimism. Modern methods have made war financially ruinous, and are responsible for the birth of a nation of shopkeepers, which followed the passing of the age of chivalry. Mr. T. Long appealed to facts against Mr Beech's statements, and sang the glories of the modern Thomas Atkins. Mr Mackay supported Mr Long, laying stress on the comparative amenities of warfare at the present day—good food, tents, attention to wounded, sure pay, etc.

Twenty-seven other members took part in the debate, as well as Mr Honan, who, with Fr Bruno, was present at the second discussion. The motion was lost by seventeen votes to twenty-six.

The 202nd meeting of the Society was held on October 13. The subject before the House was "Vivisection is a Disgrace to Civilization." Mr Gibbons was the mover; Mr Gerrard opposed. Unfortunately, both speakers plunged at once into argument, and came to a conclusion too quickly to enable the members to get a clear idea of the subject under discussion. Hence the ensuing debate laboured under serious disadvantages. Br Raphael, who was present as a visitor, cleared up any confusion of thought and put the question on a philosophic basis. The motion was carried by twenty-nine votes to eleven.

The 203rd meeting of the Society was held on October 27. Mr C. Rochford, in moving that "Modern inventions are a benefit to mankind," referred first of all to old-time methods of travel and stripped the good old coaching days of their poetry and glamour by describing their inconveniences and cost in the matter of time. He also quoted the sad case of Harold, who took three weeks to get from York to the South to discuss matters with William of Normandy. An express to King's Cross in four hours would have changed the history of England. He refuted the argument that machinery produces unemployment, by calling attention to the fact that the machine is not self-creative.

Mr Le Fevre opposed with arguments drawn from the cost in human life that must be paid for modern improvements, saddled them with the responsibility for rural depopulation, and concluded by lamenting the lack of interest shown by the modern workman in his work.

Mr Beech found the ideal life in the England of Dickens.

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The debate was continued by fourteen other members. The motion was carried by twenty votes to eighteen.

The 204th and 205th meetings (November 3 and 10) of the Society were occupied with the motion: "Advertisements are a danger to the nation." Mr Barton, the mover, took as his ideal in life health, wealth and wisdom, and showed how the man in the street was attacked on these three points by the advertisements that surround him.

Mr H. Martin, opposing, declared advertisements indispensable, whether your need be a motor-car, employment, shaving-soap or toffee. Mr Clancy supported him, speaking in the interests of the Stock Exchange.

Mr Welsh read some extracts from the classic English writers, and called attention to the fact that these were degraded to advertise well-known fruit salts.

When the Society continued the debate on November 10, Mr Heffernan and Mr Macpherson, maj., opened the discussion, Mr Wright and Mr P. Williams were present as visitors, and the latter took part in the debate. Eighteen other members spoke. The motion was rejected by eighteen votes to twenty-two.

At the 206th meeting of the Society (November 17) Fr Benedict and Mr Bradley were present as visitors. Mr C. Cravos moved "That public-houses and places of amusement should be closed on Sundays." Mr Beech opposed. There also spoke Messrs Simpson, Bisgood, Le Fevre, J. Morrogh-Bernard, Doherty, J. Cravos, Long, S. Rochford, Emery, McDonald, Clancy, Macpherson and Barton. Fr Benedict also addressed the meeting. The motion was carried by thirty votes to eleven.

The 207th meeting of the Society was held on November 24th. Mr W. Smith moved "That fashions should be regulated by law." He protested against the present rapid changes in fashions as a hardship to the person of small means, to the shopkeeper, and to the poor husband who had to meet extravagant bills for dress; let them consider, he said, how the question would appeal to them "forty years on."

Mr F. Morrogh-Bernard pronounced a solemn warning against too great an interference of the State with the individual. The Government might successfully design dresses for convicts, but they were hardly likely to be so successful in

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determining fashions for other walks in life. Mr L. Lancaster would allow people to wear an absurd garb if they wished to; it would serve as a useful index to their character. Viscount Encombe broke new ground. Eighteen other members spoke. The motion was lost by thirteen votes to twenty-seven.

The 208th meeting of the Society on December 1 considered the motion "That professionalism spoils sport." Mr Milburn was the mover. Mr Beech opposed. The debate was sustained by Messrs H. Martin, Unsworth, Morice, C. Liston, Lythgoe, Le Fevre, Welsh, Macpherson, maj., Barton, Long, MacMahon, Knowles, L. Lancaster, S. Lancaster, Emery, S. Rochford. The motion was lost by seventeen votes to twenty-two.

The 209th meeting of the Society was held on December 8. Mr S. Lancaster, in moving "That the French Revolution was justified," dealt in a lengthy and masterly manner with the antecedents of the Revolution and showed the impossibility of avoiding the catastrophic upheaval. Mr Long opposed, urging that milder means would have attained a like end. Mr Simpson told the Society it had to thank the Revolution for their presence in that Society in that school in Mowbray Vale. Messrs Lythgoe, F. Morrogh-Bernard, C. Rochford, Le Fevre, C. Cravos, Allanson, Knowles, Bisgood, Morice and L. Lancaster also spoke. The Society heartily welcomed Fr Joseph as a visitor. He took part in the debate. Voting: For the motion nineteen, against twenty-two.

The 210th meeting of the Society on December 15 discussed the motion "That compulsory military service is necessary in England." Mr Doherty was the mover, and laid stress on the physical degeneration of the nation, and the lack of moral backbone. He also quoted Lord Roberts to show the futility of the Territorials. Mr Clancy, in opposition, demanded that the Briton's birthright of liberty should remain inviolate, and insisted that there was no need for such drastic means of defence as compulsory service; the navy was sufficient bulwark for the country. Twenty-one members took part in the discussion, and the upholders of conscription carried the day. For the motion twenty-three votes, against fifteen.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the meeting and the session.

SCENES FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

THE scenes which contain the underplot of "Twelfth Night" were acted in the School Theatre on the evening of the celebration of Bishop Hedley's Jubilee.

"Twelfth Night" has been described by a modern writer as a presentment of self deception—Orsino under the influence of a sentimentality which he calls love; Olivia in the unreal mood of exaggerated mourning for her brother; Malvolio, whose discomfiture is the subject of the underplot, imbued with a firm belief in his own imagined importance.

The underplot could have been presented alone, without introducing anything connected with the main theme of the play. But this was not done. In order, we suppose, to secure a better ending than the mere underplot gives, the challenge to "Cesario," written by Sir Andrew at the instigation of his boon companions, was introduced, and the play ended brightly with the consequent lamentations of the broken-pated Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. Still this arrangement slightly marred the unity of the piece, and we grudged the omission of the excellent baiting of Malvolio by "Sir Topaz."

The success of the plot against Malvolio raises the same kind of question as the defeat of Shylock, though in a less urgent form; are we expected to echo Olivia's "Alas, poor fool! how they have baffled thee!" or to enjoy his discomfiture to the very end? To the actor who played the part we must pay the tribute of our confession that our feelings underwent a complete change. He disturbed the indefensible carouse in so exasperating a way and with such a subtle revelation of his own defects that we applauded Maria's plan and watched its complete success with delight, all the greater because the grace and dignity of his movements and the effortless composure of his self-complacency showed us that we were in pursuit of no common prey. But when the truth was revealed to him and his humiliation was complete neither we nor anyone else in the audience could laugh at him. We regretted the applause which we had bestowed on his tormentors, and with rather shameful fickleness we enjoyed their cuts and bruises.

The distinctive qualities of all the parts were well brought

Scenes from "Twelfth Night"

out. The boisterous Sir Toby, the apish and inane Sir Andrew, the roguish Maria, the shrewd and humorous Feste, were all acted with clearly marked characteristics. Of these, perhaps, Sir Andrew and Maria call for special note; they were the best actors in these parts that we have seen on our stage. The laughter, we may add, was not of the spontaneous, infectious sort that we have heard at times, for example, from the "Heracles" of last June.

CHARACTERS

<i>Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia</i>	. . .	L. T. WILLIAMS.
<i>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</i>	. . .	F. W. LONG.
<i>Malvolio, steward to Olivia</i>	. . .	J. D. TELFENER.
<i>Fabian</i>	. . .	J. G. McDONALD.
<i>Clown</i>	. . .	R. J. POWER.
<i>Olivia</i>	. . .	C. R. SIMPSON.
<i>Maria, Olivia's maid</i>	. . .	E. W. WILLIAMS.

The anti-masque, if we may so call it, provided by the Second Form with the Latin exercise on some of the scenes we had just witnessed, was a triumph. In clearness of enunciation the actors surpassed those who had gone before. The Maria, *Oliviæ Ancilla* rivalled that of the previous play; the *Malvolio* junior gave an excellent caricature; the *Andreas Eques* was very successful, especially in his mighty "Optime" of approval of the designs of Maria. The duodecimo edition of Feste sang sweetly a Latin version of "When that I was and a little tiny boy . . ." as a conclusion to the entertainment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Tobius, eques, Oliviæ patruus</i>	. . .	C. P. POWER.
<i>Andreas, eques</i>	. . .	HON. M. SCOTT.
<i>Malevolius, Oliviæ vilicus</i>	. . .	H. A. MARSDEN.
<i>Festus</i>	. . .	L. LANCASTER.
<i>Maria, Oliviæ Ancilla</i>	. . .	H. W. GREENWOOD.

FIRST THURSDAY SPEECHES

OCTOBER.—The usual October speeches did not take place, but an impromptu entertainment was given by the Sixth and Fifth Forms. The Captain took the chair. The programme included:

OVERTURE

PIANO

“Poet and Peasant”

“Sonata Pathétique”

J. D. Telfener

PIANO

Op. 10,

B. E. Burge.

Suppé

Beethoven

Beethoven

In the interval the orchestra was less classically disposed. Two good recitations were given by R. J. Power and F. W. Long, and L. T. Williams tore “a passion to tatters” in a reading from “Macbeth.” The comic vein was less successful; though E. Williams introduced himself excellently he failed to maintain the standard of his introduction.

November.—Speeches took place in the Theatre on November 7. On the whole, neither the speakers nor the programme were quite “up to mark.” The sentiments of the audience and the speakers on this occasion are accurately reflected in the following brief extract from a dialogue in “The Rivals”:

Sir Anthony. What—ails the fellow? Why don’t you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy.

Absolute. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choke me.

As to the programme, it contained too much versification and not enough poetry. Our minor poets and rhymesters had more than their share.

Appended is the programme:

“The Patriot”	<i>Browning</i>	Barnewall I
“The Walrus and the Carpenter”	<i>Carroll</i>	Morrogh-Bernard I and Unsworth I
“The Slave’s Dream”	<i>Longfellow</i>	Gerrard II
“Westminster Cathedral”	<i>Anonymous</i>	Rankin
“The Akond of Swat”	<i>Eear</i>	Morice and others

First Thursday Speeches

"The Owl-Critic "	—	Greenwood
"By-and-Bye "	—	Wright I
"A Sea Dirge "	<i>Carroll</i>	Newsham
"The Pobble who has no Toes "	<i>Lear</i>	Cheney
"L'Oiseau Bleu "	<i>Maeterlinck</i>	George, and MacDonnell II
"The Losing Side "	<i>Legge</i>	Smith II
"Ode to an Ancient Hat "	<i>Punch</i>	Allanson
"Hohenlinden "	<i>Campbell</i>	Pollack I
"Mehrat Khan "	<i>Doyle</i>	Gerrard I
"England my Mother "	<i>Watson</i>	Knowles I

December.—The first Thursday was December 5. The speeches were happily tempered with a little excellent music, and were themselves improved in delivery and quality. A Latin version of the Trial Scene from *Pickwick* was distinctly refreshing.

Sonata B flat (Piano)	<i>Beethoven</i>	Emery I
Latin Speech		2nd Form (B)
"Dissertation on Toast "	<i>Sinkinson</i>	Knowles II
Chanson Serenade (Violin)		Knowles I
"The Mad River "	<i>Tennyson</i>	Spiller and Power II
"The Admiral's Ghost "	<i>Noyse</i>	Kelly II
"Ode to the North-East Wind "	<i>Kingsley</i>	Caldwell
Romanze	<i>Sitt</i>	Welsh
"Sunset and Sunrise "	—	Lynch
"The Wind and the Moon "	<i>Macdonald</i>	Cuddon
"The Sensitive Plant "	<i>Shelley</i>	MacDonald II
"The Song of the Zagabog "	<i>Phi potts</i>	1st Form
"Griffith's Defence of Wolsey "	<i>Shakespeare</i>	Mackay, Lancaster II
"The Ballad of Father Gilligan "	<i>Keats</i>	Long III
"Fragment of a Greek Tragedy "	<i>Housman</i>	Power I, Martin II, Emery I
Scherzo (Piano)	<i>Schubert</i>	Collison II

THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

BY the retirement of Captain Parker the Corps has lost a most enthusiastic and successful commanding officer. To him the Ampleforth contingent practically owes its initiation, and in the short period his health has allowed him to remain in command he has given it an excellent start and leaves it in a flourishing and efficient state. His mantle has fitly and naturally fallen upon Lieutenant Barnett, his second in command. Lieutenant Mawson is the new officer. He has already manifested in manifold ways his energy and capacity for things military.

The report of the War Office—the result of the inspection held on June 20 by Lieutenant Wavell, of the General Staff—which arrived too late for publication in the last number of the JOURNAL, was as follows:

“*Drill.*—Good. The drill was steady, and the officers and section commanders showed a good knowledge of drill.

“*Manœuvre.*—Fair. In an exercise in attack which was carried out, covering fire was arranged for and some control of fire was attempted.

“*Discipline.*—Good.

“*Turn-out.*—Satisfactory.

“*Clothing.*—In good condition.

“*Arms and Equipment.*—Well kept.

“*Buildings and Stores.*—Satisfactory; the orderly room is very well kept.

“A promising contingent, showing good results.”

We have also to dispose of one other item of last term's news—the result of the shooting competitions, and at the same time to thank the donors of the prizes for their very material interest in the welfare of our contingent.

The Anderson Challenge Cup (presented by Colonel Anderson): Sergeant D. McDonald.

The Cadie Cup (presented by Mr L. Cadie): Cadet C. Cravos.

Boyce Prize (presented by Captain Boyce): Corporal C. Simpson.

Officers' Training Corps

Sharp Prize (presented by Mr E. J. Sharp): Cadet J. Heslop.

Head Master's Prize: Corporal J. Robertson.

Officers' Prize: Cadet C. Lancaster.

An officer, twenty-five cadets and the sergeant-instructor attended the Public Schools Camp this year—a fairly good percentage; but next year it is hoped that every member of the contingent, who has attained the requisite age, will make it part of his duty to be present at an event which so successfully combines pleasure, work, healthiness and instruction. Certainly the enthusiasm of those who were at the Oxney Farm Camp, Borden, this year will help to increase numbers next August. We formed part of No. 1 Battalion in Company No. 4. The Battalion was commanded by Captain J. E. Gibbs (Coldstream Guards), and was considerably over a thousand strong. Altogether, camp, though not favoured by the ideal circumstances of place and weather of last year, was quite as successful. Although the work was lighter and there was no night attack, much good soldiering—in the way of company, battalion and brigade training—was got through. The rain was untiring in its efforts, but it served rather to give reality to the work, and made officers and men forget they were only playing at war. On Saturday the routine was broken by the visit of Lord Roberts. The brigade, in column of fours, marched past the veteran Field Marshal. Later in the afternoon there were band and drumming competitions. Mr Hamilton Berners (Irish Guards), who has done so much for our contingent, was among the staff officers. Finally, we may be allowed to say that our contingent was honoured by being specially mentioned for promptness and smartness in carrying out company and battalion orders.

The contingent this term numbers sixty-eight all ranks. The following promotions were posted at the beginning of term:

To be Sergeants: Corporal Simpson, Corporal McDonald, Lance-Corporal Martin.

To be Corporals: Lance-Corporal Long, Cadet Williams, Cadet Barton.

To be Lance-Corporals: Cadet Power, Cadet Knowles, Cadet Farrell.

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A marked improvement in the shooting has taken place. Next July, when the Cups are again competed for, some good scores ought to be made. Cadet S. Lancaster's thirty-nine out of a possible forty is deserving of special mention. The range was in constant use down to the end of November, but the new covered range will be of the greatest help to us, for bad weather will then only stimulate shooting practice.

In the annual musketry return for 1912 Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Plumer, K.C.B., thus reports of our contingent:

"For the first year the results are good, and with the trouble taken in preliminary training the results next year should be very good. The time spent on 'off the range' training shows keenness. Its importance cannot be overestimated."

Lieutenant Mawson has charge of the signalling, which involves considerable sacrifice of time and energy, but has been enthusiastically practised by this term's recruits.

An innovation of some note is the band, which contains ten members. When they have become proficient, route marches will be more popular. Cadet Leese is already skilled in emitting tuneful noises on the bugle, while Cadet Welsh is setting a good standard for the other drummers. The members of the band are: Lance-Corporal Collison (big drum), Cadets Welsh, McMahon, and L. Rochford (side drums), Cadets Leese, C. Lancaster, S. Lancaster, Liston, J. Morrogh-Bernard (bugles). We owe the band largely to the kindness of Colonel Leese, to whom the thanks of all are due for providing several of the bugles and the drums. We assure him of our appreciation of this most generous gift.

Regular classes have been held for Certificate "A," and eight members hope to present themselves for examination in March. Each week a paper has been set and answered by the prospective candidates and the other members of the N.C.O. class. The results show some talent and a keen interest in something more than the glamour and display, which is to so many the only attraction, though it is the least important part of a soldier's work.

Major Barrington, of the West Yorks, inspected the contingent on October 9. An attack was arranged on the Lion Wood. The defence was offered by those of the school who are

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not members of the O.T.C. The corps drew up under the cover of the Batting Wood, and a lengthy manœuvre, lasting more than two hours, was carried out. Major Barrington congratulated the N.C.O.'s on their spirit and knowledge and a display of initiative which was highly praiseworthy. The whole contingent, he said, had advanced very considerably, and their smart "turn out" was a credit to their school.

On November 1, All Saints, a "field day" was arranged. The day, full of incident and excitement, was spent on the magnificent expanse of manœuvring ground provided by the moors, where the Northern Command held their camp a few years ago. Once again the rest of the school provided us with an enemy. They made their final stand in the old camp (probably constructed by Edward II in his flight from Byland), where they were routed, though of course they refused to acknowledge defeat.

Two night attacks on the College, on October 7 and December 5, gave some practice in outpost duties at night. The former was particularly useful, but the latter less so, as sufficient time was not allowed for the attack to develop.

We have to thank Mr Cussons, of Kirbymoorside, expert in anatomy, for some most helpful "first aid" lectures. The sight of human bones, stripped of their carnal vestment, jumbled together on Mr Cussons' table and handled by him as old and intimate acquaintances, was distinctly fascinating, if at times a little grim. The practical part of the lectures was exquisitely simple and intelligible.

Dom Stephen Dawes also favoured us by an informal talk on his experiences in the South African War. Theoretical knowledge is good, but it is still better when illumined by a little of the empirical sort. Such was Dom Stephen's.

RUGBY

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE V. ROYAL SCOTS GREYS

THIS game was played on the school ground and ended in a win for the regiment by three goals (one dropped, and two tries (twenty points) to one penalty goal (three points). The deciding factors in the game were the weight of the Scots Greys' forwards and the brilliant play of Elliott, the stand-off half, who, besides dropping a goal, scored three of the four tries obtained against the School. The School had the wind at their backs during the first half, and replied to the visitors' kick-off with a good forward dribble which gained them a lot of ground. Elliott put the Greys ahead in a few minutes by following up a high punt, and, beating the School full-back, regained possession and scored near the corner flag. Cranstoun kicked a fine goal. Shortly afterwards Elliott dropped a goal from a quick heel-out in the School twenty-five. The Greys continued to get the ball in the scrummages, and the School "threes" had a busy time in holding their backs, for whom Elliott invariably made clever and often unexpected openings. The next score came from a scrummage on the School line. The School forwards got possession, but they were pushed over the goal-line, and the visitors' pack fell in a body on the ball. The try was unconverted. Shortly before half-time the School scored a penalty goal from a free kick given for handling in the scrummage. On the resumption of play the School forwards made a series of strong rushes which took the ball to the visitors' twenty-five, but a great run by Elliott sent them quickly back to their own goal-line. A fine passing movement started by Kelly and developed by Simpson, W. A. Martin and Williams took the ball back to the centre. The School forwards now asserted themselves in the "tight," and for a short time a sustained attack was made on the Greys' goal-line, but without success. For the rest of the game play ruled in the School twenty-five, and, despite the desperate efforts made by the School Fifteen to hold their very weighty opponents at bay, the elusive Elliott scored twice again before "no-side." A

Rugby

goal was kicked from one of these tries, and the game ended as stated.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE *v.* RIPON SCHOOL

On October 23 the Rugby Fifteen played Ripon School at Ripon. The game was played on a heavy ground with a slippery ball and partly in rain. The first try was soon gained. From a line-out in the Ripon twenty-five the forwards dribbled over the goal-line and Cravos scored. It early became evident that the Ampleforth eight were the stronger, but through poor hooking they failed to get possession in the scrummages. As they were able to prevent their opponents from gaining much positive advantage from this, the play during the first half was of the scrambling kind that is inevitable when each side is able to spoil the incipient attacks of the other. There were rare good movements, however, and in one of these the ball passed from a loose scrummage through Kelly and Martin to Williams, who eluded and raced his man and scored near the flag. Though the play continued in the Ripon half for some time there was no further score before half-time. Ripon defended with skill and determination, and ultimately forced the game into the centre of the field.

In the second half the Ampleforth forwards regularly secured the ball in the scrummages, and were able to give the backs opportunities for attack. Two tries, both scored by Simpson, were the immediate result, the second crowning a particularly fine passing movement. But the game continued hard and exciting. Slow heeling and the fine spoiling of the Ripon half-backs largely neutralized the superiority of the Ampleforth forwards in the scrummages, and a fierce and prolonged attack was made on the Ampleforth line. But the defence was sound. MacDonald made some fine saves, the tackling was good, and the forwards attempted bilocation with a persistence that deserved success. When the attack had been beaten off, a mistake by the Ripon back resulted in a fifth try, and before the close of play W. A. Martin and Williams each scored again.

No try was converted. It is fortunate that such a failure is

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not common. Final score: Ampleforth, seven tries (twenty-one points); Ripon, nothing.

The following played for Ampleforth: *Back*, J. G. MacDonald; *Three-quarters*, L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, C. R. Simpson, G. E. Farrell; *Half-backs*, J. O. Kelly and O. J. Collison; *Forwards*, N. J. Chamberlain (captain), W. G. Chamberlain, J. D. Telfener, E. J. Martin, C. B. Collison, C. S. Cravos, O. S. Barton, and F. J. Morrogh-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE *v.* POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

This match was played at Pocklington on November 6 and ended in a victory for Ampleforth by one goal and four tries (seventeen points) to nothing. The result of the game, which was on the whole a poor one, was never in doubt. Ampleforth were quite the stronger, forward, and were able to push the opposing eight pretty much as they liked. But a great deal of the advantage they thus had was neutralized by their inability to get possession in the scrummages. In the second half they did not secure the ball in this way more than three or four times. Their heeling, when they did get it, was slow and not always the outcome of unanimity of plan. Moreover, Pocklington played three half-backs, two of whom, allowed a somewhat generous interpretation of the off-side rule, came round the scrummages very quickly, and Kelly had little time in which to get the ball away. In the loose, the forwards, though they took rather a long time to settle down together, improved as the game proceeded, and in the second half their footwork was concerted and skilful. At half-back Kelly, as has been indicated, was very much hampered, and probably played better than he seemed to. His try towards the end of the first half was a smart piece of work. O. J. Collison naturally endured the consequences of the disabilities imposed on Kelly, and, in addition, showed a hesitancy about tackling and a prejudice against going down to the ball which were the only blots on an otherwise strong defence. Williams was obviously out of his place at left-centre and dropped his passes, which, by the way, were none too good. Simpson had little to do and was quite unable to make use of Farrell's speed and dash on the

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wing. The try gained by the last-mentioned player was the redeeming feature of the three-quarter play and showed Farrell to be quite the fastest player on the field. MacDonald at full back was sound in tackling and long in kicking; but he went down to the ball too much as if he regretted the necessity of having to do so. The team, however, showed gleams of distinct promise and may evolve into a very powerful side. The first two tries were gained in scrummages on the Pocklington line. W. G. Chamberlain dribbled over for the third, the result of some good footwork by the forwards. Kelly scored the fourth and Farrell, by a brilliant run from the centre of the field, scored single-handed the only try of the second half. The goal-kicking was poor. The following was the Ampleforth side: *Back*, J. G. MacDonald; *Three-quarters*, F. G. Doherty, L. T. Williams, C. R. Simpson, G. E. Farrell; *Half-backs*, J. O. Kelly, O. J. Collison; *Forwards*, N. J. Chamberlain (captain), W. R. Liston, W. G. Chamberlain, J. F. Telfener, E. J. Martin, C. B. Collison, C. S. Cravos, and O. S. Barton.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

This match was played on November 27 at York, and resulted in a victory for the home side by two goals and one try (thirteen points) to one goal and two tries (eleven points). The ground, though not heavy, was wet, and a drizzle fell throughout most of the game, which was a surprisingly open one. The handling by the St Peter's backs would have done credit to the fielding of a county cricket eleven, while the footwork of the Ampleforth forwards displayed a control of the ball that is rarely seen under such slippery conditions. Both sides were at the top of their form, and the great pace set at the commencement of the game was more than maintained until "no side" was called. Indeed, in the last ten minutes, when a single try would have turned a pending defeat into an Ampleforth victory, the ball was carried from line to line with a fervour bordering on fanaticism; and yet, keenly fought as was the game, there was not from beginning to end a single stoppage for injuries, and only once did the whistle blow for a penalty kick, and that was for off-side. It was generally

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admitted that Ampleforth were unlucky to lose, and on the run of the play the score does not represent the relative strength of the two sides. After the first two or three minutes the Ampleforth pack dominated the game, and for quite forty-five of the seventy minutes played were doing something with the ball—either shoving with the ball at their toes, or tearing Scottish-wise down the field in formidable loose rushes, or heeling out to the backs. The Ampleforth backs had rather little of the game, and yet almost invariably, when the ball was among them, there was a good piece of individual or dual play, but nearly every attempt at a complex combined movement broke down, chiefly through faulty passing. In defence, for the first quarter of an hour they were slow to go down to the ball, and there was some hesitation about tackling, which cost their side two tries.

At the kick-off Ampleforth were slow to start. St Peter's took advantage of this to set their backs going, and in a few minutes a combined movement accurately and swiftly carried out led to a try in a good position, from which a goal was kicked. Then commenced a terrific forward onslaught on the St Peter's goal-line. Ampleforth, who were rather the lighter of the two packs, showed themselves the better set of scrummagers both in sheer strength and in getting possession of the ball. Four times in less than three minutes they pushed the St Peter's eight over the line, and certainly on three occasions scored what theologians would call a "material" try. It was unfortunate for them that the referee was not close enough to the scrummage to be able to distinguish which side touched down. Ultimately salvation came through the backs. Ampleforth heeled out about twenty yards from the St Peter's line. Rochford got in a quick pass to O. J. Collison, who opened out the game towards the left. J. O. Kelly took his pass at top speed, swerved in against the bias, so to speak, and gave Farrell on the right just sufficient time and space to dash over near the corner flag. A good attempt at a goal failed. Keeping up the pressure after the drop-out, Ampleforth broke away from touch just outside the St Peter's twenty-five. N. J. Chamberlain picked up and made an opening for W. A. Martin, and the ball went to Williams, who scored far out.

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Farrell missed the goal-kick, and Ampleforth held the narrow lead of one point. But only for a few minutes. Good punting by the St Peter's backs carried play to the Ampleforth half, and the ball came out to Medhurst, who ran through practically the whole Ampleforth side and scored behind the post, the most brilliant try of the match. Wray kicked the goal. From the centre-kick midfield play followed, and then a great rush by the Ampleforth forwards, headed by N. J. Chamberlain, W. G. Chamberlain and Barton, was not only neutralized, but turned into positive disaster by the last-mentioned player kicking too hard. The ball went into the hands of Wray near his own twenty-five, and the whole St Peter's back division took part in a movement which brought the ball right up to the Ampleforth line. L. T. Williams, who had come across from the left, brought off a great tackle just on the goal-line, but the St Peter's claim for a try was allowed. Wray missed the goal, and the whistle went for half-time with St Peter's leading by thirteen points to six. On resuming, St Peter's were the first to attack, but Rochford, Kelly, Williams and MacDonald, by the judicious use of touch, brought relief. Ampleforth were now progressively showing themselves the better side. The forwards got the ball practically every time out of touch, and actually every time in the scrummages, and their play in the loose was the feature of the second half. Though St Peter's went down to the ball man after man, they were unable to check the Caledonian rushes of the Ampleforth pack. In one of these rushes the ball was taken right over the goal line, and Morrogh-Bernard scored what proved to be the final try of the game. Farrell kicked a good goal, and brought the Ampleforth score up to eleven points. St Peter's after this were practically always defending, though their defence was of the Harlequin type and consisted in taking the ball into their opponents' twenty-five. But they only twice threatened danger—once when a good drop-kick by Wray fell short by a few inches, and again when one of their forwards crossed the Ampleforth line only to be hastily removed into touch-in-goal. As the minutes slipped by, Ampleforth concentrated on their loose rushes, which increased in frequency and fervour. But the St Peter's line

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seemed bewitched. Once Williams got across for what looked like a try, but for some informality not seen from the touch-line the ball was ordered back. In the last minute Rochford darted round the blind side of the scrummage, but was held over the line. The whistle then went for "no side," leaving the victory with St Peter's as stated.

The following was the Ampleforth side: *Back*, J. G. MacDonald; *Three-quarters*, L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, J. O. Kelly and G. E. Farrell; *Half-backs*, L. Rochford and O. S. Collison; *Forwards*, N. J. Chamberlain (captain), W. G. Chamberlain, J. D. Telfener, C. B. Collison, C. S. Cravos, E. J. Martin, O. S. Barton and F. J. Morrogh-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK *Second Fifteens*

Played at Ampleforth on November 27, and ended in a win for the home side by one penalty goal and six tries (twenty-one points) to nothing. Ampleforth were much the stronger, forward, and were able to give their backs many opportunities. Within five minutes Hall got over, after some scrambling play near the St Peter's goal-line. The game was chiefly a forward one, and the Ampleforth back and wing three-quarters had a slow and cold time of it. Forward, Ampleforth had a complete advantage; their rushes and footwork in the loose were almost up to the First Fifteen standard, and their heeling quick and clean. They should, however, pick up the ball near their opponents' goal-line, for they lost certain tries by attempting to dribble over. The tries were scored by Hall, Liston (two), Beech, Gerrard and Hayes. Doherty kicked a good penalty goal.

The following were the Ampleforth second fifteen: *Back*, G. F. Mackay; *Three-quarters*, L. F. Lacy, G. F. M. Hall, J. C. Caldwell, F. W. Long; *Half-backs*, R. L. Lynch, F. G. Doherty; *Forwards*, H. J. Marron, H. G. Hickey, G. F. Hayes, G. L. Beech, H. M. J. Gerrard, W. J. Rochford, H. J. Emery, and W. P. St Leger Liston.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

The return match with St Peter's was played at Ampleforth

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on December 16 and ended in a victory for Ampleforth by three goals and two tries (twenty-one points) to one try (three points).

St Peter's pressed at the start. Their forwards controlled the scrummages and kept the ball in the Ampleforth half so that their backs had many opportunities and were frequently threatening danger. The Ampleforth forwards this year have invariably taken a long time to find their game, and now they seemed to be rather longer about it than usual. After, roughly, twenty minutes' play the St Peter's half-back, Wray, from a scrum close in, darted round the "blind" side, and effectively eluding Rochford and MacDonald opened the scoring for St Peter's. The same player failed with the goal kick. In reality this apparent advantage turned out disastrous for St Peter's. For although it meant for them a lead of three points comparatively early in a game that was expected to be very close, on the other hand it provided the Ampleforth pack with a stimulus of which they had shown themselves to be in some need. From the exchange of kicks between the backs after the drop-out MacDonald got in a great punt which went into touch in the visitors' twenty-five. From the scrum following the line-out the ball came out quickly to Williams and was sent through the hands of Kelly, W. A. Martin and Simpson to Farrell far out on the right. The last-mentioned player crowned the movement with a magnificent run through a group of opposing forwards and scored the equalizing try near the corner flag. The goal-kick failed. Keeping up the pressure, Ampleforth forced St Peter's to touch down twice in succession. From the second drop-out Collison charged the ball down, and getting possession dribbled over the goal-line. Here he overran the ball, but N. J. Chamberlain, who had followed up well, got to it next and scored. Farrell kicked a good goal. There was no more scoring before half-time, when Ampleforth were leading by eight points to three. On resuming Ampleforth went off with a great rush and penned St Peter's in their twenty-five. After Kelly had almost dropped a goal—the ball went just under the crossbar—Cravos broke away from a line-out and scored. A few minutes later from a scrum on the line Collison scored the fourth

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try. Farrell converted both of these. St Peter's now rallied and became dangerous again. Once Wray was almost in, but Barton and Morrogh-Bernard arrived just in time to reinforce MacDonald. The feature of this part of the game was the touch-kicking of Kelly and MacDonald. Time and again they put Ampleforth in an attacking position by punts of thirty or forty yards into touch. Just before "no-side" was called, Farrell, whose play throughout had been brilliant, surprised the spectators and both sides by darting up at full-speed, intercepting a throw-in from touch and dashing off with a flying start for the St Peter's line. Just as he reached it the full-back brought him down, but he fell with the ball over the line. He missed the goal-kick, a very difficult one against a strong wind, but only by inches. It was a fitting ending to a glorious game. The following was the Ampleforth side: *Back*, J. G. MacDonald; *Three-quarter backs*, G. E. Farrell, C. R. Simpson, W. A. Martin, and L. T. Williams; *Half-backs*, J. O. Kelly and L. H. Rochford; *Forwards*, N. J. Chamberlain (captain), W. G. Chamberlain, E. J. Martin, O. S. Barton, C. F. Cravos, R. J. Power, C. B. Collison and F. J. Morrogh-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE *v.* ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

Second Fifteens

The second fifteens played at York. A hard and keenly fought game ended in a win for Ampleforth by one goal and two tries (eleven points) to nothing. The score scarcely represents the run of the game. During the first half, playing with the wind behind them, Ampleforth had much the better of the play and Long scored an unconverted try. In the second half St Peter's kept us on the defensive until close on time, when Beech scored from a forward rush. Just before the final whistle blow Hall got through after a good run. This try was converted. The following were the second fifteen: *Back*, F. G. Doherty; *Three-quarter backs*, C. H. McPherson, C. L. Knowles, G. F. Mansfield Hall, J. C. Dobson; *Half-backs*, F. W. Long and O. J. Collison; *Forwards*, G. L. Beech, M. J.

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Gerrard, G. F. Hayes, H. J. Marron, H. J. Hickey, W. J. Rochford, W. P. St Leger Liston and H. J. Emery.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE v. YORKSHIRE WANDERERS

The Yorkshire Rugby Union sent a very strong Wanderers' side to Ampleforth on December 18. It was captained by J. A. King, the English international. The forwards also included J. H. Sturgess, a Cambridge "Blue," and L. Stockdale, the captain of the Headingley Club. Among the backs were A. S. Hamilton, the Yorkshire County "half," the Rev. N. C. Beasley and F. Houldsworth, the former the Yorkshire County left-centre three-quarter, and the latter a player who has frequently played in the Oxford Fifteen, though he has not yet been awarded his "blue." The other players were quite good also. Ampleforth lost the game by one goal and five tries (twenty points) to nothing. During the first half the Wanderers monopolized the play. Greatly overweighted in the scrum the Ampleforth forwards could not get possession and the Wanderers' threes were frequently bearing down on the home goal-line in well-ordered and legionary movements. In a few minutes Appleyard scored after a brilliant run on the left. Hamilton soon added another try and Mawson scored after a fine run by Beasley. Beasley soon again threatened danger when Simpson brought him down. A minute later he scored again, his pace, weight and momentum carrying him with the ball and three of the Ampleforth backs over the line. At half-time the score stood: Yorkshire Wanderers, one goal and three tries (fourteen points); Ampleforth, nil. On resuming the Wanderers were without Beasley, who had renewed an old strain in the knee, and the consequent lightening of the opposing pack made a great difference to the Ampleforth forwards. They now occasionally got the ball, and the backs had a share in attack. Once Ampleforth almost scored, a momentary hesitation by W. A. Martin costing his side an almost certain try. In the last ten minutes Ampleforth pressed continuously for the first time. The forwards, by a brilliant loose rush, carried the ball into the Wanderers' twenty-five, and a great duel between the opposing packs ensued; but the

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defence was impenetrable. In the meantime the Wanderers had scored twice, once through a great run by Houldsworth and again by King after a marvellous piece of dribbling. Ampleforth had never any chance of winning the game, but they put up a good fight against a team that had the advantage in weight and pace and experience.

HOCKEY

THE hockey season officially begins towards the end of February, and the inter-school matches are played in March, but desultory hockey takes place during the first three weeks of this term. The ground is scarcely fit for Rugby at this time; it is too hard and the grass is too long. Moreover, hockey serves as a good training for Rugby; it gradually gets us into condition. This year the fine weather in September kept the cricket grounds in good trim for hockey, and we played until October 6. The Eleven played one match, on October 3, against Malton, and gained an easy victory by nine goals to one. Malton were rather a weak side, but strong enough to bring out both the merits and defects of the School Eleven. The forwards are light and fast and should be very good next term. L. T. Williams (right outside) and W. A. Martin (centre forward) are perhaps the best. The halves are only moderate and the backs weak. In fact, unless the backs improve very much or better ones are found, the outlook for the inter-School matches next term is none too bright.

Hockey Committee : B. E. Burge, N. J. Chamberlain, L. T. Williams.

Hockey Captains:

1st Set.—B. E. Burge, N. J. Chamberlain.

2nd Set.—R. J. Power, E. J. B. Martin.

3rd Set.—H. M. J. Gerrard, M. J. Ainscough.

4th Set.—G. R. Emery, J. W. Bisgood.

5th Set.—C. P. Power, J. P. Douglas.

6th Set.—R. J. Cheney, A. F. Bisgood.

THE GOLF CLUB

THE general superintendence of the golf course has now passed to Dom Ildephonsus Barton and the secretaryship to B. E. Burge. In spite of the heavy rains of August, the course, after the return in September, was soon in good order. Much good work towards its general amelioration has been accomplished; new flags and sand boxes have been acquired. But the enthusiasm has not been all the secretary would desire, for the membership is smaller than in former years. The usual Sunday morning golf competitions have been interfered with by the general absorption of the players in "Rugger scrum" practice. P. Killea was the winner of the only one that took place. Mr A. F. M. Wright has offered a silver cup and Mr B. Marwood a handsome prize to be played for next term. These kind gifts ought to bring the membership up to its normal number, and restore golf to its pristine vigour. It was never more deserving of patronage, and it has seldom possessed more enthusiastic officers.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

IN spite of the fact that we have enjoyed during the present term but a modicum of daylight, photography seems to have been unusually popular of late. Modern plate makers seem to be equal to every situation and every degree of obscurity short of complete darkness. Certainly their wares have been severely tested, and with excellent results, during the recent football matches. Many of these will doubtless give joy to the fortunate recipients of home-made Christmas cards, which have been produced in large numbers.

It has been rumoured that some of the more ambitious members of the Club are entertaining hopes that the ubiquity of the camera is likely to produce marked effects upon the general deportment of the School. Whatever the value of this rumour, it seems certain that the custom of taking snapshots during football matches has contributed in no small degree to the success of the Fifteen, for we have observed that the back line of the "scrum," which appears so prominently in most of the recent photographs, has increased in vigour of late and made a notable addition to its total pushing power.

THE FISHING CLUB

THE Fishing Club is not dead, nor even moribund, but only injured. During the summer vacation the unsportsmanlike landowners of the district united to clear the Brook of everything, leaving only its banks and the ghost of its former self. The activities of the Club have, therefore, been confined to visits to Foss Ponds, where, among many other sporting attractions, they enjoy the privilege of fishing. "*Nam lacus piscem, feras silvae, studia altissimus iste secessus, affatim suggerunt.*" The Club have acquired a steel punt, around which the main activities of the first visit centred. The generosity of Dom Ildephonsus Brown, Mr F. J. Lambert and Mr P. Lambert has made this possible. The Club is greatly indebted to them. The efforts of the younger members to overcome the natural vagaries of this new craft, in possession of a paddle as the sole means of propulsion, excited some derision. But a progress up the lake in a series of small circles was found to be diverting only for a time, and fishing was resorted to in earnest. A large pike, which broke away with an entire line and took up a strategic position in a thick bank of weeds, succeeded in evading the united efforts of the Club and a "gaff." This was the sole departure from the routine of rod and reel. After the experiences of the first visit, the second began with the fixing of new rowlocks, but ended in a search for bait, which had been unhappily forgotten. An "old boy" and a party of friends spent a holiday at Foss Ponds, and it was to their activities—they dare not say success—that the members of the Club attributed the lightness of their baskets.

NATURAL HISTORY

NATURE study seldom seems to flourish in the school during the winter months except among a few enthusiasts. Yet the study of bird life in winter has an attraction and charm of its own. It used to be thought, and it is still sometimes asserted, that our more sociable birds, such as the starlings, blackbirds, thrushes and robins, remained through the winter, while the so-called "summer birds" moved southwards. During the lifetime of White of Selbourne the belief was still prevalent that swallows and other birds hibernated in crevices and hollows in the ground. The science or art of observation was then in its infancy. By slow degrees the fact of migration was established, but it was long thought that of the resident species the same individuals remained in one locality throughout the year. This too has now ceased to be probable. In a mercenary age disinterested enthusiasm of any kind is refreshing. With thoroughness which no modern stockbroker or board school inspector can hope to rival the continual observation of our more familiar birds has been taken in hand. The systematic marking of birds by means of rings attached to their legs has revealed the fact that birds which used to be regarded as most sedentary in their habits frequently wander great distances during the autumn and winter months, and observations from most of the lighthouses around the coast confirm this view; so that it is now generally agreed that the spruce looking starlings that amuse or annoy in early autumn by their ceaseless chattering have just arrived from more northerly latitudes to take the place of their fellows who were with us for the summer.

The study of what may be called the more strictly domestic habits of birds during the winter months is still inchoate. We have watched for several years the daily movements of the rooks—presumably the entire rook community of the district—as they appear in the early morning wending their way eastwards towards the more fertile meadows of the Rye Valley, and we have wished to be able to follow their movements and live in their society for a single day. Possibly it is

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due to the inherited experience of many generations of ancestors that when the sun is setting and darkness coming on they know with unerring instinct that their day's work is done. Whatever may be the cause, they return again every evening with no less regularity, though with more leisurely movements, to their nocturnal resting-places in one of the valleys off the Byland road. And as we watch their march past, which sometimes occupies the best part of an hour, our interest is not without some thankfulness that their ancestors did not choose to select their nightly quarters in that precise spot wherein we happen to spend the nights. Had they done so, that spot would probably not be an abode of peace.

It has been said that to have formed habits is to have failed in life. This may be so in human life, but surely no bird community would subscribe to it. Perhaps it is to mankind that the stimulating effect of new decisions and spontaneous actions is so necessary and beneficial.

It is unfortunate that the kestrel, which is a harmless and useful bird, is still regarded with suspicion and dislike in many parts of the country. A few days ago a kestrel was brought to us which had been killed in a trap—its only crime the supposed theft of poultry. Is it too much to hope that the Yorkshireman shall one day be taught to think imperially even on the matter of kestrels, and will at length refrain from molesting this beautiful bird at the sacrifice, if necessary, of an occasional chicken?

OLD BOYS

MR MATTHEW HONAN visited us this term. We have to thank him for the establishment of a new drawing prize of the annual value of £3, and also for two stained glass medallions for the Study Hall.

Mr GERALD FARRELL, who is a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, is at present in England.

Mr RAYMUND CALDER SMITH has an appointment in Iquitos, Peru.

Mr OSWALD WILLIAMS has recently been appointed organizing secretary for the Boy Scouts Association for the Principality of Wales and Monmouthshire, vice Captain C. G. Cole-Hamilton, D.S.O., resigned.

Mr A. P. KELLY went up to Trinity College in October. He is reading Classics.

Mr T. O. C. DUNBAR, who is also at Trinity, has gained his "colours" for athletics. He is reading for Law, and has passed his Intermediate. He has already scored a success as an active politician.

Mr CHARLES MACKAY has joined the Special Reserve of Officers, and is attached to the Leinsters.

Dom CLEMENT HESKETH went up to Oxford in October.

Mr EWAN ROBERTSON is tea-planting in Ceylon.

Mr PHILIP WILLIAMS, who is on leave from the Gold Coast, recently paid us a visit.

Our congratulations to Mr NICHOLAS COCKSHUTT on his courageous protest against the introduction of religious animosities into the Home Rule question. We are afraid that it has cost him his candidature for Rochdale, which he was to have contested in the Conservative interest.

Fr EDMUND DUNN, who joined the Society for Foreign Missions, is now Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and North Borneo.

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Mr D. P. McDONALD has joined the Special Reserve of Officers, and is attached to 79th Cameron Highlanders.

This year "The Old Boys" have eaten dinners at London, Liverpool and Hull. Accounts of these will be found elsewhere in this JOURNAL.

THE CRATICULAE CLUB

In August the Craticulae Cricket Club made their usual summer tour. This year the number of cricket successes was considerably below the average, but in all other respects the tour was in no way inferior to former years, thanks to the hospitable entertainment of kind friends, notably Mr J. P. Smith, Mr G. C. Chamberlain, Mr J. Blackledge and Mr R. Collison. The comparative inferiority in cricket was largely due to a series of wet wickets, quite unsuited to the bowlers. Mr G. H. Chamberlain, the captain, was the most consistent scorer, and Mr A. P. Kelly secured the highest aggregate of runs. The bowlers who met with some success were Mr G. H. Chamberlain, Mr B. Collison and Mr G. R. Richardson. Ten matches were played, two won, four lost, and four drawn, while two were abandoned owing to rain.

The Craticulae Club Ball, which took place in the rooms of the Exchange Hotel in Liverpool in November, was so great a success that it will surely become an annual event.

LONDON OLD BOYS CRICKET CLUB

Played nineteen games of which they won six, lost seven and seven were drawn. Mr B. R. Bradley's batting was consistently good, and finished the season with an average of 27·82. Mr J. Huntington had the best bowling analysis. The Club has lost an invaluable batsman and fast bowler in Mr R. Calder Smith.

OLD BOYS GOLFING SOCIETY

The first annual meeting of "The Old Boys" Golfing Society took place at St Anne's Golf Club on Wednesday, September 11. The number of competitors, thirteen, augured badly for the success of the first meeting, but happily the omen proved false.

Old Boys

THE RABY CUP.

Rev. W. S. Dawes	92— 9=83.	Winner of Cup and first Sweep.
Mr C. Marwood	85— 1=84.	Winner of second Sweep.

THE HONAN CUP.

Rev. V. H. Dawes	92—12=80.	Winner of first Sweep.
Mr C. Marwood	81— 1=80.	Divide second Sweep.
Mr J. P. Raby	81—11=80.	“ “ “

The Play Off:

Rev. V. H. Dawes	47— 6=41.	Winner of the Cup.
Mr C. Marwood	42— $\frac{1}{2}$ =41 $\frac{1}{2}$.	
Mr J. P. Raby	47—5 $\frac{1}{2}$ =41 $\frac{1}{2}$.	

After this close and exciting finish a general meeting was held, at which the following officials were elected:

President, FR ABBOT.

Vice-Presidents, LORD TRIMLESTOWN,

Mr J. P. RABY,

Mr M. B. HONAN.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr J. WESTHEAD.

In view of the success of the meeting, which was entirely due to the courtesy of St Anne's Golf Club, and the untiring Secretary, Mr Westhead, it was unanimously agreed to meet at St Anne's next year on Wednesday and Thursday, September 10 and 11. Only "old boys" are eligible for membership, and any wishing to become members should apply to Mr Westhead at 8A Winckley Square, Preston.

Finally, the Society have to thank Mr J. P. Raby and Mr M. B. Honan for the exquisite cups, of which the Fathers Dawes are now the holders. One of the cups was actually burgled on the very day it was won, before the holder had had his name engraved upon it. It is now, however, safely in his possession once again.



As we go to press the death of Fr Goldie, S.J., is announced. He was in the school for a short time, and has therefore a claim to our prayers. R.I.P.

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HIS EXCELLENCY, LI HUNG CHANG, informs us, in his Diary, that whilst crossing the Atlantic from England to New York he was dreadfully sick. He was quite sure, however, that it was not sea-sickness he suffered from. The English doctor on board, Dr Gray, said it was, but he must have been mistaken. He himself was convinced that the true cause of his complaint was the series of big dinners he had enjoyed on land before he started—in fact, he had suspicions that the raw material of his indisposition had been exported from Germany. He tells us, also, that his Chinese physician, Tong-le, agreed with him in this diagnosis, and expresses his pleasure at this clear evidence of the superiority of Eastern over Western medical science.

We do not doubt that His Excellency and the Chinese physician would have found equally satisfactory reasons for agreeing with each other, and disagreeing with the ship doctor, no matter what had been the case for consultation. If he had found health on the ocean, instead of sickness, and the Englishman had ascribed the cure to the sea-air, and to the admirable entertainment provided by the company, the Celestials would very probably have discovered a cause for the improvement more flattering to their Celestial self-complacency. The Chinaman and the Englishman are gifted by Nature with a very similar pair of eyes, and, in the main, agree about the facts and phenomena which present themselves to the senses. But when they put their thinking-caps on, and those wonderful glasses that enable them to see through stone walls, when they begin to talk of deductions and motives and origins and consequences, to discriminate in the bestowal of praise and blame, and make comparison of likes and dislikes, they find themselves in nearly complete and quite hopeless disagreement.



WE offer our readers the above piece of moralizing as an excuse for making use of the newspaper reports of the Bishop of Newport's jubilee celebrations, instead of composing them or re-writing them ourselves. We hope they will see the logic

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of it better than we ourselves do at the present moment. We began the first paragraph with an idea, as we thought, clear in our minds, but it had nearly faded out by the time we got to the end of the second. Reading the passage over again, we find ourselves forced to ask the reader to think of us as, like Li Hung Chang and Tong-le, only able to view the proceedings through Celestial spectacles, and, therefore, incapable of writing of them without prejudice. The fact is we were present at one only of the festal meetings—the Ampleforth Society dinner at Liverpool. We know, therefore, that that was by far the noblest gathering of the sons of Alma Mater and of Bishop Hedley's friends; we were there ourselves. We know, also, that the other celebrations could not have been so important, since they had not the privilege of our company. We were bound, therefore, to have given dissatisfaction to such of our readers who were neither Northerners nor Liverpoolians, if we had allowed our Celestial imagination and fountain pen to have it all their own way, and had written the history of the Golden Jubilee from our particular point of view. Is not this reason enough? We could, perhaps, find a more exquisite reason still, but we dare not try the patience of our readers any further.



FIRST of the celebrations was that at the pro-Cathedral, Belmont, "at which," the *Tablet* correspondent writes, "the more personal side of Bishop Hedley's Jubilee was celebrated." It took place on Wednesday, September 4. Bishop Hedley sang Pontifical Mass, and the Bishop of Clifton preached a beautiful sermon, which we hope may some day be published. After the Mass the following address was read by Prior Fowler in the Sanctuary:

To the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Lord Bishop of Newport, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. Most Rev. Lord and Father in Christ:

The event of your lordship's Sacerdotal Jubilee gives us occasion to approach you in order to express our congratulations and our sense of all you are to us, and have done for us. For well nigh fifty years you have been connected with the diocese of Newport and with this Monas-

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tery, and for more than thirty-one years you have ruled as the Ordinary of the Diocese.

The public diocesan celebration of your sacred ordination to the priesthood is to be held later, and in another place; but here, in your pro-Cathedral Church, the Chapter of your diocese, associating with itself the community of this Cathedral Monastery, wishes to offer to your lordship a testimony of veneration and affectionate attachment. Many who have held place in this church and house are no more; many are labouring in the Divine field elsewhere. All these, we are sure, join in spirit with us in our testimony, as so many of them, with us, have experienced your fatherly care.

It is a privilege not given to many to stand at the altar of God during fifty years of the sacred ministry of the priesthood. Such an event is therefore deserving of special commemoration, as a thanksgiving to Almighty God, as a subject of true rejoicing to all, and a happy reminder how great and salutary a call God has given to us.

You, my lord, have been to us an example and an incentive to fidelity and zeal in the Divine service; though we recognize the truth of what you will say in your heart: "This has been the gift of God."

We owe you, therefore, a debt of gratitude. We have to-day offered our Sacrifices and our Communions for you, both in thanksgiving and petition. We thank God for all His graces and gifts to you. We beseech His mercy for whatever in you has fallen short of His will. This further: we pray that the years yet before you may be guided by the Holy Spirit, so that you may still, by voice and pen and good example, achieve much for the Divine glory; and that when God calls you your name may be found on the roll of faithful pastors, and you may receive from the Prince of Pastors the never-fading crown of glory.

There were present, besides the Prior and Community, the Archbishop of Birmingham, the Bishop of Clifton, Abbot Gasquet and nearly thirty others, Canons of the diocese, priests and personal friends.



ON October 1, at a meeting of the Hierarchy held at Archbishop's House, Westminster, "after the formal business of the morning"—we quote from the *Tablet*—"their lordships took advantage of the occasion to recognize the jubilee of Bishop Hedley, of Newport, by the presentation of an illuminated address. Those present at the luncheon at which the presentation took place included all the titular Archbishops

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and Bishops resident in England." The text of the address was: "May it please your lordship,—We, your brethren in the Episcopate of England and Wales, desire to offer to you our most affectionate and heartfelt congratulations on the approaching fiftieth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood. No less than thirty-nine of those fifty years have been crowned by the fullness of the sacerdotal office; and throughout, your life has been an example and an encouragement to all your brethren. On many a great and memorable occasion you have been the chosen spokesman of a united Hierarchy. To our common counsels you have never failed to give the wise guidance of your learning and experience. In your writings you have set forth the teachings of the Catholic Church in a manner which, for generations to come, will be the enlightenment of all our flocks. To each one of us you have been a true, a faithful, and a trusted friend. We rejoice, then, with you in the gladness and thanksgiving of the coming day of anniversary; and in the Holy Sacrifice which each one of us promises to offer for your Lordship on or about the actual day of jubilee, we will with a united heart beg the Prince of Pastors to fill you with every choicest gift, and to spare you to your brethren and to the Church in England for many long years to come. We beg your lordship to accept this tribute of our reverent and grateful love, and to regard it as some token of the close and intimate ties that attach us to your person. We are your lordship's devoted brothers in Jesus Christ."



THE Sunday following (October 6), Cardinal Bourne made an official visit to South Wales, in very direct connexion with Bishop Hedley's Jubilee. The *South Wales Daily News* has the following graphic description of what took place:

"A personal letter from the Pope is always a notable circumstance in British Catholic circles; and the reading of a communication from the Pontiff was the chief feature of a gathering of the Faithful in the Park Hall, Cardiff, yesterday afternoon—Rosary Sunday. The assemblage had a two-fold object. Bishop Hedley said it was intended as a demonstra-

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tion of welcome to Cardinal Bourne on this his first visit to Wales since receiving the Red Hat, while his Eminence protested that the primary purpose of the meeting was to publicly felicitate Dr Hedley upon his sacerdotal jubilee.

"The fact was—as was subsequently explained—the Cardinal has to proceed to Rome in the next few days, and was thus unable to take part in the diocesan jubilee rejoicings a week hence, nor in those at Ampleforth College on the actual day of jubilee.

"‘And so I have the joy,’ as the Cardinal put it in his speech, ‘of being able to take part in the rejoicings at this event by coming among you on the pretext of my receiving a public welcome.’ And both Cardinal and audience laughed in enjoyment of the innocent subterfuge.

"The message from the Pope came as an obviously genuine surprise, even to the promoters of the meeting. A subdued murmur of sensation passed through the hall when Cardinal Bourne spoke these words to Bishop Hedley:

DRAMATIC INCIDENT

You said a moment ago that my presence here brought you, in a certain sense, in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. Will you let me tell you that our Holy Father is pleased to make his own voice heard in our midst?

"The moment was dramatic. There was tense silence for a few seconds, and then a storm of applause broke out.

"The precious document was, of course, couched in Latin, which, read by the silver-tongued Bishop of Clifton (Dr Burton) with fine elocutionary clearness, produced a powerful impression upon an audience two-thirds of whom, probably, could follow its drift.

"Meanwhile, the entire assemblage was standing, and remained standing while Bishop Burton read a translation of this Papal message. It began with the greeting: "Venerable Brother—Health and the Blessing Apostolic," and went on to say:

Know with what pleasure we have received the news that you are soon to keep the fiftieth anniversary of your priesthood, and that there

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will share in your holy joy not only your Benedictine brethren, but all the English Bishops, and the vast majority of the Catholics of England.

Such a display of combined goodwill undoubtedly proves that your praise has mounted high, and has so impressed the minds of all, that of you and your worth all have conceived but one conspicuous opinion. And that opinion is well-grounded; since we are well aware how the writings you have published excel alike for their matter and for the grace of their polished diction, and we know full well how your pursuit of religious perfection, your weightiness in deliberation, and your solicitude in the pastoral office, have won for you, and still win for you, the garland of a flourishing renown.

We, therefore, concurring with this general opinion of you, and moved with fatherly love, are fain to share in your joy, Venerable Brother, and in the joy of all them that with you rejoice, and we congratulate both you and them on the affection that links you together.

Furthermore, we wish to enhance this present mark of our loving regard for you by the gift of a chalice, to be used in Mass, which we take pleasure in sending you, together with our Blessing Apostolic. This Blessing, Venerable Brother, as a gage of heaven's gifts, we very affectionately in the Lord bestow both upon you yourself and upon the clergy and people of your diocese.

Given at St Peter's, Rome, the 12th day of September, in the year 1912, the 10th of our Pontificate.

PIUS THE TENTH, POPE.

"The Pope's letter was received with great cheering, which was renewed when Monsignor Reilly, the Vicar-General of the diocese, produced the chalice of gold, beautiful in design and rich in arabesque tracery, and handed it to Bishop Hedley.

"The Bishop of Newport was visibly touched, and told the audience, at a later stage, that the Pope's letter and gift had taken him completely by surprise. He further confessed that he had never seen the Holy Father, but if he was spared, and was able to bear the journey, he should go to Rome at the end of this autumn, when he hoped to have the high honour of being personally received by Pope Pius X.

"The 'incident' of the Papal message did not quite end here. The Rev. Father Duggan, who is of the same Order as Bishop Hedley—the Order of Benedictines—and has acted as co-secretary with Mr J. Keane of the Cardinal's reception committee, suggested that a telegram of thanks

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be sent to the Pope, as well as an expression of their unswerving loyalty to the Faith and the person of the Pontiff. The happy thought met with instantaneous endorsement, and his Eminence undertook, at Father Duggan's further suggestion, to phrase the telegraphic message to the Pope.

"On Sunday morning Pontifical High Mass was said at St Peter's Church before a large congregation of worshippers, in the presence of the Cardinal, the celebrant being Bishop Hedley. The Cardinal entered by the west door, which is only opened on special occasions, wearing his red biretta and vestments, and a long train borne by six attendants. As his Eminence proceeded up the aisle the beautiful 'Ecce Sacerdos' was sung. Throughout the solemn ceremonial the singing was most devout and impressive. The music of the Mass was Father Turner's 'Mass of the Good Shepherd,' the offertories being Elgar's 'Ave Verum' and Gounod's 'Ave Maria.' Bishop Hedley sang the Mass, attended by the Right Rev. Prior Fowler, O.S.B., as assistant priest. The deacons of the Mass were Father Hickey (Newport) and Father Hughes (Wadhurst); deacons at the throne, the Rev. Alphonsus van den Heuvel and the Rev. M. E. Duggan, O.S.B. (Canton); in the sanctuary, the Right Rev. George Ambrose Burton, D.D. (Bishop of Clifton), the Very Rev. A. Emery (Provincial of the Order of Charity), the Right Rev. Mons. O'Reilly (Vicar-General), the Right Rev. Mons. Jackman, D.D. (Cardinal's secretary), the Rev. John Hayde, the Rev. Michael Fennell (rector of St Peter's), Father Harrington (Upton, co. Cork), the Very Rev. Canon Crow, O.S.B. (Merthyr), the Rev. T. Nunan, the Rev. Father Mason, the Rev. J. O'Connor, and the Rev. George Elson.

"The sermon was preached by the Cardinal, who took Hebrews v, 1, as his text. The priesthood, said his Eminence, held a place apart in the eyes of every one who accepted the teaching of the Saviour, and they claimed from their fellow-creatures a special reverence and respect. The purpose of God was to unite mankind once more to their Maker, and that purpose would be fulfilled if the object of the priesthood be accomplished. They were gathered together that day to give praise to God for a priestly life of noble fulfilment during

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fifty years, the life of one who, called in earliest manhood to the service of the altar, had for nearly forty years been one of the chief shepherds of God's flock in this country."



MANY of our readers will, doubtless, be glad to have the Pope's letter to Bishop Hedley in the original Latin:

Venerabili Fratri
Cuthberto Episcopo Neoportensi
Pius PP. X
Venerabilis Frater,
Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

Te propediem celebraturum annum sacerdotii quinquagesimum, et sanctae laetitiae socios non Benedictinos tantum habiturum sodales, sed et omnes Angliae Antistites, ac prope universos Angliae Catholicos, jueundè Nos scito accepisse.

Tanta enim voluntatum significatio haud dubie ostendit in excelso loco sitam esse laudem tuam, eamque ita omnes percellere, ut omnium egregium sit de te, de tua virtute iudicium.

Rectum quidem iudicium; cùm, et rebus, et perpolitae orationis elegantia praeclara, edita a te scripta rectè noverimus, cumque probè compertum habeamus quo monasticae perfectionis studio, quâ consilii gravitate, quâ pastoralis florueris ac floreas sollicitudine.

Quare non absimili Nos opinione, paternaque affecti caritate, tuum, Venerabilis Frater, omniumque tecum laetantium gaudium libenter communicamus, ac de mutuo studio gratulamur utrisque.

Benevolae caritatis Nostrae testimonium addat volumus etiam calix sacrificialis, quem libet ad te dono mittere, una cum Apostolicâ Benedictione; quam, caelestium auspicem donorum, tibi, Venerabilis Frater, dioecesis tuae Clero populoque peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum, die 12 Septembris, 1912, Pontificatus Nostri anno decimo.

PIUS PP. X.



MORE than a week later, on Tuesday, October 15, Pontifical Mass was sung at St David's Church, Cardiff, and after luncheon at the Park Hotel, there was a presentation of an address and a cheque for 2,000 guineas. Colonel Vaughan was in the chair, supported by the Lord Mayor of Cardiff

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and a representative gathering of clergy and laity from all parts of the diocese. The address was read by Mr le Brasseur, and at its conclusion the Chairman handed the address and cheque to his lordship. "We beg you," said Colonel Vaughan, "to accept this address, accompanied with a cheque for 2,000 guineas, as a genuine expression of our feelings. It represents the grateful tribute of a very considerable number of friends and admirers, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but also in more distant parts of the world." The Bishop's thanks we give in the words of the *Tablet* correspondent. "He said he found himself in the position of one who received praise and reward without merits that he was aware of. 'I do not agree,' he proceeded, 'with the expressions that have been used to me in this address and by my friends. No man at my age, who has been fifty years in the priesthood, to say nothing of the seventy-five years of life, can be under many illusions as to merit and to achievement. The rough facts of life teach us differently—the many failures and sometimes the plain speech that one's friends indulge in leave no illusions. Therefore you will allow me to say—and I say it without affectation—that I consider I have been treated far beyond my merits.' At the same time, he continued, their gifts showed him that he had many friends. Looking back over the fifty years, one's demerits and imperfections were apt to be allowed to rest, and they seemed to grow more friendly to one who had lived a long time. His lordship then thanked the clergy for so many years of help, esteem and affection. 'I have felt,' he said, 'that I have been not merely respected officially, but the subject of a considerable amount of affection from the clergy.' Next he spoke of the work of the religious women of the diocese, remarking how the religious sisterhoods helped in matters educational, social and charitable. The laity generally would give him credit for having tried to sympathize with them in every good cause and aspiration. 'I have tried to render service to the utmost of my power,' he added, 'and I have always tried to keep a united flock.' Referring to his non-Catholic friends, he said he had come to see how many kindly people there were, how many hearts were affectionately disposed towards him. 'I do not know

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what to say about your magnificent gifts,' he said in conclusion. 'They convey to me, not in words, but in hard facts, how many friends I have. Perhaps it won't be wasted, and it may help an old man to limp through life a little more easily.' "



FROM the *Tablet* of October 26 we take the following admirable account of the Ampleforth festivities on the preceding Sunday, October 20: "The enthusiastic demonstration of affectionate loyalty towards the Bishop of Newport on the happy occasion of the jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, from his clergy and people at Cardiff, has been followed by a celebration at his lordship's old college. It was at Ampleforth that he was educated, and it was there, in St Lawrence's Church, that on October 19, fifty years ago, he was ordained priest. It was therefore but natural that his monastic brethren should welcome him at such a time to the old home on the Yorkshire hills, which has always held so large a place in his heart. On Saturday morning the venerable Bishop celebrated the Conventual Mass. In the afternoon the guests who had been invited to take part in the solemn celebration of the jubilee began to arrive at the Abbey. Among those who accepted the Abbot's invitation were the Archbishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Newport, the Bishop of Nottingham, the Bishop of Menevia, Bishops Fenton and Butt, Mgr Brown (President of Ushaw), Mgr Croft, Mgr O'Reilly, Prior Cummins, Father Bodkin, S.J. (rector of Stonyhurst), Dom Ildephonsus Brown (co-jubilarian with Bishop Hedley), Dom Wilfrid Corney (Procurator in Curia of English Benedictines), Dom Gregory Murphy, Dom Paulinus Wilson, Dom Placid Whittle, Canon Billington, Canon Aspinwall (representing the Cathedral Prior of Belmont), Dom Wilfrid Darby, Dom Anselm Turner, Mr Wilfrid Ward, Mr Leonard Lindsay, Lord Alfred Douglas, Mr James Britten, Mr J. Turnbull, Mr Francis Heywood, Mr R. Worsley Worswick, Mr Alfred Williams, Mr G. C. Chamberlain, Mr J. Fishwick, Mr J. Tucker, Mr J. Ryan, Mr J. Raby, Mr J. McElligott, Mr J. Kelly, Mr Burge, Mr C. Forster,

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Captain Riddle, Mr Matthew Liddell, Major Long, Mr Fairfax Cholmeley.

THE JUBILEE MASS

“On Sunday morning, Pontifical High Mass was sung by Bishop Hedley. As the Bishop entered the church the choir sang Witt’s ‘Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.’ The Mass was Singenberger’s ‘Missa in honorem Purissimi Cordis B.M.V.,’ the proper being taken from the Vatican Gradual. The Right Rev. Prior Cummins was the preacher.

“Taking as his text the words of the Psalm, ‘Going they went and wept, casting their seeds, but they shall come back with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves,’ the preacher spoke eloquently of Bishop Hedley’s years of pastoral labour. Fifty years ago he had, as a young monk, received priestly ordination on the steps of that sanctuary, and next morning sang at that altar his first Mass. But he had soon to go forth from his monastic retreat to take up other work, to sow the seed in wider fields. First he worked at the new cathedral monastery of Belmont. Within a very few years, barely eleven, the fullness of priesthood came upon him with episcopal consecration, and the field of his labour was widened yet more. He did not need to tell them of the diligence and untiring zeal with which the Bishop had worked in that field, nor of the divine blessing and success with which his work had been crowned. With the sweat of his brow and of his brain he toiled manfully for the Lord—with spoken word and written word, with priestly sacrifice and episcopal oversight, in synod and sermon, in conference, confessional and retreat, in literary essays and at the editorial desk. And now, in the eventide of life, he came back to his old home, with his brethren’s exultation, if not his own, bearing sheaves upon his shoulders, sheaves of golden grain gathered from the wider fields than the limits of his own diocese, sheaves of the abundant harvest with which the Lord had blessed his priestly labours. To-day he laid these fruits of his long life on the altar to which he had gone up in the glad days of youth. Continuing, the preacher said that it was their privilege to assist at this sacerdotal jubilee, not merely to praise

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the Bishop or to congratulate him on many years spent in our Lord's service, but rather to help him to thank the great High Priest, from whose fruitful sacrifice came the increase of the priestly harvest of his life. Enlarging, then, on the priesthood and the one sacrifice of the Catholic Church, he spoke of the dignity and ineffable nature of the charge committed to weak men. He dwelt on the necessity of long and careful preparation, of the many sacrifices that the Church must needs require from the aspirant to the priestly office. To-day's celebration was a recognition of the principles of which he had spoken. Bishop Hedley was an example to them of careful preparation, of diligent, assiduous performance. And now they were gathered together to assert their belief in the Catholic tradition.

"For Bishop Hedley, now, the day's heat was past, the strife and struggle almost over; in the serene light of a calm vespertide, homeward the tired labourer was plodding his way, supported by the reverent affection of brethren and disciples, and with the light already dawning of a day that would know no setting. There had already been recognition of this anniversary. The venerable Chapter and the community of his own Cathedral had offered early congratulations. His brother Bishops, through the Cardinal Archbishop, had voiced the admiration and love of the English Hierarchy. The Holy Father had written with his own hand, sending a golden chalice for the golden jubilee. And in the gifts and prayers of the Bishop's own flock many had joined from wherever the English tongue was spoken. Not the least touching of those celebrations was that which was taking place that day at Ampleforth; for the beloved Bishop, the Father of the English Hierarchy, was also a member of that community, and was come back to his early home to sing the Mass of Jubilee on the altar where he first celebrated. They should then, on that day, thank God for all His mercies. He would end in the prayer of the Holy Scripture: 'May the Lord send thee help from the sanctuary and defend thee out of Sion; may He be mindful of thy sacrifices; may He give thee thy heart's desires; may He confirm thy counsels and fulfil all thy petitions.'"

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After the Mass, the jubilee address from the Abbot and Community of the Abbey was read by the Abbot and presented to his lordship. It was in the following terms:

ILLUSTRISIME ET REVERENDISIME DOMINE,—

Legem illam jubilai secutus, quam olim apud populum Hebraicum latam accepimus, jam ad possessionem tuam reversus es, ad familiam redisti pristinam. Abhinc permultos annos ex hac familia et domo egressus, quod nobis damnum quam maximum erat, id in totius Ecclesiae Christi lucrum convertisti. Quinquagesimus jam annus est cum sacerdotii onus sacrum sustinuisti, multa sacerdos, pontifex plura assecutus. Quae enim optime pastoris sint munera, omnibus strenue, studiose, assidue es functus. Quinquaginta jam annos omnipotenti Deo hostiam sacram obtulisti, Dominum pro populo precatus, ipsum populum exemplo, sermone disserto, semper docuisti. Qui re vera magister in Israel es appellandus, et, si verbis sacris uti licet, lucerna illa lucens et ardens fuisti et nos volumus ad horam in luce tua exsultare. Non desinisti, neque nunc desinis, illis tuis libris scientia et pietate refertis, Civitatem Dei aedificare, illustrare, ornare. Quare tibi jure hoc anno gratias meritas rependunt clerus populusque noster; at nobis, familiae tuae, nobis maxime licet in hac tua sollemnitate tibi gratulari, simulque in nos ipsos quasi radium splendoris tui deflectere. Cum enim tanti pastoris jubilaum celebramus, et nos, concives tui, gloriae hujus et laudis aliquo modo participes fieri videmur. Gaudere igitur et laetari libet, neque id modo, sed et nobis et tibi aliquid optare. Praestet tibi, Deus vitae diuturnitatem, nobis et Ecclesiae suae te concedat. Adhuc enim populo tuo es necessarius. Ne, quaesumus, recusaveris annos etiam multos excipere, labores multos sustinere.

(TRANSLATION)

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND REVEREND LORD,—

It was a law given of old to the chosen people that in the year of jubilee a man should return to his possession and to his family. That law you have observed. It is now very many years since you left this house and community; you left it to our great loss, but to the great gain of the Church of Christ. For fifty years now you have borne the sacred burden of the priesthood. Many things you accomplished as a simple priest; as a Bishop you accomplished yet more. You have fulfilled every duty of the pastoral office with energy, zeal and assiduity. For fifty years you have offered the Holy Sacrifice and besought the Lord for His people, and that people you have ever taught by your noble example and eloquent

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words. You have never ceased, nor do you now cease, to build up, enlighten and adorn the City of God by your writings, writings at once learned and pious. Truly may you be called a "master in Israel," and, if we may again use the sacred word, you have been "a burning and a shining light, and in your light awhile we have been content to rejoice." It is right, therefore, that this year our clergy and people should pay you a debt of gratitude well earned; but we, your brethren, we above all may be permitted to offer you our congratulations, and at the same time to win for ourselves some part of your great glory. For while we celebrate this jubilee of a great pastor, we, your brethren, seem in some measure to share in that praise and honour. Therefore are we fain to rejoice and be glad, and not that alone, but to ask some favour for you and for ourselves. May God give you length of days, may He grant you to us and to His Church. Still are you necessary to your people. Do not, we beg, refuse to undertake still many years, to endure yet greater labours.

The Bishop, in reply, spoke a few words of gratitude and of appeal. He thanked the Abbot and his religious brethren for all the deeds and the words that had been called forth by his jubilee. He thanked the preacher for the eloquent words that he had addressed to them that morning, words of deep truth and importance, when he spoke of the sacred dignity of the priesthood, words too kind in what was said of himself. Indeed he found it hard to realize that here in this church, fifty years ago, he had been ordained to the sacred priesthood, and on that altar sung his first Mass. It was a long period of time. Many things had his life seen since then. But it was so. Here in these monastic walls he had been trained from earliest boyhood; here had he received the monastic vocation; here had he been ordained. There were no greater blessings in God's gift than these two—the monastic vocation and the priesthood—and he had received both. Little wonder that, when reflecting on such grace, it should seem incredible, it should be hard to realize. But there was something else which he realized, something which came home to him very near, and that was that for every year of those fifty, for every moment, he would have to give an account to God. This he knew, and the thought would fill him with fear, but for one thing. He had a cer-

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tain confidence; he had a trust. It was in the training that he had received here. Here was he taught as far as possible the surpassing dignity of the priesthood; here was he instructed to prepare himself for its great responsibilities. Of those who were ordained with him fifty years ago, one, he rejoiced to say, was present that day; two others were dead. Those two knew now the full meaning of the priesthood. We cannot know it, but as far as we can know it here below, it was imprinted in his heart and mind in the days of his monastic training; and this was his source of confidence. And another there was besides. For long years now he had not lived among his monastic brethren, but he knew that he was never absent from their prayers. He was sure that, when they prayed "*pro fratribus nostris absentibus*," he received the benefit of that prayer, and this gave him some hope and a feeling of trust. Again, then, he would thank all for their kindness. He would be forgiven if he said that, of all the congratulations that he received, of all the celebrations in his honour, there was none more dear to him, none he valued more, than this from his own brethren. But he had something to ask from them. They knew the account he had to give; they knew his need; they knew what he desired above all: it was their prayers. For those he would ask them; there was nothing they could give him that he valued more. No presentation, no words of praise, no address of congratulation, were more to him. Therefore he would ask them, as he asked always when such celebration was held in his honour, for their prayers before all else. Let them pray for him, now on this day, and until the end came, and after the end.

LUNCHEON AND SPEECHES

The guests then spent time in inspecting the grounds and the various buildings of school and monastery, and various photographs were taken of Bishop Hedley and the dignitaries present and of the guests. Luncheon was served in the ample Study Hall, which comfortably accommodated visitors and community and the boys of the school.

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The Abbot, who presided, proposed the toast of "The Pope and the King," and all responded with "Ad Multos Annos."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

The Archbishop of Liverpool then proposed the toast of the day, the health of Bishop Hedley. His Grace commenced by saying that the assembly would perhaps be grateful to him if his speech were as brief and apposite as Father Abbot's. But in consideration of that great occasion they would bear with him if he were to expatiate a little. It seemed to him that some other than he should have been chosen to propose the toast of "Bishop Hedley." He had, he confessed, some little hesitation: he was not himself a son of Ampleforth, and this was the occasion when it was especially fitting that one of the Bishop's own brethren should be the spokesman. And yet he had some consolation. Bishop Hedley did not belong to Ampleforth alone; he belonged to his diocese, he belonged to the Church in England; he belonged to the Universal Church. He had, like so many of the monks of old, gone forth from his monastery into the troubled outer world to evangelize and Christianize it. He belonged, therefore, to his diocese, to the English Hierarchy, and that in three ways, if he might so express it, doctrinally, liturgically, hymnodically. For in all these spheres he had done a great work, and done it well. He was, lastly, the possession of the English-speaking world. If we looked through the hierarchy of the world it would be hard to find in all that hierarchy one who stood forth as he, one who was, as he was, the model of what a bishop should be, "*forma factus gregis ex animo*." He had himself in his "*Lex Levitarum*" spoken to them and instructed them on the duties of the pastoral office; he had himself fulfilled that teaching and that instruction. Again, in his pastoral letters, in those Letters from a Bishop to his flock which all knew so well, he had given them a high appreciation of the office of the true pastor. But he need not speak of his writings; they were known to all. His eloquent English was a possession of the Church. With it he wielded an influence and a power that

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was strong wherever the English language was spoken. So he was not merely a son of Ampleforth, he belonged to the world.

Of these facts his diocese had already shown its appreciation. It had presented him with an eloquent address, and it had also written its congratulation and gratitude, if he might so phrase it, in letters of gold; but he knew no one who could make better use of a present of 2,000 guineas than Bishop Hedley. There was something else he must say. He must, in the name of the Bishops of England, express gratitude to Bishop Hedley for his writings and his counsel. They could always rely on him to express their feelings, their joy or their sorrow. They all owed him much for many acts of friendship and kindness.

Mr Wilfrid Ward also spoke to the toast of Bishop Hedley. He could claim, he said, to have known Bishop Hedley for a considerable time. He was not, indeed, among those who knew him from his earliest years, but he was in the second rank. He first met his lordship in 1868, forty-four years ago, and four years after that his lordship stayed with his father in the Isle of Wight. On that occasion he had, though only a boy, come to know him intimately, not only in his priestly character, but also in social ways. The Bishop delighted them with his musical powers. It was perhaps a frivolous recollection, but it was none the less a real and human one. From that day he was proud to say he had been an intimate friend.

Bishop Hedley, on rising to reply, was received with resounding enthusiasm. He wished, he said, to thank all very sincerely for all their kind words, and especially the last two speakers. He could say a great deal on some of the points raised by their speeches, but he was content to say that he agreed with them on the whole.

His first feeling that day was, he said, that he had come to his own house. He did not wish to compare school with school or monastery with monastery; but it was only natural that a man's predominant feeling should be an appreciation of all he owed to his own house. How much was not a man's life formed in those early years, by those first im-

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pressions. He was not going to give them the history of his life. He remembered, when he was young, how he had been bored by reverend seniors who made long speeches of reminiscence, so he would not inflict another such on his audience. But he could say much of those early and lasting impressions—the preparation for his first Communion, the Easter Retreat with the sermons of Maundy Thursday and the Blessed Sacrament, the procession and ceremonies of Corpus Christi, the first masses of the priests, their well-beloved masters, the Mass in the old chapel—all strong and formative influences. And it was such impressions as these that explained all that a man felt on returning, as he did, to his own school and monastery. He could say much more on that point, but he would refrain. He would only repeat what he said that morning, that there was as well in all such reflections a note of warning, reminding one that there was an account to be given. And he would ask them again, as he had then asked them, to give him that best of gifts, their prayers.

Continuing, his lordship said that he was deeply grateful to the Abbot and Community for their warm welcome, receiving him, as they always did, as one of themselves. It was peculiarly refreshing to the heart on such a day. He had, too, to thank the Archbishop of Liverpool for his kindness in coming to honour his jubilee, and at the same time to visit for the first time this portion of his province. He must say that he had been too kind, kind to exaggeration, in his remarks; but, though he might discount many things, he would not contradict anything. He must also thank the other Bishops who had so honoured him. It used to be said that the bishops and the regular orders were not great friends, that the bishops were fond of smiting the Philistines, the people of Gath and Ascalon; but there, on that day, they were united in perfect friendship and amity. And he had to thank many others who had taken this opportunity to congratulate him—his brother clergy, the secular clergy who had through life been ever his great friends, and the laymen with whom he had been so long associated in various work. He would like to mention the names of all present, but that was impossible.

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He would like, too, to thank the boys for their enthusiastic reception of his toast. They carried him back in thought to his own boyhood. He hoped he had not bored them with tiresome reminiscence. He could tell them what a comfort it was to him to see them maintain the old traditions and ideals, through all changes of times and methods. To them and to all who were present he would express his conviction that it was the Catholic spirit and atmosphere that were essential. They could not, he firmly believed, have true Catholic education without the influence of the Catholic priesthood; that was a primary fundamental thought; that was the principle which inspired all their Catholic colleges, and there at Ampleforth that principle was perfectly fulfilled. The school was taught almost exclusively by priests and monks. There were ten priests who had won degrees at the University of Oxford, in the Hall which Ampleforth had established there. This was a state of things that gave him unqualified pleasure when he returned to his Alma Mater.

But he would conclude, and it would be again with the request he had made before—for their prayers. These, he asked from all, down to the youngest boy there present. He asked them, as he had asked them in the morning, to remember him *unto* the end, and *after* the end.



WE are not able to commend to our readers as adequate, in any sense of the word, the newspaper report of the Liverpool Reunion of the Ampleforth Society, at the Exchange Hotel, on November 12, when Bishop Hedley was entertained as the guest of the evening. It is a mere outline of the proceedings. An impressionist sketch would have been much more interesting and valuable, if, as seems to have been the case, the reporters were unable to give us a reasonably full and detailed account of what was said and done. Still, we have no choice but to put it before our readers.

From the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*:

The largest company of Roman Catholic dignitaries seen in Liverpool for some time assembled last evening in the Exchange Station Hotel, on the occasion of the Amplefordian reunion dinner, with which was

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identified the celebration of the golden jubilee of Bishop Hedley, O.S.B. His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool (Dr Whiteside) presided, and he was supported by Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., and the Bishops of Shrewsbury, Menevia, and Leeds, and the Right Rev. Abbots of Douai and Ampleforth, the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly, V.G. (Newport), the Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart. (Prior of Fort Augustus), the Very Rev. Canons Billington and Gordon and the Very Rev. Father Parry, S.J. (Rector of St Francis Xavier's, Liverpool).

In proposing the toast of "The Pope and the King," Archbishop Whiteside said that obedience was ingrained into Catholics, whether it was to State or Church. The present occupant of the Papal See found special favour because of his kindliness, his loveliness, and his hospitableness to all. The King was a model of all public and domestic virtues.

Rising later to propose the toast of Dr Hedley (Bishop of Newport), the Archbishop said they were gathered together in a most suitable centre, for Liverpool was, indeed, the centre of Catholic Lancashire. Bishop Hedley might owe much to Ampleforth, but he was sure that no less Ampleforth owed much to the Bishop. To-day Ampleforth was one of the first educational institutions in the country, and this was largely due to Dr Hedley.

A presentation was then made to the Bishop by the Abbot of Ampleforth (Abbot Smith, O.S.B.), on behalf of the Society, of a handsome pectoral cross.

Replying to the toast, Bishop Hedley said he would not have considered his jubilee complete if he had not been present at the reunion of the Ampleforth Society. He went to Ampleforth College in 1848, and since that time it had done much for the formation of the clergy, which had made Lancashire the right wing of the Catholic Church in this country. There was no society like the Ampleforth Society; but, although dinners, games, social evenings, and these amusements were all right, he would like to go one step further and have literary, religious, and other intellectual organizations in connexion with the Society, which would do credit to the old school. There should be intellectual intercourse among the old students. Also let men not go in for hardnesses, cynicism, or despair, but go for the very best in everything. A great deal of time was wasted among young men to-day in frivolity, and this would not be so if they only lived up to the traditions of their childhood, and with Ampleforth men this would be especially so.

Mr J. P. Smith, J.P., in proposing the toast of "His Grace the Archbishop," said that he was a great leader, and if in the future—as on the education question in the past—fighting had to be done, he was sure the Archbishop would lead them as before with no uncertain attitude.

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Replying, the Archbishop said that on every hand he saw Amplefordians doing great work. However obscure a parish they were always willing to help in the performance of their duties.

Canon Billington added his tribute to Bishop Hedley in proposing the toast "Alma Mater," describing the Bishop as the most famous of Ampleforth's distinguished sons.

The Abbot of Ampleforth, in replying, said that during the time the Bishop was at Ampleforth a school of thought was moulded which had influenced the college ever since. It was a school of literature and art, and it was from the Bishop that the best in these things came. He had, therefore, to thank the Bishop for the spirit of the arts which he had infused into the college.

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by the Rev. J. W. Darby, O.S.B., and responded to by the Bishop of Leeds, Abbot Taylor (Abbot of Douai), Very Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart., Bishop Mostyn (Bishop of Menevia), Bishop Singleton (Bishop of Shrewsbury), and the Rev. Father Cox (Rector of St Mary's, Highfield Street).



WE rather like the general description of us as "the largest company of Roman Catholic dignitaries seen in Liverpool for some time"—the writer can hardly have meant this to refer only to the dozen names of guests he has put on record—and we may mention that there were about one hundred and forty of us altogether. We also like the heading, "Sons of Ampleforth" (in large capitals) beneath which the report appeared, and the phrase, "a true family gathering," which was the editorial description of the meeting. Indeed we have no fault to find with the report except that it quite fails to convey to the reader the distinction of the reunion—not in numbers merely, but in tone and quality. We have no hesitation in saying that the speeches were more than interesting and pleasurable as an after-dinner entertainment, they were important enough to have deserved a word for word report and record in the JOURNAL. In each one there was something said which all Laurentians would have been glad and proud to read. His Grace, the Archbishop's appreciation of the Ampleforth laymen in his diocese; Bishop Hedley's kindly reference to the JOURNAL—he has always been its best friend—when he so warmly commended its interests to the care of all Laurentians;

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Father Abbot's handsome tribute to the late Abbot Hickey as one who helped to create a refined, artistic and literary spirit at Ampleforth; Canon Billington's eloquent compliment to the Brother Cuthbert of 1862 and his "Ode to Alma Mater"; Father Wilfrid Darby's pleasant and graceful chaff of "Our Guests" and their equally pleasant replies—these are matters we should have liked to put on record and hand down to posterity. But without shorthand notes to jog the memory it would be vain to attempt the task of setting them down accurately on paper. All that we can do now is to thank Mr Fishwick and his committee for a delightful and memorable entertainment.



MAY we also, in the name of the sixty guests who were assembled at his table—all of them prelates or priests and most of them monks—thank Father Wilfrid and the priests of St Anne's for the generous hospitality and welcome we received on the following day, the Feast of All Monks? Abbot Smith pontificated in the morning, and Bishops Hedley and Mostyn were present in the sanctuary; Prior Cummins preached, and a choir of about forty Benedictines sang the old Mechlin Gregorian Mass with great spirit. It was pleasant to listen to—so pleasant that we can well imagine a day when, after the new chant has lost the charm of novelty and become stale with repetition, it will find itself in vogue again. We may say of the midday entertainment, that we never sat at table with a pleasanter company, or partook of a great dinner more excellently prepared and served, or listened to after-dinner speeches better worth hearing. This may sound loud praise, but it is the truth.



WE have still to record the Ampleforth London dinner, at the Trocadero, on November 26. Father Abbot was in the chair, and we are glad to learn from the programme that the health of the Bishop of Newport was proposed by Mr A. de Normanville, an old friend whom we would welcome as a leader amongst us. Mr J. M. Tucker proposed the toast of Alma Mater, and it is to his energy and thoughtfulness the success and pleasure of the evening is due. About forty sat down to table.

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The Downside dinner, which took place two days afterwards, was also arranged to do honour to the Bishop of Newport as chief guest. There were sixty present. But we must leave our readers to learn particulars of this meeting from the report which will appear in the *Downside Review*.



THE death of Andrew Lang last July was a serious loss to the literary world, where his independence and freshness of thought, his accuracy, his impartiality and his keen, wide interests, were ever appreciated. We venture now to publish a characteristic note written by him on an article which appeared in our own pages December, 1909 ("The Execution of Darnley"), bearing on a subject on which he was a recognized authority. What Andrew Lang did not know about Mary Queen of Scots was not worth knowing, and he was the only critic to throw any light on the problem propounded by our contributor.



Alleyne House,
St Andrews, Scotland,
November 28.

Dear Sir,—The ideas of your paper (p. 4) were advanced publicly by the Confessor of Philip II of Spain, but were promptly suppressed by the Spanish Inquisition of the period.

I am on the side of the Holy Office.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

A. LANG.

This interesting note shows the theories of our contributor to have been held by Queen Mary's contemporaries, and perhaps advanced in her defence. An opinion "promptly suppressed by the Spanish Inquisition" was not necessarily false, though it might be highly inopportune. The ideas of our article were just such as to commend themselves to Philip II, whose confessor may have had to use them in directing the conscience of that remarkable man. But they were the kind of theories that, in the hands of an autocrat like Philip, would be extremely dangerous to the liberties and lives of his subjects! Small wonder that the Inquisition condemned them, and inci-

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dentially showed how the Holy Office could be a check upon the arbitrary authority of princes. But the principles may have been tenable in themselves, however easily misapplied, and however injurious when misapplied. If they were condemned they were being ventilated at the time, and there was danger of their being carried into practice. It was precisely the purport of our paper that they were likely to have been in Queen Mary's mind as an excuse, or a palliation, of her own severe dealings with Darnley.



HEARTY congratulations to Fr Clement Standish upon his sacerdotal silver jubilee. There were great doings on Sept. 19 in the Workington Schools. Many members of his congregation had been working hard for some months previously in order to be able to make him a generous gift. Their highest hopes were realized. A cheque for £150 was given him in the presence of a large gathering of his people. He also received a beautiful chalice from the members of his own family.



CONGRATULATIONS also to Fr Roulin, who celebrated his silver jubilee on Thursday, August 1, when the congregation at Filey presented him with a purse of gold (£50). We are sorry to hear of the recent death of his mother, and ask our readers to remember her in their prayers. R.I.P.



To comply with the requirements of the education authorities it has been found necessary practically to reconstruct St Benedict's School in Orford Lane, and the culmination of the efforts of those connected with it was reached on Monday afternoon when the new building was opened by Councillor H. Roberts, the chairman of the Education Committee. The new premises, which were designed by Mr M. Honan, of Liverpool, and have been erected at a cost of £2,500, are an immense improvement on the old building, and bring the school up-to-date for the purposes of modern education. The building will accommodate about 600 scholars in the boys', girls' and infants' departments.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

The Summa Theologica of St Thomas Aquinas. Part I. Second Number.
Pp. 554. Washbourn, 6s. net.

THIS is a solid instalment of the Dominican translation of St Thomas. The whole volume is St Thomas, containing Quæstiones 27 to 74, and treating of the Trinity, the Creation, the Angels, and the work of the Six Days.

If only our young men, who have left Ampleforth would read this book! Just because it is not up-to-date, nor dealing with the latest views and questions, nor exactly what people are clamouring for. For people clamour for one thing, while they need another; they ask for surface detail, while they need to go down to the roots. Any one who has dealt with the people's reading knows that it is easy to form a library, but hard to form readers, easy to raise funds and buy books, but hard to get the books read unless they are superficial and topical and exciting. And the great need is men who believe and know from their own experience the value of reading solid books, who know that the study of trunk and branches best prepares for problems of arrangement of leaf and twig. But

“Dreadful truth is it that men
Forget the heavens from which they fell,”

and it is quite possible for those who have appreciated St Luke and Plato and Bacon to fall to Charles Garvice and Hæckel, and forget that they have fallen.

If a man means to keep up his intercourse with master minds, he cannot choose a better than St Thomas. It is true that this is only a translation, and that of a most difficult and technical original, and that the reader's mind will have to be alert and hard at work all the time, and that he may have to leave many a phrase unsolved if he has not the original at hand to give further light. All this labour would have to be given to the phraseology of a new science or a modern philosopher. But in St Thomas, when the meaning is reached, it is a solid addition to one's mental power. He clears and lays bare the roots to throw light on the one problem he has in hand, but to us this clearing up explains, and puts in their places, many other things that we have puzzled over. And his thoroughness is a most wholesome thing to be in contact with; both for our own imitation and for putting courage into our faith. Here, for instance, in the treatise of the angels we find a most thorough exposition of that mystery of space which De Quincy has trifled with over the hare and the tortoise—the mystery that prevents us from expressing motion in terms of rest, although they are both in space.

Notices of Books

Ampleforth boys have in many ways been centres of good influences after leaving school. In this also they might do good, in being men, who in their own practice and in their influence, realize our reading should be the highest that we are capable of; realize also that the tide sets the other way and must be resisted.

J. B. McL.

Introductory Philosophy. A Text-book for Colleges and High Schools. By CHARLES A. DUBRAY, S.M., Ph. D. Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.

ONE would like to be able to recommend this book unreservedly to those schools and students that require an English introductory text-book of Philosophy. As it is it may be recommended, but with very considerable reservations and cautions.

To write 600 pages of philosophy which shall be consistent and intelligible, the author should be either an original thinker, whose ideas will shape his treatment of every point, or else a deep student to whom fundamentals have become a second nature. Such students were the writers of the Stonyhurst series of philosophic manuals. Dr Dubray has compiled his volume, with infinite pains in the accumulating of details, but with no deep thinking out of the right place to be given to these details, and, in fact, with no clear view of the framework into which they are to be fitted. He accepts, formally, definitions, phraseology, and theorems which, from his treatment of any detail, you would suppose he wholly rejected; and indeed if they were part of the working equipment of his own mind they would force him to re-write that treatment.

Here is Dr Dubray's synopsis of his book:

I. The empirical study of the self—psychology.

1. Cognitive consciousness—knowledge.
2. Affective consciousness—feeling.
3. Conative or active consciousness—activity and will.

II. The normative sciences.

- 1 of the intellect—logic,
- 2 of expression of ideals to arouse certain feelings—æsthetics,
- 3 of will and action—ethics.

III. Epistemology, or the study of the relations of cognitive processes to real world; a transition to the following:

IV. Philosophical study—metaphysics.

- 1 of the world—cosmology,
- 2 of man—philosophy of mind,
- 3 of God—theodicy.

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The arrangement is a good one; good especially in beginning with psychology, or so much of psychology as will enable the student to identify the processes that go on in his mind. For both teachers and students have felt the difficulty of beginning according to the usual plan with logic. The student has been expected to study ideas before he has been taught to distinguish ideas from sensations and imaginations, with the result that he may lose months before he discovers what exactly is being talked about. Dr Dubray meets this difficulty by taking first the experimental knowledge of one's own mind, and leaving till the fourth book such questions as the substantiality and spirituality of the soul. Unfortunately, though his idea is good, and though he accepts the scholastic principles and theory of knowledge, his readers will not learn them from him. Rather they will think he does not hold them. And this because they are not part of the working outfit of his own mind. His habitual thoughts seem derived from modern non-Catholic psychologists; he has gathered their thoughts and strung them on a scholastic framework without making the individual thoughts conform to the system into which they are being fitted.

Take, for instance, his treatment of the imagination. The scholastic theory of knowledge, which he accepts, puts our knowledge on three planes—sense, imagination, intellect. While I am reading, a noise makes me look round; a moment's thought satisfies me that it was the parrot in the next room beginning to whistle a tune. That was certainly the tone of a parrot's whistle. And, yes, the tune was from "Carmen." Now I have learned all this by thinking, not of the actual sound—that had ceased before I had began to think at all—but of the image of it which remains with me. This power of picturing to ourselves a taste, a feeling, or a sound, is called by the Scholastics the imagination. The senses give rise to these images, the intellect thinks about them. If you watch what floats before your mind while you are falling asleep, you will find a stream of these images—scraps of tune, broken phrases, bits of roads and houses, faces—all the stuff that dreams are made of. Besides being connected with the senses below, and the intellect above, they are joined in their own level to the feelings, causing disgust, pleasure, shame. If a man mistakes these for his thought, he will become their slave, abdicating his reason and will; as happens in dreaming and day dreaming. The important thing is to learn to know thoughts from imaginations, and how reason can be master of the imagination. It may happen that you are asked to think of a tune, and for the moment no tune will suggest itself—your imagination does not sing one to you. But all the time you know quite well what a tune is—a sequence of notes that, once made familiar, seem to belong to each other more or

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less and to form a whole. That knowledge is the knowledge of the reason; a thought, an idea, a definition that fits every tune that was ever made. Again, when the mind is at work, it uses the imagination as its tool. This is quickly seen in the work of explaining. When you were day-dreaming, the words and sounds that floated before you were random and disconnected. Now you are going to tell some one that things are wrong and must be changed. You talk vehemently for five minutes, ten minutes. What is this stream of words that you have poured out to express your one thought? Every word is, of course, an image brought back by the imagination for your service; there is no more random wandering, but an incredibly rapid assembling of every sound that may suit your present thought. We experience the same thing in regard to a foreign tongue. Begin to work in a language which you have long laid aside; words and sounds flock back that have not occurred to you for years past. It is obvious that they are images, not thoughts, for many of them convey no meaning to your mind; but the imagination has brought them back, and there they are for the intellect to think about and study.

These are the two important things to be taught to the student—that imagination is not thought, but the servant of the intellectual thought, and that the intellect exercises its control and makes it habitual by the habit of work. Now the sad thing is that Dr Dubray recognizes all this in theory, but obscures it in his practical teaching. He uses the term idea and mental image to express indifferently the image and the thought. Half of his discussion of images and imagination is really concerned with thoughts and the intellect. "If there is only one idea in the mind,"—"the trend of conversation,"—"the conviction that a remedy (for seasickness) is beneficial,"—"for a scientist to think of all the possible causes of a phenomenon,"—"success depends largely on imagination and forethought, since it requires the idea of the end to be reached, and of the means to reach it,"—these are among his examples of the imagination. Everything that is ever called imagination is brought in; whether the image is in the intellect or in the "imagination" is never considered. And yet throughout Dr Dubray reminds us that he does know of the difference. "The higher forms of mental life, conception, judgement, and reasoning, are dependent on imagination, as will be shown later." "Some are inclined to identify understanding with imagining."

This weakness of ignoring his own principles and definitions runs through every portion of the book that we have examined. There is a corresponding want of depth and thought in his practical conclusions.

"4. In Moral Life, imagination may usurp the place of reason

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as the guide of human actions, but it may also be used to construe the means of doing good, and to form ideals and examples.

"5. In Religious Life, imagination helps to grasp the highest spiritual truths, and to express them by appropriate symbols. But it is also the source of errors, prejudices, and superstitions."

"To conclude: Keep the faculty of imagination alive, but apply it according to reason. Develop it, but control it and direct it, and do not be led by it in your judgements and actions."

One cannot help thinking that the book would be a good one if three-quarters of it were left out; for it seems to contain in its outline all that is wanted; and in its filling out so much that is mischievous.

J. B McL.

The Life of St Teresa. Taken from the French of *A Carmelite Nun.*

By ALICE, LADY LOVAT. With a preface by Mgr R. H. BENSON.
Herbert and Daniel. London, 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

It is sometimes charged against lives of the saints that they are offensively unctuous, or vague and childishly credulous. At other times—though less frequently—that the presentment is too severely critical. None of these charges can justly be made against the present work. It is not nebulous, it does not rejoice in the marvellous, nor could it be described as unctuous—unless the word be used to denote genuine devotional feeling. And, finally, it is not severely critical. The book is simply a full, clear and deeply interesting history of the Saint, yet one inspired by devotion. It would seem to be intended for readers who desire a careful narrative of the facts of the Saint's life, both interior and exterior, a narrative not burdened by much critical matter about sources, chronology, etc., or lengthy discussion of mystical fact and doctrine.

Any *Life of St Teresa* has to submit to a severe test; it naturally challenges comparison with the "Life" from her own pen. Nor can there be any doubt that no biography by another hand can equal in power and interest her own account of herself as told in the "Life" and the "Foundations." Yet a biography such as the present has a distinct use. It brings together in one connected story events told us by the Saint in different works, and it completes the whole; it can introduce extracts from her letters, supply details gathered by contemporary writers, and give a general setting to the story by affording the reader some knowledge of the times in which the Saint lived, and the influences amid which she worked. All this is done in the present work, and, on the whole, done well. The extracts from the Saint's own books and from her letters are many, and bring vividly before us her well-

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known and beautiful characteristics—the strong practical understanding, the playful wit, the deeply affectionate heart, the intense ardour of soul. How full of humour are such letters as those referred to on pages 308, 463 and 444. But we could easily cover much space, if we would notice the numerous instances of the “strength and sweetness” of this ardent soul. Let it suffice to say that the reader will find this biography rich in “personality,” and its index—though we discovered some minor discrepancies—a really full and useful one.

We may, perhaps, express a regret that the work is not a little more “critical.” A word or two of explanation or description of the “sources” would have been welcome. There is, too, a lamentable lack of references, a lack that we felt as rather a serious defect in the case of the very numerous quotations from the Saint’s writings. We should have liked, also, some simple chronological scheme, such as that given in various editions of the works. Fr Zimmerman’s Introduction to the new English edition of the “Life” is an excellent piece of work in this direction. And we may notice in passing that the dates of the Saint’s clothing and profession as given here are not in accord with the dates given by Fr Zimmerman.

Lady Lovat’s translation, or adaptation, is in clear and excellent English, and makes the reading of the book a pleasure. Mgr Benson’s Preface is an interesting and useful essay. He enforces chiefly two things: St Teresa’s intense and rigid faith, her adherence to Catholic doctrine and devotional practice, as a witness against “modernist” ideas of “high spiritual religion” independent of an historical revelation, and her “virile common-sense” as a remedy for unreality in the interior life of the soul.

Altogether we recommend the book very strongly. It is full of St Teresa’s own words. She speaks to us on every page. And it will surely compel its readers to go for themselves, if they have not yet done so, to the fountain head of this vivid kindling eloquence.

The Mass: A Study of the Roman Liturgy. By ADRIAN FORTESCUE.
Longmans, Green and Co.

THIS work is the latest volume of the Westminster Library, a series of manuals for priests and students. In reading it one felt that from first to last it was the work of a scholar who has made a thorough study of his subject. Scholars of equal calibre may dissent from some of Dr Fortescue’s views on the vexed questions of the original form of the Canon, the Epiklesis, and so on, though he states in his preface that while showing some preferences he makes “no pretence of supplying a new answer to any of these questions, or even of taking a side finally among theories already proposed.”

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Part I, pp. 1-213, deals with the History of the Mass, the origin of the Roman Rite, and the subsequent changes it has undergone. Part II, pp. 214-395, is entitled The Order of the Mass; it considers the Mass as we have it now, indicating the origin of each prayer as far as it is known, and showing how various ceremonies and rubrics have developed. The book is full of interest throughout, and we can only touch upon one or two matters.

One often hears the Sarum rite spoken of, especially by Anglicans, as if it were totally different from the Roman Mass, and were comparable with the Ambrosian and Mozarabic liturgies. The truth is that it was merely a local variety of the Roman rite, differing only in unimportant details. In a note on p. 201 Dr Fortescue says, "To distinguish Roman, Sarum and Mozarabic liturgies as on the same plane is like classifying English, Yorkshire dialect and French as three languages." The local use of the Sarum spread over most of Southern England a century or two before the Reformation. The differences from the pure Roman rite are of comparatively late origin, and consist generally of additions, often much too ornate, and not unfrequently obscuring the meaning of simpler ceremonies that were no longer understood. Dr Fortescue describes Sarum usage as "immeasurably less dignified than ours now, anything in the world rather than archaic or primitive."

We naturally feel that in connexion with the most important and sacred act of religion that which is truly archaic and primitive is of extreme value. A study of Eastern rites shows that they have all undergone modifications, some of them quite late, and that no Eastern rite now in use is so archaic as the Roman Mass. The last sentences of the portion of the book dealing with the History of the Mass may well be quoted here. "Our Mass goes back, without essential change, to the age when it first developed out of the oldest liturgy of all. It is still redolent of that liturgy, of the days when Cæsar ruled the world and thought he could stamp out the faith of Christ, when our Fathers met together before dawn, and sang a hymn to Christ as to a God.* The final result of our inquiry is that, in spite of unsolved problems, in spite of later changes, there is not in Christendom another rite so venerable as ours." Perhaps the strongest impression that one carries away from a perusal of this work is an enhanced sense of the dignity of the glorious prayers with which we are so familiar.

In speaking of the *Kyrie eleison* Dr Fortescue says, "It is tempting to see it in the remnant of an introductory litany, of which it originally formed the answering clause." The earliest evidence adduced for the

*Plinii jun., Epist. x. 97.

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use of the Kyrie at Rome is the second Synod of Vasio, held under Cæsarius of Arles in 529. St Benedict's Rule, which cannot have been written much later than this date, as the saint died probably in 544, affords interesting corroborative testimony that the *Kyrie eleison* was in common use in Italy in his time. He does not refer to the Kyrie at Mass, but mentioning its use in the Divine Office, he speaks of the *supplicatio litanæ*, id est Kyrie eleison in Chapter IX, and in Chapters XII and XIII calls it simply *litania*. At first sight it might appear that the terms *supplicatio litanæ* and *litania* show that the Kyrie was originally part of a litany, but we should hesitate to accept this, since the word *litania* was frequently used to signify supplication or prayer without reference to what we now term a litany. On p. 323 we read: "The Sanctus and Benedictus are one text, and should be sung through without a break. The practice of waiting till after the Consecration and then singing: 'Benedictus qui venit,' etc.—once common—is not tolerated by the Vatican Gradual. See the rubrics therein." Unfortunately this laudable attempt to restore the continuity of the Sanctus and Benedictus has been stultified by a decision of the Congregation of Rites of which Dr Fortescue does not seem to be aware. See the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, 1910, page 82. To the dubium: "Utrum in Missa solemnî Benedictus cani possit ante elevationem, vel standum sit præscriptioni Cæremonialis Episcoporum, Lib. II, cap. viii, 70-71?" the answer was given "Standum Cæremoniali Episcoporum." The passage referred to is: "Chorus prosequitur cantum usque ad *Benedictus qui venit, etc.*, exclusive, quo finito, et non prius, elevatur Sacramentum. Tunc silet chorus, et cum aliis adorat. Organum vero, si habetur, cum omni tunc melodia et gravitate pulsandum est. Elevato Sacramento, chorus prosequitur cantum *Benedictus qui venit, etc.*" Apparently even in Requiem Masses there is no authority for departing from this usage.

M. D. W.

Sancti Benedicti Regula Monachorum: Editionem critico-practicam adornavit. By D. CUTHBERTUS BUTLER, Abbas Monasterii S. Gregorii Magni de Downside. Herder. 3s. 3d. net., paper; 4s. net., cloth.

THE highest praise is due to this new edition of the Rule of St Benedict. The book is far from being a superfluous accession to the already numerous editions of the Rule. It is—as we should naturally expect from Abbot Butler—a thoroughly scholarly work, in which all the resources of modern criticism have been employed in order to recover as nearly as possible the text of the Rule as it left the hands of St Benedict himself. The history of the text is discussed in the *Prolegomena*, and in an appendix is given a collection of *lectiones selectæ* to illustrate the

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critical canons which have been employed, and to explain differences from the *Textus receptus*. A noteworthy and novel feature of considerable interest is the citation in the footnotes of the "sources," certain or probable, from which St Benedict derived ideas or passages contained in the Rule. The work is thus thoroughly "critical" and of the greatest value to students of monastic history. But it is at the same time no less "practical" from the standpoint of the monk, to whom the Rule is not merely a document of the dead past, but a present and vital reality. The text is marked out in the customary way for daily reading in the choir, and a valuable portion of the book consists of a summary of St Benedict's whole teaching (*Medulla doctrinæ*) which Abbot Butler has compiled in a kind of catechism for the use of his own novices, and which will be of utility to all who are desirous of comprehending the spirit and teaching of St Benedict. The indexes are excellent. The whole book is beautifully printed and published. There is, however, something wrong with the fourth line of the table of contents.

W. C. S.

The Westminster Hymnal. R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd.

ON the title page is inscribed: *The Westminster Hymnal. The only collection authorized by the Hierarchy of England and Wales*. We think that this is somewhat misleading. In 1909 a committee appointed by the Bishops issued *The Hymn Book*, a collection of the words of all the English hymns chosen and authorized by the Catholic Bishops. We take this authorization to mean that other words are not allowed to be used publicly, whereas other tunes than those in the Westminster Hymnal are not forbidden, so far as we know. This collection of tunes is recommended, but not enforced.

A writer in the *Saturday Review* of June 8 last says that most Roman Catholic hymns in our language may be described as vulgar verse in the vulgar tongue, though there are notable exceptions. This is unfortunately only too true, and one cannot but regret the intolerant attitude which forbade the use of many fine translations of Catholic hymns which have been made by non-Catholics. Still more regrettable is the fact that Dr Terry, the editor of the music, has not been allowed to insert any tune which is not considered to be of Catholic origin. In his preface he thus charitably states another very real difficulty which he has had to face: "The collection includes all the popular tunes in common use amongst English-speaking Catholics. Some of these tunes are good, some are indifferent, and some bad. But it has been felt that since those of the last-named class have been—for one generation at least—bound up with the pious associations of so many holy

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lives, this is hardly the occasion for their suppression. They have therefore been retained, although this retention cannot be justified on musical or artistic grounds. Alternative tunes have been provided to most of them, so that they need not be used by those to whom they are distasteful."

We find, then, three chief difficulties which have confronted Dr Terry: a large amount of poor and uninspiring versification, many excellent and suitable tunes banned, and a considerable number of bad ones to be included. Under such harassing conditions we think that Dr Terry has accomplished his task remarkably well. There are, without doubt, many fine and inspiring tunes in the collection, and even of the worst melodies the harmonies are good; this is a great gain. Many of Dr Terry's own tunes are particularly good, notably his setting of Hymn 135. One sees here how noble poetry inspires a musical composer. The words of this hymn upon the Church are by Aubrey de Vere: "Who is she that stands triumphant?" We notice that a considerable number of tunes are accredited to one "Laurence Ampleforth," and we are gratified to find that they have been highly praised by several reviewers. If it was desired to conceal the name or names of their composers, we venture to suggest that "St Lawrence's Ampleforth," would have been a better indication of their source.

With regard to the accompaniment of the plain-song melodies, we are sorry to find we totally disagree with Dr Terry upon one of his principles, that of paying due regard to the accentuation of the words. In his preface he quotes the first lines of the first two verses of the *Veni Creator* to show the difference in position of the tonic accents, and then he says: "The 'counsel of perfection' would be to bring out these tonic accents by different harmonies." We regard accentuation of the words as the business of the singers, and not of the organist, whose "precept" should be to accompany according to the musical rhythm, and never to change the harmony except at the beginning of a rhythm. The alternation of accent in music and words in many hymns gives a most pleasing effect, while, according to Dr Terry's principle, the musical rhythms are utterly lost. There are numberless instances of this throughout his accompaniments, with the result that they lack smoothness and repose. The harmonies are changed much too often, and in places where they should certainly not be changed.

The form of book and the indexing are based on the plan of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which is excellent. An additional index of composers' names would be interesting.

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The Sincere Christian. By BISHOP HAY. New Edition edited by the Very Rev. CANON STUART. Sands. 6s.

Bishop Hay on the Priesthood. A Treatise revised and edited by the Very Rev. CANON STUART. Sands. 1s. 6d.

THE celebration of the centenary of Bishop Hay has afforded a suitable occasion for directing the attention of Catholics to the writings of the famous and saintly Scottish prelate. His work, entitled *The Sincere Christian*, the merits of which seem to be but little known or realized, well deserves to be brought before the notice of the clergy and teachers of Christian doctrine as a singularly able and lucid exposition of the truths of faith. The present volume, therefore, is especially welcome. But surely it might have been improved by the addition of an alphabetical index. The Treatise on the Priesthood has hitherto been practically unknown, and it is certainly a laudable task to bring it to the light. Written originally as a pastoral for the Bishop's own clergy, the little work not only possesses a biographical interest as revealing something of the interior life and priestly ideals of Bishop Hay, but also is of very practical value to all who are engaged in pastoral work and to aspirants to the sacred ministry, and well merits a place in every sacerdotal library. It is a matter, however, for great regret that the book has been so badly produced. Slovenliness is writ large upon it. The editor says that little more has been done than "change a few archaic expressions and spellings" of the original. We might, however, have expected references to be given for some long Latin quotations, and a certain amount of discrimination might have been employed in the distribution of various types, and in the use of capital letters. Whether or no the present book follows the original in that respect, we know not; but it is trying to the nerves of a twentieth century reader to see, for example, "taverns" written with a capital T, and the Holy Ghost dismissed with small initials (pp. 54 and 55). Misprints are legion, especially in Latin words, and on page 42 there are three mistakes in as many lines.

W. C. S.

L'idéal Monastique et la vie Chrétienne des Premiers Jours. Par un religieux Bénédictin de L'ABBAYE DE MAREDSOUS.

HISTORIANS and spiritual writers have frequently pointed out that the monastic orders, by their possession of property in common, their community life, and their frequent gatherings for public prayer, reproduce in every age the manner of life of the early Christians described in the Acts of the Apostles. We have never seen the idea so fully

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developed as it is in this admirable series of discourses, delivered some twenty years ago to a Benedictine community. The fact that the retreat took place during the Octave of Pentecost suggested to the retreat-giver that he could not do better than show how the origin and model of the monastic life is to be found in that of the first Christians. We give the titles of the twelve discourses, to indicate how thoroughly the subject is treated: Vocation and compunction of heart, Obedience, Doing penance, Baptism and profession, The apostolic life, The breaking of Bread, Liturgical prayer, Monastic spirituality, Monastic poverty, Discretion and breadth of spirit, Joy, Simplicity. Every one of them is full of interest, and shows a deep appreciation of the Rule and spirit of St Benedict. We might mention in particular the discourse on poverty, in which the difference between St Benedict's view of poverty and that of St Francis is clearly explained.

That twenty years have been allowed to elapse between the delivery of the discourses and their publication is a matter for regret. We should gladly welcome an English translation of this book. M. D. W.

The Idea of Mary's Meadow. By VIOLET O'CONNOR. Alston Rivers, Ltd. London.

THE title seems to suggest that this book is about our Lady. It is not, at least not expressly so. The difficulty is to say in a few words precisely what it is about. Mary's Meadow is the name of the writer's house. The book is a series of papers written to her husband, giving her ideas upon the planning and building of the house, and upon the upbringing of an adopted daughter. It is not easy at times to tell how much is fact and how much is fiction. But, for all that, it is very interesting reading, and contains many beautiful thoughts. The ideal which the authoress sets before herself in bringing up her child is indeed high and noble, but we cannot help feeling some misgivings as to whether the insistence laid upon piety would stand the test of the actual experiences of life.

A Child's Rule of Life. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. Drawn by GABRIEL PIPPET. Longmans, Green and Co.

THE simple rhymes should be the means of sowing many a good seed in the hearts of those children who are happy enough to possess this book, and the genius of Mr Pippet's pictures will make any who have once seen it want to possess it. All who, for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, would become as little children, may find profitable instruction here.

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Old Rhymes with New Tunes. Composed by RICHARD RUNCIMAN TERRY.
Illustrated by GABRIEL PIPPET. Longmans, Green and Co.

BOTH music and pictures are quite charming, one's only regret is that the rhymes are so short.

THE ANGELUS SERIES: 1. *On Kindness.* 2. *On Character.* 3. *On Piety.* 4. *On the Exercises of Piety.* (All four by Very Rev. J. GUIBERT.) 5. *On Thanksgiving* (FATHER FABER). 6. *From a Garden Jungle* (AN UNPAID SECRETARY). 7. *On Union with God* (BL. ALBERT THE GREAT). 8. *On Holy Communion* (Mgr DE SÉGUR). 9. *Jesus and the Soul* (MINNIE MORTIMER). Washbourne. Art linen, 1s. 3d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

THIS series of booklets, attractively bound and well printed, contains a variety of works—most of them appeal to the ordinary reader—there are works of devotion and instruction (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9); one (No. 6), gives gentle controversy clothed in a slight but sufficiently interesting story; and one (No. 7), is a treatise for religious and others on perfection. The volumes by the Very Rev. J. Guibert have the excellent recommendation that they have sold by the ten thousand in France, and, we may add, the translation into English is well done. The familiar names of the other authors make it unnecessary to say anything about their works.

Florilegium Hebraicum. Edidit Dr HUB. LINDEMANN. Herder. Cloth, 3s. 3d.

THIS is a very representative and well printed anthology drawn from all parts of the Old Testament for the use of students. The massoretic text is used, but in the appendix will be found examples of the text without points, and with the Babylonian points.

Verses on Various Occasions. By CARDINAL NEWMAN. Longmans. Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

THIS tastefully published little volume of the Cardinal's poems is a welcome addition to Longman's Pocket Library, which already includes several other of Newman's writings. The print and paper are good and the binding neat and in good taste.

God Made Man. Rev. P. M. NORTHCOTE. Washbourne. 2s. 6d. net.

IF the reader will persevere beyond the preface, which grates somewhat on one's nerves, and the first four chapters, which are rather philosophical and theological, he will find in this book many fresh

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thoughts on the Life of Our Lord that are very stimulating and useful. At times there is suggestion that the book is meant especially for priests, but there is very much in it that will appeal to the general public.

Une Ame Bénédictine. DOM PIE DE HEMPTINNE. Lethielleux. 3 fr. 50 c.

THE very edifying life, note-book and letters of a young monk—which will be very acceptable to those who have a taste for the self-revelation and effusiveness of French autobiography.

An Experiment in History Teaching. By EDWARD ROCKLIFF, S.J. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

THE "experiment" described in this little book consists mainly in the compilation and use of graphic charts by the pupils. The principle is not a new one. This experiment, however, is a laudable attempt to make the past more real, the facts and figures in history more living.

The author himself has found his method stimulating to his classes at Wimbledon. Several sample charts are given in this book, and they are explained very fully. They may appeal to some, but their compilation calls for special faculties not possessed by every teacher.

Fr Rockliff gives a very lucid account of his experiences and difficulties in teaching history, and we have no doubt that they tally with those of other teachers.

If only on its merits as a clear exposition and possible elucidation of these difficulties, we confidently recommend his little book to the notice of those interested in the teaching of history.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From WASHBOURNE

- Saint Joseph of Leonessa, Capuchin Friar Minor. Biographical Sketch.* By FR ANTHONY BRENNAN, O.S.F.C. Paper, 6d.; cloth, 1s.
- The Story of the Sodality of Our Lady, with favourite devotions.* By the Rev. EDMUND LESTER, S.J. 6d.
- Love, Peace and Joy: A Month of the Sacred Heart.* By a BENEDICTINE of Princethorpe Priory. 2s. net.
- The Litany of the Sacred Heart: Commentary and Meditations.* By Rev. JOSEPH McDONNELL, S.J. 2s. 6d. net.
- Practical Service Guide.* Compiled by BERNARD F. PAGE, S.J. 6d. net.
- Spiritual Progress: Lukewarmness to Fervour.* 2s. 6d. net.
- Our Lady's Rosary Explained.* By A. D. SCOTT. 1d.
- The Divine Educator or Guide to the Promotion of Frequent Communion in Educational Establishments.* By F. M. de ZULUETA, S.J. Paper, 1s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
- The Trumpet Call: A True History of my Conversion to the Faith.* By CLEMENT A. MENDHAM. 3d.
- The Orchard Floor.* With Preface by MICHAEL FIELD. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Consolations of Purgatory.* By Rev. H. FAURE. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Catholic Diary, 1913.* Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.
- C. B. B. and Scout's Prayer Book.* 1d.
- The Reign of Jesus.* By Blessed JEAN EUDES. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.* In Latin and English. 1d.

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OBITUARY

REV. ROBERT PLACID CORLETT, O.S.B.

DIED SEPTEMBER 30, 1912.

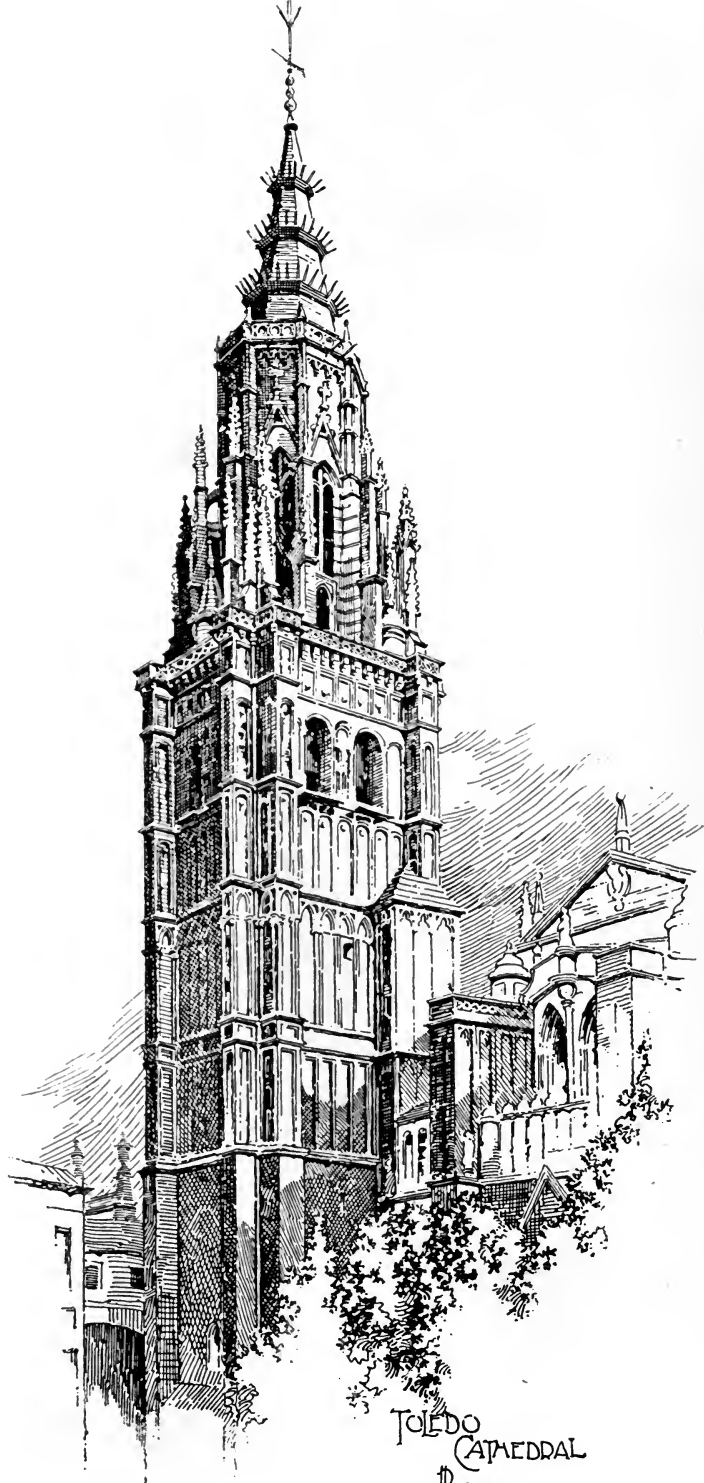
FATHER ROBERT PLACID CORLETT, O.S.B., died on the date set forth above, and was buried at Ampleforth Abbey on October 3. He was fifty-eight years of age, in the thirty-eighth year of his religious profession, and in the thirty-first of his priesthood. In Liverpool he was a well-known figure, for eighteen years labouring at St Peter's, Seel Street. He was first appointed to that mission twenty-five years ago, but for four years he was away, returning to Ampleforth Abbey to take the office of Sub-Prior. The first years after his ordination he passed at Cleator, in Cumberland, and then at Warrington, and the last three years of his life were spent at Leyland, near Preston, but St Peter's was chiefly his home since he left the monastery as a young priest. For eight years he was a curate with Father Anderson; for ten years he was rector. His heart was entirely in the place; his life was simple and devoted to it. He did much to beautify the church; much to improve the schools; and under his management their reputation rose to high-water mark. He endeared himself to the people, and they were dear to him. It took long months for him to recover from his distress at leaving them. How much his life had become interwoven with theirs was manifest when the solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the repose of his soul. He had left nearly three years, but the founts of sorrow were fresh as if he had died amongst his old flock. At Leyland, too, the grief of his parishioners showed that affection had there taken deep root.

His death was so sudden and in such circumstances that it came as a great shock. He was returning from his holidays, and was on board ship in the Channel. On the Sunday night he was in the best of spirits and alive with all that exuberance of humour which characterized him. On the Monday morning he arose, took his bath and returned to his cabin. There he was found later by the steward, unconscious. His fellow-priests were called; he was anointed, and died. Doctors were in attendance, but heart-failure was beyond their skill to touch.

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His body was conveyed to Ampleforth, and rested before the altar in the monastery church where he had made his vows, where he had been ordained and said his first Mass; where, as a boy, he had prayed and received the Holy Sacraments often. The Dirge was chanted in the evening. On the Thursday morning a solemn Requiem was sung by his brethren, and then he was laid in the ground to sleep in the quiet cemetery on the hill-side, in the midst of all those scenes wherein the years of his boyhood and early manhood had been passed: scenes that had been dear to him and wrought into his life many gracious and happy days. God rest the soul of an unworldly man and a good priest.

J. A. W.



TOLEDO
CATHEDRAL
P. 1915.

SPIRITS FROM THE DEEP

(A SPIRITUALIST SEANCE)*

“BY the way, Florence, are you interested in spiritualism? There’s a man coming down this evening who is an expert in these matters, and I have got him to arrange a seance. I suppose you’ll come.”

“I know very little about such things and I like them even less, for I don’t care either to be fooled by trickery or to dabble in devilry. Which is it to be to-night?”

“Oh, don’t ask me! I don’t believe in devils or spirits myself; but if it is all trickery the man must be uncommonly clever. I suppose it’s mesmerism or hypnotism or some of those occult powers that we haven’t yet fully explored.”

“Well, if I knew it was devilry I certainly should not come. The Church forbids necromancy and dealings with devils, and I don’t at all want to be mixed up in such things.”

“Why, I thought you Catholics held constant communication with the spirit-world yourselves, with your saints and angels, and souls in purgatory; but perhaps the priests are jealous of any rivalry in that domain!”

“Never mind the priests just now, Herbert. Spirits are just as real as we are, but the good ones don’t fool about rapping floors and turning tables, and as for evil ones I prefer to keep away from them as far as possible.”

“Well, don’t mind my teasing, Florence, and do just as you like about coming to our meeting; it may be nothing more than legerdemain. Still, I fancy you would be interested.”

The Hon. Mrs Merioneth had only arrived at Ashworth the previous day on a visit to her brother, Lord Wyndham, and

* The following story was told me substantially many years ago by the lady who assisted at the seance, in whose veracity and competence I have the fullest confidence. Only the names have been altered, and a few details supplied or developed.

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this was her first intimation of his latest infatuation for occult science. He had long ceased to follow any religion, and hitherto his views and tastes had been decidedly materialistic; but a vein of superstition often runs through the mind of the professed sceptic; this and a certain intellectual curiosity had lately led him to look into spiritualism and to search for glimpses of the unseen. A long conversation with Mr Wragge, one of the advanced proficients of the day, after a successful seance had issued in this invitation to Ashworth, and in the forthcoming exhibition of the medium's powers. Mrs Merioneth was a recent convert to the Catholic Church, and very different in character from her erratic brother. A thoughtful, well-read woman who had travelled much and mixed in the best intellectual circles, she was of a serious, religious disposition; her marriage had not been happy, and the sorrows and disillusionings of her life had become stepping-stones to the Faith in which she now found contentment and peace. Her published writings on religious and other subjects disclosed a mind of more than average ability, and her trustworthiness was beyond suspicion.

The prospect of such an experience as the evening promised was more attractive than she had cared to admit to her brother. The medium's name and reputation were not unknown to her, as she had herself been interested in psychic phenomena which, some thirty years ago, were comparatively novel. Many of the marvels exhibited in these seances she suspected to be fraud; some might be due to natural causes, to hypnotic suggestion, to thought transference or other latent powers in the human soul; but that there was a residuum of preternatural effects which could only be ascribed to malefic spirits she fully believed. Forbidden knowledge is a very real thing; there may be a line beyond which human science may not safely stretch, and it is just in this borderland of the forbidden and the unknown that the fallen angels are most likely to hide and work. Had Mrs Merioneth clearly understood the seance to be a spiritualistic one, nothing would have induced her to be present, but she did not like to disappoint her brother, or show disapproval of the entertainment he had provided for his guests; and, curiosity helping, she decided that without further evidence she was not

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bound to believe the affair to be diabolic. Still her conscience was a little uneasy. As the afternoon wore on the ordeal appeared more and more formidable. Her maid and herself were the only Catholics in the house, so, by way of preparation and protection, they said the rosary together, with more than usual earnestness.

The medium arrived a little before tea-time, together with some neighbours who had been asked to meet him, making up a party of ten or a dozen. The seance was arranged to begin at six and might be resumed after dinner if thought fit. Nothing could have been simpler than the preparations, or less suggestive of trickery. In one wall of the library, where the party assembled, was a large bay window, partly covered by curtains across the alcove; inside of this stood a chair for the medium in full view of the spectators, who faced him in a semi-circle. Mr Wragge began by requesting those present to assist as far as possible, or at least not consciously to resist the influences that might become manifest. To some extent the success of the seance depended on the co-operation of the spectators, who were urged to approach the subject with open minds, free from scepticism, and, so far as possible, even from distractions. Concentration of attention, or, rather, passivity of mind and will, with readiness to receive impressions, would greatly facilitate the experiments; whereas the manifestations would be fugitive and unsatisfactory if met by critical or repugnant dispositions. The lights were lowered, but not quite extinguished. He then sat down, and there followed a period of silence and strained expectancy with the beginnings of hypnotic suggestion—that *mauvais quart d'heure* with which apparently every seance must open. It took some time to secure some of the guests' attention. At length all eyes were fixed upon the medium, who seemed to be passing into a comatose, or even a cataleptic, condition. Occasional shivers passed through his frame, his limbs grew rigid, his open eyes staring into vacancy. But no sign or sound as yet, and no unusual manifestation! Mrs Merioneth sat still, interested and curious, but by no means disposed to assist him by emptying her mind, and occasionally breathing a prayer to be delivered from all evil. Nothing, however, occurred, and when, after about

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twenty minutes, some one started and upset a chair, a general sigh of relief went round at the breaking of the tension.

The medium came back to himself, rose a little dazed, looking disappointed and annoyed; but after a few moments he begged the audience to concentrate their attention again and resumed the experiment.

This time the cataleptic condition was induced more swiftly and more deeply, his body shook with violent tremors, his face grew dark and contorted, and he foamed a little at the lips. The man seemed to be passing under the control of some powerful external influence, perceptible in a strange way to all present, whilst vague, dreamy sensations stole over them, rather like the feeling of being about to faint, as though the mind was losing its hold on material surroundings and the outward world was growing distant and dim. A sense of discomfort, not wholly physical, made itself felt, as if the air were charged with invisible beings, disagreeable and hostile. It was all very creepy and uncanny! But what was that? Was it only fancy, or was there just a flicker of something bright about the man's feet? Probably a hallucination caused by the strain of staring so intently. Yet there it appeared again, and then again! This could not be imagination: pale, spectral lights, little flames of bluish tint, just showed faintly above the floor and then died away; rising and sinking again, first one or two, then several, flickering and dancing along the chord of which the bay window formed the arc. They looked like a row of footlights just lit, with insufficient gas pressure, dying down or blown out by a draught and then spurting up again, yet obviously this was no explanation. The mysterious apparition riveted all eyes, and the mental strain grew severe; there was no sound, but after the phenomenon had lasted more or less continuously for several minutes it ceased abruptly. Looking perplexed and angry, the medium rose from his seat, and, with muttered excuses and expostulations indicating that the seance was at an end, went sullenly out of the room.

The guests remained talking excitedly and comparing notes. It was hypnotism; it was clever jugglery; it was devilry! Some took advantage of Mr Wragge's absence to look under the carpet and examine the floor and walls of the alcove.

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The host was amused. "You'll not find anything there," he said; "no wires or pipes. I attempt no explanation myself of what we've just seen; but at least I can guarantee you against common trickery." Just then the dressing-gong sounded, and as they scattered slowly to their rooms Lord Wyndham called out: "I'll have a talk with Mr Wragge, and see if he can be more successful after dinner."

At dinner-time the medium had apparently recovered his equanimity, mixing with the other guests as an easy-mannered man of the world. By common consent the talk kept away from the subject of the seance, which had not been remarkably successful, but was to be resumed, it was understood, later on in the evening. During the meal Wragge scrutinized his fellow-guests carefully, and more than once Mrs Merioneth found his glance fixed upon her, with an increasingly malevolent expression, she thought, as though he detected her lack of sympathy with his proceedings, or even her open opposition. The men did not stay long over their cigarettes, and as all were eager to continue the experiments the whole party soon reassembled in the library. A few of the servants came in at the back, and Mrs Merioneth found some moral support from having her faithful maid sitting close behind her.

Before taking his place the medium again begged all present to aim at a negative mental attitude, keeping in abeyance all activity of mind and will. He particularly deprecated intentional resistance to the spiritual forces that he hoped to evoke. Such opposition would neutralize his efforts, and might even lead to very disagreeable results. His induction of the cataleptic trance was now more swift, and was attended by more repulsive manifestations: the groans and gurgling breath, the contorted limbs betokening his oppression by some occult power. The quivering little lights, too, began to show along the floor by his feet, more continuous and more vivid than before. The flames leaped higher, and seemed more definitely outlined and substantial, elusive semblances as of human forms showing up faintly as the flames rose and melted into darkness. Meanwhile the man's face grew livid and he foamed at the mouth, his limbs twisted and shook in spasms under the obsession. The whole scene was horrible, a nauseous sense of fear and disgust

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stole over the silent spectators; Mrs Merioneth clutched her beads and began to pray; and when the whole line of dancing flames flashed and faded, brightened and then suddenly flickered out a sigh of relief went round the circle, whilst a general movement broke the spell and relieved the tension.

Coming to himself, Wragge sprang from his chair, and in angry tones complained of deliberate opposition on the part of some of the spectators, whose presence and will resisted his efforts and checked his spirit allies. He had little expectation of a successful display so long as this continued. Lord Wyndham reassured him, courteously intimating how fully satisfied they were with the results, and begging of him to continue these most interesting experiments. The medium consented to resume his seat, and quickly fell back into his trance.

By this time Mrs Merioneth was seriously disturbed at the character of the performance at which she was assisting. She had no desire to be involved with the diabolic agencies that she more than suspected lurked behind these strange occurrences. Determined not to yield to their malign influence and finally to test their nature, she called up all her faith, and shielded herself by earnest prayer, in which her pious handmaid joined. There was reason for alarm. The phantoms were now taking more distinct embodiment, the fantastic shapes, quivering in the flames, becoming grotesquely human. It used to be held that evil spirits are sometimes allowed to fashion temporary appearances for themselves out of material elements; but though permitted to take an external shape, they may never assume a perfect body. They can only function through imperfect organisms; they must always show at least the cloven foot! Moreover, the lower and more degraded these discarnate creatures are the less power they have over matter, the less complete is their disguise, and the more ugly and ill-shapen are the forms assumed. Something of this kind was happening now, clear before the eyes of all in the Ashworth library. Horrible little goblins flashed out of the flames, misshapen, grotesque caricatures of the human body—hideous masks grinning with malevolence and spite, claw-like hands stretched out in rage. Every few minutes the fiery shapes flickered or died out, as though their power of materialization failed; but they

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rose and solidified again, gathering force for more complete embodiment. With their dwarfed figures, big, misshapen heads and skinny fingers they looked like the hunchbacked goblins of Teutonic folk-lore; but the venomous look of spite and baffled rage with which they scrutinized the faces in front were truly devilish. They seemed to be searching for an enemy upon whom to wreak vengeance. In the tense silence that prevailed a sickening sensation came over people as of some potent and evil presence close at hand. At last the spectres' looks of hate concentrated on the corner where the Catholic women sat, shrinking from the diabolic spectacle, praying with trembling lips, and clasping their beads in their hands. Suddenly the biggest and most hideous of the demon phantoms darted forward as though to clutch Mrs Merioneth with his skinny claws. With a cry of fear, in desperation and defence, she thrust out her crucifix into its grinning face. The monster shrank as if struck by a heavy blow; in an instant the whole devilish phantasmagoria vanished, and nothing was visible but the parted curtains of the alcove, with the pale figure of the medium writhing painfully within.

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The seance broke up in confusion. Most of the spectators had seen enough to shake their nerves and satisfy their curiosity. Mrs Merioneth, trembling with excitement and terror, fled to the shelter of her own room.

Next morning, before the guests came down, the medium departed in a great hurry and a very bad temper. He apologized to Lord Wyndham for the scanty results of his efforts, but complained that he had been unfairly treated, though as he was not paid by results he might have been more content. Later on in the morning Mrs Merioneth met her brother.

"What do you think of it all now?" he asked; "things were getting a bit uncanny last night."

"It was all devilry, sheer devilry," she replied, "and I am sorry now I took any part in your proceedings at all."

"You seem to have played a very prominent part indeed, for I suppose it was your crosses and prayers that upset all the poor fellow's tricks."

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" You noticed that, then; I wasn't sure that you had. But, if so, can't you see what it implies? "

" What do you mean? "

" Well! as it wasn't Beelzebub casting out his own devils, it must have been the Finger of God."

Lord Wyndham seemed struck by his sister's remark.

" Herbert," she went on, " I wish you wouldn't get mixed up in these diabolic practices. They are bound to do you harm, and surely Christianity offers something better and nobler than this."

" Perhaps you are right. I must think about it; meanwhile, Florence, give me your prayers."

J. I. C.

KATHARINE TYNAN

DOES any reader remember the wild enthusiasm that welcomed Katharine Tynan's first volume of poems? It was in the great times before the first Home Rule Bill, when the Irish race all round the world was in a glow from the long struggle of the 'eighties and the hope of early victory. The trumpet of that struggle was William O'Brien's paper, *United Ireland*. What the *Nation* had been a generation before, *United Ireland* was now. And among the singers we met in its pages was Katharine Tynan.

When her first volume of poems appeared, under the title, *Louise de la Vallière and other Poems*, the whole Irish world broke into rapturous delight, and even the English reviewers were enthusiastic. This, indeed, was the one troubling thought as when Catholics find one of their loved champion's books acclaimed also in the infidel camp. Was it some fancied unsoundness that prompted the enemy's praises, or was it, indeed, the beauty of the book that made them forget their prejudices?

I suppose there is one place where the volume can still be seen—M four-thousand-and-something in the Picton Reading-Room at Liverpool. But I know you cannot buy it now. If you put it on your bookseller's list, your other books will come with a note—"Vallière's poems to follow" (so does a hurried salesman deal with an unknown title). But they will never follow. I once made a pilgrimage round the old book-shops in New Oxford Street and Charing Cross Road searching for it, listening with ever-growing agony to the shop-boys mangling my message to their masters, "I am looking for Katharine Tynan's first book of poems, *Louise de la Vallière*?" There was only one bright spot. An unlikely-looking, middle-aged man nodded his head and said, "I know. A very sweet poetess. No, I'm sorry I haven't it?" And I blessed him, but finished my pilgrimage empty-handed.

Some of these poems are printed in the penny poetry books issued by the Catholic Truth Society under the title, "The Catholic's Library of Poems." If you know the volumes well enough to have favourite pieces in them, I should expect that most of your favourites are by Katharine Tynan.

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Hers is a Catholic mind in the highest sense. Not one that has been ensnared and clouded by the world and has then learned to look up to the supernatural light, but one that from the first has looked on the world and all things in it in the light of God's love. The Catholic faith is the true key to Nature. By Nature God placed His child in a world "unfathomably fair." By revelation He says to her, "I will tell you about it." And she from her childhood has listened, and under His eyes has seen the beauty and the greatness of everything, and has loved everything, sharing His love. So her mind is both fearless and reverent like an angel's; reverent to God's secrets, fearless in looking on all that He shows. Saving sin (which He made not, and will not have us study), there is no field in all His world where she may not enter and see what He has set before men. The mysteries of joy and of sorrow, how when comfort comes in sorrow the sorrow still abides; the innocencies of childhood and the enthusiasms of men; the loveliness of the outer world and the fancies that make fairy tales—all are His work, and she looks on them and loves them all.

So all her thoughts of things are true and pure and sweet; true by a special gift of seeing things in their right proportion, and pure in seeing their goodness; and sweet with the stirring of joy, or of pathos, or of sympathy. And she has a diction to match: clear and of a simple dignity, worthily expressing her thought, rather than carefully choosing her words. And the movement of her verse is musical, often sweet, often to my ear with the serene and spiritual beauty that belongs to Bach and to Fra Angelico.

Pain is in the air; the year is dying.

Pain is on the faces of the crowd.

One, the country's well-beloved, is lying

In his shroud.

Perhaps it is necessary to read the whole poem, that the rhythm of the whole may sing in each verse, as refined music must be heard often before its phrases can be rightly felt.

This poem appeared in *United Ireland* the next week (if I remember rightly) after the death of A. M. Sullivan, "The

Katharine Tynan

Dead Patriot." To an Irish reader there is no need to say what A. M. Sullivan was—the dauntless heart who kept hope alive in the long winter between the famine years and the Parnell movement. He, with the elder John Dillon, was our guarantee that this at last was a sound national movement. And now, when it seemed that the winter was indeed over, he died, like ivy leaves that beautify the winter and wither unnoticed in spring. At his death there were so many thoughts thronging and craving for utterance: the beauty of his life, the pathos of his dying at such a time, the bitterness against the Government that had made such a man's life one long winter, the desolation of his family, who had shared his long self-sacrifice. And at once came the voice of a young girl, singing the best of all these thoughts, singing them with a fulness and beauty that not only expressed but deepened all our feelings.

Two days since, his feet were set to heaven;
Strong and great and pure and free from strife,
Unto God and home and country given
The white life.

O, be sure the dear Lord came to meet him,
This true knight who did His cause espouse.

Here on earth some human hearts are breaking
With the stress of sorrow and of pain;
Just for one word from the dead lips aching,
And in vain.

Did this trouble him in his long dying—
Thoughts of his fair noble wife's despair?
Echoes of his little children crying?
God will care.

When you came to us this last dead summer
With the laughing winds and sapphire sky,
Could we know we welcomed our home-comer
Just to die?

There was no bitterness, yet no lowering of the truth. With that song in our hearts we could turn anew to the struggle with no sense of heartlessness to the dead, for here was all the goodness of his life made into an inspiration for the coming years.

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That first volume was the work of the maiden mind, that "wakes like a wondering rose" and sees the beauty of things around—sees it from without. Except in one world, she sings not what she has lived through, but what she sees others living through. She has for all the pure sympathy of a child or a nun; joy and sorrow and pity moved by what she sees, not by what she has felt and suffered. She sings of other lovers, not yet of her own love. There is the deep joy in the beauty of Nature, that never dies out of her poetry; for the brave chrysanthemum, that fears not frost nor snow, and for the daffodils all aflame with their trumpets recalling the March weather when the archangel made the great annunciation. There is the keen sense of the beauty of a Christmas Mass in penal times when the hillside Mass was followed by martyrdom; of the devotion of the sweet lady whose life is spent among the poor and the babes of the wicked town, "She, the mother that never shall be,"

Earthly lover's love she shall not miss,
For the dear Lord her true Love is.

There is a piercing lament for the flight of the "wild geese" over the sea, showing a full sense of the tragedy of Ireland—that for ages her best have been driven to find a career in other lands.

Whatever she sings of, the beauty of her mind shows itself, like the beauty of a child's sympathy; in the full understanding of what she sees, and the instant and spontaneous selection of the good in it, and the keen feeling of its beauty or its pathos. Only one life there was which she already had lived and knew from within; the spiritual life. Many of the poems in this first volume are religious poems, most soothing and elevating. (In quoting this volume I have to rely on a treacherous memory.) One favourite, "The Dead Christ," has not been printed in the C.T.S. booklets, perhaps through some timidity about the theology of saying that during the three days in the sepulchre the world's cry "fell from heaven unanswered." It is bold, but I think not likely to be misunderstood. But the poem is full of beautiful thoughts and music.

Katharine Tynan

In His Father's house on high
It had been another thing.
The wild raptures pass Him by
For His smile the seraphs sing;
He is listening steadfastly
For the snapping of a string.

When a human heart, unmeet
For the sorrow and the need,
Breaks a-sudden at His feet,
He will gather it with speed.
This His harvest wide and sweet—
Smoking flax and bruised reed.

Others of these poems will be found in the C.T.S. books. "A Tired Heart"—most beautiful and comforting to mourners—and the picture of the Angel of the Annunciations. This and other pictures of spirits and of heaven are all in most concrete imagery. St Gabriel is described from head to foot; his hair is a blown flame, his hands are most innocent. There are later studies of other angels, of a guardian angel "shaking" the darkness from his wings, of his sapphire gown, his aureoled curl, his opal wings and mother-'o-pearl; and of St Michael,

Not woman-faced and sweet, as look
The angels in the picture-book;
But terrible in majesty,
More than an army passing by.

A fine conception, though I prefer that of the wonderful statue of St Michael at Belmont, with the face suggesting fiery faith and selfless devotion. (Since most statues in our churches are as much outside of art as the coloured pictures in a prayer-book, it seems worth calling attention to modern statues that have greatness and beauty—this statue of St Michael and the side statue of Our Lady and Child in the Ampleforth Lady Chapel, and the outdoor statue of Our Lady at Downside.)

It might be thought that all these detailed fancies of heaven and of angels come from a too material conception of

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spiritual things. A shallow thought; as if one were to think that Botticelli's idea of heaven was rainbow wings and delicate laces and aureoles, missing the spirituality of his faces. Angels of such unutterable reverence and earnestness, a Madonna so humble, so queenly, so filled with gazing on God—what other outward forms should they wear but these refined fingers and perfect hair and fine-wrought lace and gold? Fill yourself with the spirit of those faces, and then pass backwards and forwards from the faces to the surrounding beauty, and you will feel that they belong to each other, that such a spirit naturally calls for all outward loveliness; you have before your eyes what Coventry Patmore speaks of,

That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.

Read these poems with the same spiritual thought that moved the writer in writing them, and you will welcome the imagery. Read them without that thought, and you will know what an unbeliever feels at High Mass. He wonders is our worship made of music and incense and solemn movements, lacking the spirit that calls for these things.

Any strong movement of our souls has very little power of uttering itself in direct words. When we have said "Holy, holy, holy," or "God shall wipe all tears from their eyes," we have said all that can be said directly about heaven. But, on the other hand, these great movements of the spirit have the wonderful power of passing down the lanes and regions of the world and picking out unerringly their own likeness in lower things; joy finds the images of joy and sorrow the symbols of sorrow everywhere, and by help of these things a great poem or picture or ceremony moves onward, and the mind of the watcher follows not the outward symbols but the thought which moved the artist to choose them—the thought which no lower thing can express, and which yet can express itself through any and every lower thing. "*Montes et omnes colles; ligna fructifera et omnes cedri.*" What a glorious setting they are for the spirit of joy; what an empty catalogue when the spirit of joy is missing!

Katharine Tynan

In these poems is the highest spiritual insight. I will not quote the best. But here is one that I wish were printed on a card at every candle-shrine. We burn a votive candle feeling that it is *some* little offering and in some way expresses our devotion; yet wondering at its smallness, and abashed at the thought of such an offering presenting itself amid the glories of heaven. Who will put all these thoughts in their true light for us?

Hearts of silver and of gold
Men had brought in days of old
To Thy shrine for offering,
Symbols of a holier thing.

Lord, Lord, dear, adored!
Take my little candle, Lord;
Through the lights in Paradise
Let my candle please Thine eyes.

Hearts that ache and hearts that break,
Hearts to shatter and re-make,
Here before Thy feet are laid,
Where June's roses burn and fade.

Lord, Lord, life is light,
Flame a heart that burns to white;
As this flame mounts steadily,
Draw a heart that turns from Thee.

For a cold heart all its days,
Let my candle tell Thy praise;
For a heart that's ignorant,
Let my candle one hour chant.

Poor my candle is and small;
Yet Thou know'st the thoughts of all;
How my candle saith my prayer
When my feet go elsewhere.

How one thought I leave behind,
Though my thoughts are hard to bind;
Though I go away, forget,
Thou one hour o'erlookest it.

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There is the character of her mind—to look at all problems under the eyes of God, face to face with His love, knowing that this will make all plain that seems elsewhere hard. “*Existimabam ut cognoscerem hoc: Labor est ante me donec intrem in sanctuarium Dei.*” Apparently it is first nature to her, though to us so hard to learn.

One fruit of this habit of mind is that to her the world does not seem to make conflicting appeals. She is not drawn in opposite directions by her human loves and the love of God and the Household of Nazareth and the beauties of Nature. These to her are all furnishings of one house, and all needed. The beauty of the world is no rival to the love of God, but an obvious and necessary part of His love. And she turns from one to the other, not to escape their vanity but to learn their fullness. Each throws light on each. Much of what she knows of God’s love has been learned from flowers and from children. And the best that she knows about birds has been learned from the love of God. To her husband she sings:

There is but one sweet Love, one Love unroving,
Truer than mine may be;
One constant Love beyond all mortal loving,
Greater than yours may be.

Therefore unto that Love I do commend you,
So that when mine shall fail,
That Love unfailing may wrap round, befriend you,
That sea of love prevail.

From her own motherhood she learns of Mary’s:

What could th’ intense blue heaven keep
To draw her eyes and thoughts so high?
All heaven was where her Boy did leap,
Where her foot quietly
Went rocking the dear God asleep.

The gardener shall learn this insight from his work:

The wonders of the sky for him
Shall open, nor his eyes be dim;
And seeing the first leaf unfold,
He shall praise God an hundredfold.

Katharine Tynan

Do you know that miracle of the newness of a leaf just unfolding, on lime tree or beech—the faultless transparent green coming out of the decay and witheredness of winter fresh as if this was the first leaf God had made? “*In te manens, innovas omnia*,” says the Church. That miracle is bound up with the mystery of the Immortality of Motherhood.

As the tree blossoms, so bloom I,
Flinging wild branches to the sky;
Renew each year my leafy suit,
Strike with the years a deeper root.

I clothe myself without a stain.
In me a child is born again,
A child that looks with innocent eyes
On a new world with glad surprise.

The old mistakes are all undone,
All the old sins are purged and gone.
Old wounds and scars have left no trace.
There are no lines in this young face.

Marriage came, and motherhood, and death of children; and from this time she sings of these things as one who has lived in them, not looked on them. It is all remembered emotion; no shriekings in the crises of events, but her soul's harvestings from these events. The love poems seem to belong as much to the time after marriage as before. To me the most moving thing is the ceaseless thinking of the dead children. At first she takes comfort, as if high thoughts would end her sorrows. She takes refuge in her husband's love, and in the little ones' happiness in heaven.

Unto myself I am grown dear,
Being dear to you:
And fearful with a double fear
In all I do,
Lest that some evil chance should prove
Ruin of that poor thing you love.

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O this woman will love her girl
And that her boy!
I keep not even the golden curl
Of our dead joy;
Now both my loves in one are given
Ever to you who make my heaven.

And again :

Gold on gold, snow on snow,
Height on height, row on row,
Greater in number these
Than the sands of the seas.
Yea, past all counting far,
Flower on flower, star on star,
Dimpled shoulder, cheek of peach,
As they lean each to each.
Golden heads, brows of pearl.
O, many a boy and many a girl,
O, many a girl and many a boy,
Mother's grief, mother's joy.

But amid snow and gold,
Gathered warm from the cold,
Fairer than gold, more fine,
Should be two that are mine.

But such thoughts give strength to bear the pain; they do
not take the pain away.

Over the fields and out of sight,
Beside the lonely river's flow,
Lieth the child this bitter night.

Ah, no;

The child sleeps under Mary's eyes!

What wandering lamb cries sore distressed,
Whilst I with fire and comfort go?
O, let me warm him in my breast!

Ah, no;

'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries!

Katharine Tynan

So the thought of the dead little ones breaks out in poem
after poem; and, finding that she will never forget, she learns
also that the child in heaven will never forget.

The silence ached for the baby's cry.
O silence, silence and loneliness!
And the thought of the empty nursery
Cried at her heart with a keen distress—
Knocked at her heart like a ghost of the night,
Followed her ever or near or far:
But her little boy he is clad in white,
In the land that is over the morning star.
He thinks of his mother through all that cheer;
He would never forget in a hundred year.

Twice we have the Little Ghost of the child trying to comfort
the mother.

The other children play;
But when I would rejoice,
O mother, I hear from far away
The crying of your voice!

And again:

Her heart cried for her lamb
Lapped cold in the churchyard sod;
She could not think on the happy children
At play with the Lamb of God.

Now come with me, my own mother,
And you shall have great ease,
For you shall see the lost children
Gathered to Mary's knees.

She is gone swift as a fawn,
As a bird homes to its nest;
She has seen them lie, the sleepy children,
'Twixt Mary's arm and breast.

It is one of the mysteries of sorrow—here the orphaned child
and there the bereft mother each craving for love. As is

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natural to her, she shrinks from no part of the mystery, but fearlessly looks to know how it seems in the eyes of the Shepherd of the sheepfold, and she finds Him weeping over it, as He wept over Lazarus.

His tender thoughts were turned apart
To where his orphaned lambs cried on;
Their cries lay heavy on his heart—
Poor milkless lambkins and undone.
With tears he saw the milky dams
Go dropping milk upon the grass;
These were the mothers of dead lambs,
The mothers of dead lambs, alas!

And there is another and deeper mystery which also lies at the edge of our knowledge; God has shown us no answer to it. How could we be content to be in heaven if our own beloved are lost? Our Lord has told us of Dives in hell praying that his brothers might not come there—the same mystery, love is stronger than hell; but He has given us no key to it. So we can only say what we see He has made, and leave the rest to Him. *Ipse fecit nos, et non ipsi nos.*

Child, if I were in heaven one day and you were in hell—
Angels white as my spotless one stumbled and fell—

I would leave for you the fields of God and Queen Mary's feet,
Straight to the heart of hell would go, seeking my sweet.

God mayhap would turn Him around at sound of the door:
Who is it goes out from Me to come back no more?

Then the blessed Mother of God would say from her throne:
"Son, 'tis a mother goes to hell, seeking her own.

"Body of mine, and soul of mine, born of me,
Thou who wert once little Jesus beside my knee.

"It is like to that all mothers are made: Thou madest them so.
Body of mine and soul of mine, do I not know?"

Katharine Tynan

Another thought often recurring is that the joy of founding a new home brings with it the sorrow of tearing away from the old home. Most beautiful is "An Island Fisherman"—at least, to Irish ears.

I groan as I put out—
My nets on the say,
To hear the little girshas shout,
Dancing among the spray.

Ochone, the childer pass
An' lave us to our grief;
The stranger took my little lass
At the fall o' the leaf.

Why would you go so fast
With him you never knew?
In all the throuble that is past
I never frowned on you.

Ochone! my thoughts are wild;
But little blame I say;
An ould man hungering for his child,
Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again
Laughin' to see me land.
O, what was pain an' throuble then,
Holdin' your little hand?

Or when your head let fall
Its soft curls on my breast?
Why do the childer grow at all
To love the stranger best?

It may be asked, Are there any really great poems among them? I cannot say there are. In looking on what is lovely one does not ask oneself, Is it great? and the question had not occurred to me till I began writing. It would be hard to say what makes a great poem; what is the greatness of *Locksley Hall*, or *The Hound of Heaven*, or William Watson's *Hymn to*

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the Sea? Perhaps there must be a worthy thought, bodied in such verse as (not brings the thought down to our level, but) lifts us up to enter fully into the thought, and neither mars it by unworthy touches, nor fails to say what we feel ought to be said. I will not pretend to judge whether any of Katharine Tynan's poems are in this way great. It is better to love than to judge. At any rate, there is no want of great thoughts. Her meditations on purely spiritual things are often side-thoughts and fancies suggested by the familiar truth; but in the great truths of life it is no side-thought but the truth itself that she feels and speaks. The fundamental facts of love and its joy, and its necessary parting of families, sorrow and death and mourning—of these things she speaks the very heart; not with the wild darings that are possible to one who forgets God, but with the reverent tender and restful yet throbbingly earnest of one who takes these things direct from His hand. And that living earnestness is the greatness of her poetry.

We teach that family life is the foundation of all goodness in Church or State, the one essential that must be safeguarded and sanctified at all costs; and that this was the purpose of Our Lord's home life. Here is the truth in poetry:

ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM

Thy kingdom come! Yea, bid it come.

But when Thy kingdom first began
On earth, Thy kingdom was a home,
A child, a woman, and a man.

The child was in the midst thereof,
O, blessed Jesus, holiest One!

The centre and the fount of love,
Mary and Joseph's little Son.

Wherever on the earth shall be
A child, a woman, and a man,
Imaging that sweet trinity
Wherewith Thy kingdom first began,

Establish there Thy kingdom! Yea,
And o'er that trinity of love,
Send down, as in Thy appointed day,
The brooding spirit of Thy Dove!

Katharine Tynan

And again, in a poem too long to quote in full:

OF THE TRUE MARRIAGE.

Unto His servant on a day
The Lord revealed His hidden way.
He said: " Within this city great,
Where sin still slays the Lamb of God,
What dost thou think I contemplate
For comfort when I look abroad? "
His servant answered: " Yonder church
Crowded at Mass-time to the porch."

The Lord replied: " Not so "; and then
His servant guessed, to make Him glad,
The priest where he sat shriving men;
The wounded healed; the orphan clad;
The widow's tears wiped off; the poor
Fed from another's little store.

And many more guesses he made.

And yet the Lord God shook His head.
He said: " Lo, in thy city I see
A wife and husband, full of love,
Whose lives in loving harmony
Are set all death and change above.
I see; and, leaning from My place,
I bless them in their hidden grace,
Whose love and peace and sweet accord
Comfort Me greatly," saith the Lord.

We teach that to have charge of others is a sharing of the fatherhood of God, our highest privilege and our most awful responsibility. Here is the teaching from one who feels and can make us feel:

PARENTHOOD

These are the years our God
Lays down, and nothing loth,
His sceptre and His rod
As He were tired of both,

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Bids men and women take
His empire for a while,
To ban, to bless, to make
The children weep or smile.

All power be yours, He saith,
Over My little ones :
The power of life and death,
The power of clouds and suns.
The power of weal and harm
Be yours to have and hold ;
In you they shall go warm,
In you be pinched with cold.

Just for these God-like years
You shall not know th' intense
Pang beyond prayers and tears
Of your love's impotence.
Be yours to make, to mar,
This lovely thing I wrought,
With love brought from afar
And My eternal thought.

This fashioned I of joy,
Much hope, without a stain,
Pure gold without alloy
Redeemed in mine own pain.
For this the wine-press trod
Ensanguined to the knee.
Afterwards—saith our God—
Ye will account to Me.

For every needless tear,
For all the smiles unsmiled,
For lonely wrong and fear
Wrought on My little child,
Myself will exact the fee,
A God of wrath and scorn :
Better that day that ye
Were dead ere ye were born.

Katharine Tynan

Contrariwise—His wrath
Our Lord God put away—
Your watchful love till death
I will repay, repay.
Lord of the skies and lands,
Take pity on Thy dust,
Strengthen our mortal hands
Lest we betray Thy trust.

I had hoped to quote much more, of the years of longing to be back in Ireland, and the joy at last of being at home again, where

They aren't making money of the water and the land.
Please God, they'll learn no stinting, but keep the open hand.
And what they lose they're saving, and what they give they hold.
Ah, God help the foolish people with the yellow gold.

And of the lovely music of the fairy-tale of the Children of Lir:

But alas! for my swans, with the human nature,
Sick with human longings, starved for human ties,
With their hearts all human cramped to a bird's stature,
And the human weeping in the bird's soft eyes.
Never shall my swans build nests in some green river,
Never fly to southward in the autumn gray,
Rear no tender children, love no mates for ever;
Robbed alike of bird's joys and of man's are they.

It seems that these poems are a treasure which we ought not to neglect. We all recognize how much our people are being lowered by the reading of rubbish, and in a general way we advise them to "read something better than that." But that is small guidance, unless we are prepared actually to introduce them to something better. Introducing does not mean simply putting the good books within reach, but getting the people to share our own enjoyment of them. It can be done. I know working-class people of ordinary education who find delight and comfort in these poems of Katharine Tynan, and not only in these but in others that might be thought more unlikely, such works as *The Angel in the House* and *The*

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Dream of Gerontius. Of course, it comes from personal intercourse, from reading to them and, if need be, explaining pieces that we think will appeal to them as they appeal to us. But when this has been done a few times, if they have any power of appreciating poetry—and many have—they will begin to read for themselves. And to read and love Katharine Tynan's books must be a strong influence for good, because she is, as I have tried to show, so utterly Catholic and at the same time so utterly natural—Catholic and natural are to her the same thing.

For many years I dared not try her novels lest they might lower my idea of her, being in some way unworthy. It might be that consciously she wrote down to a lower level. Many writers do, persuading themselves that the reading public fixes the standard it wants and that the writers therefore incur no responsibility when they accept that standard. Or it might be that unconsciously she was writing poor stuff, thinking that her success as a poet was assurance that she could write well in other fields—a thing which has happened sometimes. When at last, with much venturing, I read *Mary Gray*, both fears vanished at once. It might not be as high in the world of literature as her poetry. I do not think it is; but it appealed in the same way—as pure, true, sweet. Still I did not know how it would appeal to other minds, minds unprepared by her poetry. So I lent it to a brother priest, a hardened novel-reader, and he returned it with the verdict, "The world is the better for having books like that."

Since then I have read—and preached—her novels as freely as her poems. The novels have enough individuality to make them enjoyable reading, but not enough to make them stay in the memory. The last I have read, *Peggy the Daughter*, has many roughnesses that suggest that it may be a first novel, yet it is full of lovable people and healthy happenings. (Perhaps it may have been written under the shadow of death in moments stolen from a child's sick-bed.) There is the same fearlessness shown here that is in her poems—fearlessness in looking on any part of the truth and seeing its beauty under the eyes of God. The real heroine of the book is the Quakeress Priscilla. We know that of all the means of holiness in the

Katharine Tynan

Catholic Church, some few in more or less degree have been preserved in each of the non-Catholic bodies, and that these means of holiness (because they are such by nature) produce their natural effect in those bodies. The love of peace and the habit of silent prayer which have been preserved in the Society of Friends have produced a very real and distinct type of spiritual life. And here this type is boldly pictured in its most lovely form. Equally fearlessly and truly is its narrowness shown. Priscilla is married to a Catholic husband, and in bringing up his Catholic child, at all points where the two traditions conflict, she finds that her own healthy nature leads her to break through the Quaker narrowness and follow the Catholic teaching. There is no controversy; simply the problem arises, and it is clear at once that healthy human nature calls for the Catholic solution and rejects the other. There is the same daring and successful appeal to Nature in the picture of Pierce Rowan being welcomed home in triumph on his return from prison; he had been sentenced for abduction and attempted murder, and after twelve years' punishment he is welcomed back as a hero. What else would you have in a land where for centuries the presumption has been that the law of the land is engaged not in enforcing the natural law but in outraging it? The appeal to Nature is habitual to the people, and here it is made so simply and naturally that probably you will read it and approve it without noticing what it is that you are approving.

To William Watson, who sees the beauty of the world without the love of God, man is only "a captive king, mewed in a palace divine." Here, in her own words, is what Katharine Tynan sees:

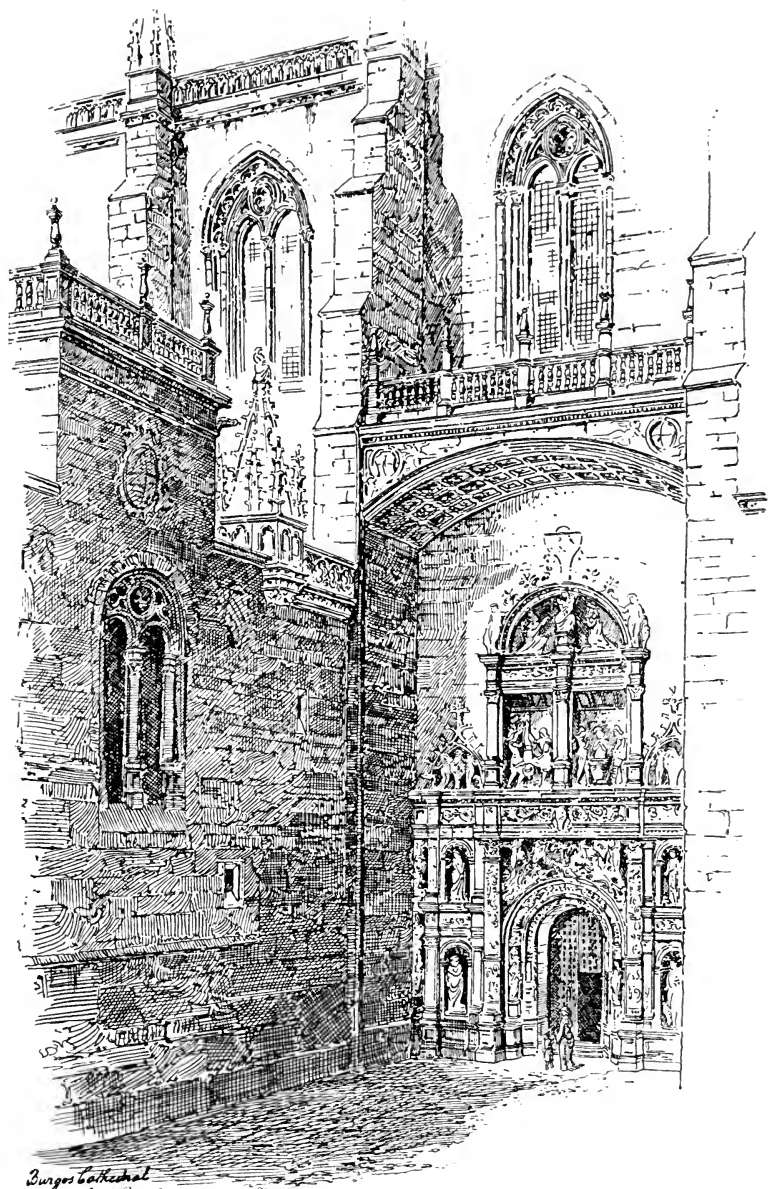
Green are the fields of the earth, holy and sweet her joys;
Take and taste, and be glad—as fruit and blossom and bird,
But still as an exile, Soul: then hey! with a singing voice,
For the stars and sun and sweet heaven, whose ultimate height is the
Lord!
Ripe, lovely and glad you shall grow, in the light of His face and His
word.

J. B. McLAUGHLIN, O.S.B.

THE MYSTIC OF AVILA

ONE of the first six volumes of the Nelson Collection of Spanish Classics, issued about twelve months ago, and the very first to show itself on our bookstalls, was the *Obras Escogidas de la Santa Madre Teresa de Jesús*—the *Life* written by herself and *The Mansions* or *The Interior Castle*. St Teresa's distinction as a prose writer of exceptional grace of form and purity of diction is well known to students; her literary work has won for itself an undisputed right to representation by extracts in an anthology or a History of Spanish Literature. But I do not know how to take this bid for a wider and, as I think, coarser popularity—whether the association of a book so sacred in character with the literature of the smoking-carriage, its fraternization with romances like the *Exemplary Novels* of the author of Don Quixote, the setting up of the story of a pure soul's intimacy with its Maker side by side on the same shelf with *La Vida Intima de Napoleón*, be not calculated to vulgarize it rather than to do it honour, to discredit it as a veracious document rather than to extol it as a work of art. I do not suppose the Spanish reading public has, of a sudden, discovered an appetite for mystical study keen enough to warrant the inclusion of one or two choice spiritual entrées in a menu chiefly made up of novels and romantic history. Assuming, therefore—as we are bound to do—a straightforward, if not actually a devout, intention on the part of the enterprising editors, we must conclude that the mystical writings of the Holy Virgin have been presented to the public in cheap popular form purely as a literary work of the first rank. Or, perhaps, we should believe that there is an equivalent of exceptional genius in exceptional sanctity, that St Teresa's native simplicity and sweetness, illumined by the love of God, shines through her words, irradiating them with a halo of beauty not altogether of earth and that her personality, by its nobility and purity, has breathed into them a vitality which retains its youthful charm and freshness after the lapse of more than three hundred years.

Anyway, we may assume that the business instinct of the publishers has assured them of a sale for the book that will run to thousands and tens of thousands; what, then, will this multitude of chance readers make of it? We English have nothing to guide us in estimating its effect on the man in the street under Spanish skies. We have seen St Teresa's works in the hands only of the devout. We think of them as intended mainly for the reverent use of dwellers in convents and monasteries; we have even doubted the capacity of any but experts in the spiritual life to understand or appreciate them. Doubtless our older English translations of St Teresa—even Sir Toby Mathew's version of the *Life*—are not set out in the form that attracts the ordinary reader; it is possible, therefore, that



Burgos Cathedral
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the more lucid style and handsome make-up of the Stanbrook edition—of which *The Interior Castle* (Thomas Baker, London) is so promising a beginning—will secure a wider audience. But it will not be a popular one. It would need an English St Teresa to make an English classic of the Spanish Saint's mystical works. Taking it for granted, then, that, in the original language, St Teresa's books will now have a vogue they have never yet enjoyed, what may we predict, or hope, will be the result?

Let it be said with all reverence that the Nelson publication is not more likely to encourage the practice of higher methods of prayer than a cheap edition of De Quincey's *Confessions* to spread the laudanum habit. The opium-eater can boast of few disciples in spite of the popularity of his picturesque presentment of the vice. St Teresa's picturesque presentment of a virtue will be even less actively effective. But, since the Saint's truthfulness is obvious and convincing—since she treats the soul and the world of the spirit, even the Divine Presence, as matters of fact and not merely of faith—facts, in her case, of proved knowledge and experience, the popular reading of her mystical works should bring about some revivification of the belief—now more shadowy and unreal than it has ever been since the overthrow of Paganism—in a personal God and a future life. Man, even whilst asserting his agnosticism, craves for an assurance of his immortality. For this purpose, and not simply out of curiosity, he meddles with dark seances and spirit-mediums, talks of astral planes and mahatmas, experiments with the planchette and table-rapping, investigates automatic writing and thought transference, and flocks open-mouthed to the preacher of the new gospel. Have we not seen hard-headed men of business and leaders of scientific thought, credulous as children, sitting at the feet of charlatans who profess to have opened up communication with those who have passed beyond the veil and to have power to summon up their ghosts? We may not altogether blame such people. There is something wholesome and even desirable in this quest of the supernatural. In all days, it has been the chief mission of the Saint to bear witness in his own person to its reality. The man of God has been endowed by the Holy Spirit with grace and miraculous gifts that he may impress unbelieving generations with the reality of God's presence and power in the world and enable men, in some sort, to see it and experience it for themselves. St Teresa's works will preach convincingly the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. And in a sceptical age like ours such writings, aflame with the love of God, telling of wonderful spiritual experiences, will give the lie direct to materialist assertions and, it may be hoped, will do something to counteract the propaganda of Ferrer, Haeckel and their atheistic following.

We may expect a large proportion of St Teresa's twentieth century

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readers to treat all that is wonderful in the narrative as illusion. Many of them will have heard talk of "unconscious cerebration," "the subliminal consciousness" or "subconscious activity"—to use the several phrases in vogue—a certain abnormal mentality, associated usually with disturbed conditions of health, but discoverable also, at times, actively at work in persons of exceptionally robust body and mind. But even these sceptics will not be able to doubt the honesty of the Saint or the strict veraciousness of her story. M. Delacroix, for instance, speaking of mystics, St Teresa in particular, says: "Le sentiment de passivité qu'expriment si fortement les mystiques, et d'où ils concluent la transcendence de leurs états, et leur rapport à une activité supérieure, à l'action divine, est l'ignorance d'un travail intérieur, de l'activité subconsciente. . . . Les aptitudes du sujet, ses désirs, ses méditations antécédentes, les fins qu'il poursuit continuent d'opérer en lui à son insu." However, we need not just now trouble ourselves with the psychology of the so-called illusions. The ordinary readers of the Nelson volume will not be of the class which has leisure and means to amuse itself with such theories. I quote M. Delacroix as an example of the way an unbelieving critic of the Saint invariably takes her good faith for granted, and also to show how an able exponent of the theory of subjective causation is only able to suggest a plausible explanation of mystic phenomena—an explanation, therefore, which practically admits that it may be the wrong one. Tycho Brahe accounted for all recorded astronomical movements on the hypothesis that the earth is stationary; Sir Isaac Newton explained all the known phenomena of Light by his "Emission" theory; but who would accept such doctrines now? As I say, very many readers will explain away St Teresa's supernatural experiences, some with theories of an abnormal condition of mind or body, the generality for no better reason than that such happenings have not come within their ken; yet I venture to assert that, in spite of unbelief and prejudice, her readers will be so convinced of her truthfulness and so impressed with her intelligence that they will confess in their hearts she may have known more of such matters than they do, will suspect, perhaps, that she is justified in her assumption of a supernatural agency, and, consequently, will be brought nearer to a living faith in the world of the spirit than they have been since they emerged from childhood.

The Catholic reader will, very likely, wonder if he ought to accept each and all of the revelations of the Saint *au pied de la lettre*. He will notice that St Teresa is confident not only of the supernatural origin of her experiences, but of divine guidance in the literary expression of them. How far are we to accept the writings as divinely assisted and

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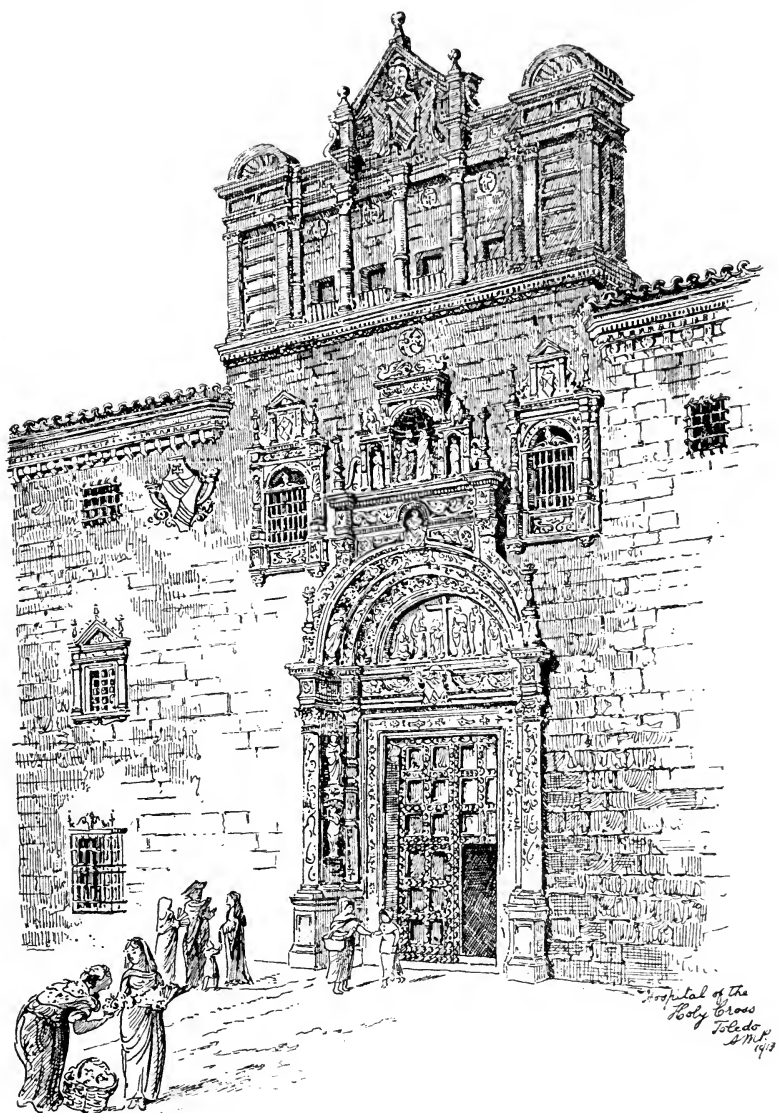
inspired? On this point I think we shall be justified in following the wise and usually sound rule never to attribute to a supernatural cause what can readily be explained by a natural one. "Il n'est pas scientifique de chercher à expliquer par le plus ce qui peut s'expliquer par le moins." There are kinds and degrees of inspiration. We can do nothing without the help of God. What we do well and holily we do so under the influence of divine grace, with the blessing of God. St Teresa took up her pen to write under an obedience; she believed the task quite beyond her powers; she sought help and guidance of God in prayer. Then, in spite of her incapacity, the work progressed and she saw that it was good; must she not give God all the glory of it? Was it not His doing? Moreover, with a Saint-author, like St Teresa, we may do more than say that without God's help she could not have written as she did; with such a one His grace is always and actively with her, illuminating, directing and supporting; she would be conscious, all the while, of an intimate union with Him in prayer. She could say, and did say, with St Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Nevertheless, we need not, and, as I think, should not, postulate the miraculous in such divine help. We shall not be justified in making use of the word "inspiration" in its Scriptural sense, nor in calling the "locutions," heard in the trances, as the "word of God." Dante, also, believed he had divine direction in his visions. The inspiration the great Christian poet received through prayer and by the grace of God will not have differed in kind from that vouchsafed to St Teresa—though, doubtless, less masterful in his case and not so manifest either to himself or to his readers. The story told by Fr Zimmerman, in his preface to the Stanbrook translation of *The Interior Castle*—how Mother Mariana of the Angels heard from Mother Mary of the Nativity that, entering one day the Saint's cell to deliver a message, she found the holy Mother just beginning a new sheet of her book, who, whilst taking off her spectacles to listen to the message, was seized with a trance; how the terrified nun kept her eyes steadily on the Saint for the *several hours* the trance lasted; and when it came to an end, "it was seen that the paper, previously blank, was covered with writing"—is valueless as evidence of anything except the veneration inspired by the Saint. Such a miracle *may* have happened; God's ways are ever mysterious; "the foolishness of this world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise." But we need something better than an *on dit*, with one very evident exaggeration* in it, to convince us that God worked a miracle to cover the loss of time occasioned by the trance and was joint-author of a

* "The period of time, however long it may have been, during which the faculties of the mind were entranced, is very short; if half-an-hour, that would be a long time. I do not think I have ever been so long."—*Life*, Chap. XVIII.

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portion of the book. Again, we are told that, on a similar occasion when the Saint was interrupted whilst writing, she said: "Sit down, my child, and let me write what Our Lord has told me ere I forget it"—to my mind merely an instance of St Teresa's habitual way of speaking about her work—giving God all the praise and glory of it. Another piece of evidence, adduced by Fr Zimmerman, apparently to encourage belief in a very direct, though not plenary, divine inspiration is a passage from one of the Saint's letters to Fr Salazar, S.J.: "If Señor Carillo (Salazar himself) came, the person in question (the Saint) thinks he would find another jewel (the *Mansions*) which in her opinion is superior to the former (the *Life*). The one reflects nothing foreign to itself, but is resplendent in its own beauty. It is enriched with more delicate enamels than the former; the workmanship, too, is more perfect. For, as the person in question says, the jeweller was less experienced when he fashioned the previous one. Moreover, the gold of the new one is of better quality than that of the former, though the precious stones are not so well set. It has been done, as might be expected, after the designs of the Jeweller Himself." Is there any warrant for the capital letters given to the last two words? St Teresa is not in the habit of mixing her metaphors. The jeweller of the penultimate sentence clearly is St Teresa herself; as the passage is printed, however, the Saint is made to describe Our Lord as a Jeweller somewhat inexperienced when furnishing the earlier design and doing better, on the whole, at the second attempt. Need we read into the extract any deeper meaning than this: that, in her first composition, St Teresa was comparatively inexperienced and was hampered by the loosely-connected narrative form of the work, prescribed by her director, whilst, in the later book, she was at liberty to group her experiences more scientifically and was more practised in composition? The ornate extravagance of the "jeweller" simile is a playful reference to her correspondent's use of the word "jewel" when writing about the *Life*. A passage from a later letter, quoted also by Fr Zimmerman, tells the story in plain, unvarnished words: "The book I have written since (the *Mansions*) seems to me superior (to the *Life*); at least, I had more experience when I wrote it."

This difficulty in distinguishing between literary inspiration and divine dictation is intensified, in St Teresa's case, when we come to consider the revelations and "locutions." She had, to an exceptional degree, the poet's gift of visualizing the symbols, similitudes and concepts she made use of, and she wrote of them as though they were realities actually present to her sight. In her own mind, there was no confusion between her flights of imagination and the supernatural favours she received from her Divine Spouse. A careful reader can often gather from her own well-



Hospital of the
Holy Cross
Toledo
J.M.P.
1843

To face p. 300

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chosen words into what category—of poet's dream or mystic's vision—to put the incident or description. What I mean will be best explained by an example. In Chapter I of *The Interior Castle* we have the Saint's own written account of the conception of the work; in the Preface we have the version her Confessor (Don Diego de Yepes) professedly took down as he heard it from her lips. Her own account says: "While I was begging Our Lord to-day to speak for me . . . an *idea* occurred to me which I will explain and which will serve as the foundation of all I am about to write. I *thought* of the soul as resembling a castle, formed of a single diamond or a very transparent crystal, and containing many rooms, just as in heaven there are many mansions." Don Diego transmutes this "thought" or "idea" into a supernatural vision. "He (God) showed her a most beautiful globe of crystal, in the shape of a castle, with seven rooms, the seventh, situated in the centre, occupied by the King of Glory." A pious reader, like Don Diego, is very naturally inclined to confuse the imaginary visions with the true ones—all the more that St Teresa's mystic experience made no appeal to the senses. She had but few visual manifestations that she accepted as undoubtedly supernatural, and she tells us of these with some diffidence; she cannot altogether rid herself of the suspicion that there may be unconscious deception in a corporeal vision. The revelations she put full faith in were communications to her soul what time the mind and senses were dormant and inactive. They were formless wonders—mysteries that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive—words, as St Paul says, it is not given to man to utter. In order to translate these soul-experiences into words—very real and illuminative impressions of divine truths and realities as undoubtedly they were—she had no choice but to make use of simile and comparison and draw freely on the wealth of imagery her poet's fancy placed at her disposal. The process was not very different from that of interpreting a musical symphony by a poetical rhapsody or a prose poem. Hence her mystical writings are not readily distinguishable from her imaginative work either in concept or manner of expression. From the literary point of view they are a "creation"—as definitely subjective as Turner's grandiose landscape named "Italy" or Elgar's Italian Concerto—both of them an artist's imaginative expression of a composite Italian experience. St Teresa is at some pains to indicate the nature of this subjective interpretation of the mystical revelations, and at times this subjectiveness betrays itself and cannot be mistaken. But by its very nature it creates a difficulty and leads to some mistrust, not of the reality of the revelations or visions, but of the value of their description in words. To take a very pointed example. Various mystics have been favoured with the vision of

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Sophia, or *Sapientia*, the Eternal Wisdom. With some—St Teresa is among these—it is Christ, the Word of God, whom they have seen with the eyes of the soul; with the Blessed Henry Suso and St Lawrence Justinian, influenced, no doubt, by the gender of the nouns, it is the vision of a very beautiful woman.

A greater difficulty still is that of determining when and how far the mystic phenomena are supernatural and from God. The trance, with its visions and revelations, its real or fancied communication with the unseen world, its prophetic spirit and miraculous concomitants, has a place in the history of nearly every religion of all ages and countries of the world. Not only, therefore, would it be foolish to claim for all or any of the external phenomena that they are the exclusive property of Christianity and characteristic of the servants of God, but it would be wiser and more in accordance with the use and teaching of the Church to make little account of them as indications of personal holiness; and, although they may bear on the face of them very clear signs of a celestial origin, to leave the pious reader of Saints' lives to be convinced or unconvinced in his own mind as to their authenticity. The trance-phenomena of Christian mystics are paralleled very exactly by those of other mystics—Neo-platonist, Buddhist, Taoist and the rest. Some of the manifestations, bolstered up by trickery and hypnotic suggestion, are the stock-in-trade of the fakeer and ju-ju priest. I am not sure if we ought not to admit that such phenomena are more frequently and more prominently a feature of debased and degraded forms of worship than of spiritual and cultured ones. St Teresa herself was so anxiously afraid of the deceptions of the Evil One, and so conscious of the possibility of delusion, that she made a manifestation of her state to every notable priest and theologian who came in her way. I have counted twenty-seven persons from whom she sought assurance of the truth of her visions, all with reputations for sanctity—two of them since canonized—most of them Dominican or Jesuit Provincials and Rectors of religious houses, likely, therefore, to be experienced directors of souls. She was unfeignedly glad when the *Life* was submitted to the judgment of the Inquisition. Her directors—be it said—one and all practically confirmed her in the belief that the experiences were trustworthy and from God. They based their verdict—as we might have expected—not on the quality of the experiences, but on their knowledge of her personal holiness—on the fact, also, that the manifestations led to an increase of this holiness, and that there seemed to be a certain order and procession in the experiences which marked the successive steps of her progress in perfection. "Which of you shall convince me of sin?" was Our Lord's challenge to the enemies who denied that his works were of God. "Every good tree

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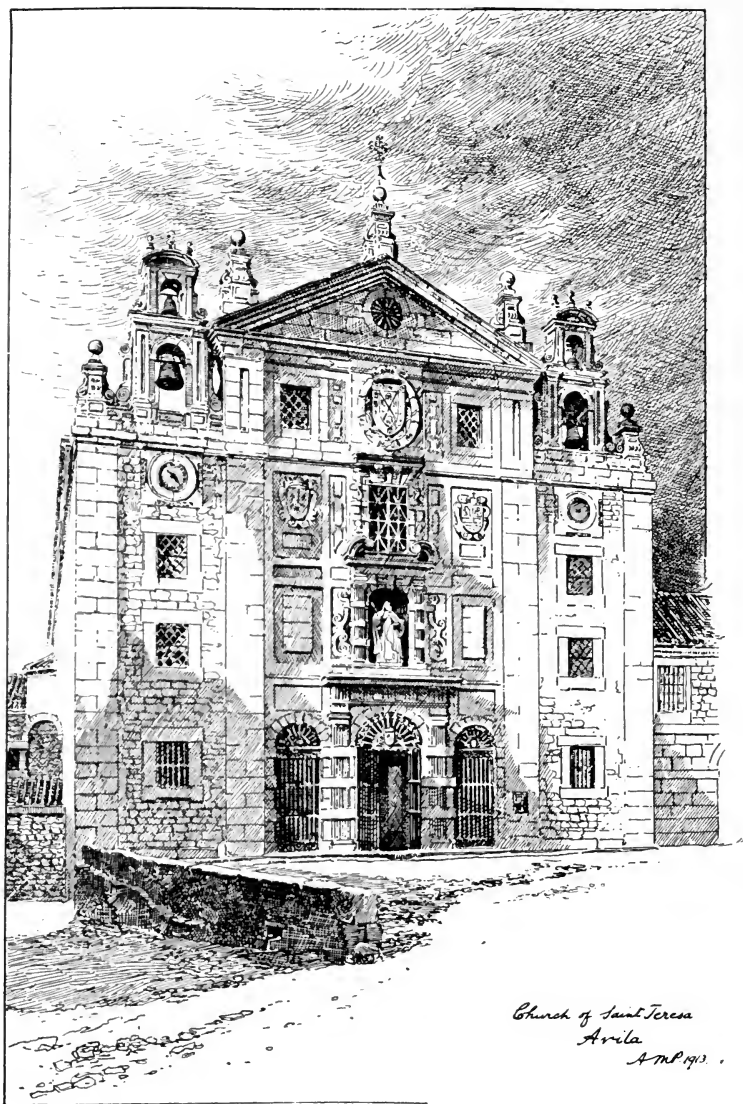
bringeth forth good fruit and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit.”
“Do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles? By their fruits you shall know them.”

Another reason why, instead of accepting mystic phenomena as evidence of sanctity, we should first be convinced of the holiness of the subject before crediting them with a divinely supernatural origin, is the psychological explanation of such phenomena mentioned on a previous page. Unconscious cerebration, subconscious activity, or whatever we may choose to call it, ranks nowadays as an ascertained scientific fact; and, though I do not suppose—and, indeed, refuse to admit—that the ecstasies and visions of St Teresa may have been purely subjective in their nature—the product of an automatic mental activity, whilst the senses were inert and the body in some sort of trance or hypnotic sleep—I think we should distinguish between the spiritual favours communicated to the soul direct from the hands of God and their physical effects. These latter are, first, the trance-state of the body, and, secondly, the reaction of this abnormal condition of the body upon the mental faculties—a reaction which may also be supernatural, but is of occurrence in cases where a divine agency may not be postulated without irreverence. I am not here alluding to the experiences of non-Christian mystics, like Plotinus, Jamblicus, Swedenborg and Professor Myers—to take a few of the best-known names, nor to Christian mystics suspected of heresy or heretical tendencies, like Ruysbroeck, Madame Guion and the Quietists; it may be said of them as confidently now as in the days of St Teresa that their visions and revelations were counterfeit, the work of Satan in the form of an angel of light. But I am thinking of certain phenomena, associated with the hypnotic trance, which may be induced in certain individuals by the use of drugs. Here, for instance—I quote from the *Daily Chronicle*—is the description a well-known art critic gives of the extraordinary effect upon him of a drug administered by injection to give him relief from pain: “I will try to tell you just what happened so far as I am able. . . . In perfect trust I waited for sleep to encompass me, and in the blissful interval difficulties, problems that had troubled me, vanished. All was clear and radiant: there was no more disharmony—and as sleep closed over me I wondered that anybody, anywhere, could ever have thought that God could be anything but Love. Did I sleep? I hardly know. It was better than sleep. I had the joy of sleep, but I also was aware, in some mysterious way, that I was asleep and very happy. Surely this may be a foretaste of the one aim of all true mystics—conscious union with God, the real I of Love, the child of God, escaping for awhile, through one of His merciful palliatives, from the dominion of the unreal, I, the child of Pain, escaping and in Him abiding—moment-

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arily. In one of the spaces of conscious sleep—and they seemed to recur all through the night—I realized the full significance of those most comforting words of the great Law-giver, who kept the faith through all, and who, knowing all, told His people that ‘Underneath are the everlasting arms.’ There they were waiting for me—incredible tidings! . . . So I fell asleep, sank into conscious ineffable sleep, under me the Everlasting Arms, that night of my awakening.” Drugs affect persons differently, but Mr Lewis Hind’s experience is not exceptional. I have known a Catholic Professor who, inoculated in a similar way, had ecstatic visions of spiritual beings in another world. I have known a priest, also, who, under the influence of a drug, seemed to himself to have a dual personality, to be rapt out of himself, an onlooker at the workings of his own mind and heart. We shall not—I am very sure—be wrong in treating as “unproven” any manifestations in a trance-state directly cultivated and induced by ill-treatment of the body in conjunction with Quietest practices—self-hypnotism scientists would term it—as also in recognizing, in cases where the supernatural origin of the trance-state may not be doubted, the concomitant unconscious mental activity set automatically in motion, which busies itself with the interpretation of the manifestations, gives to them shape and speech and expression in words—adds to them, also, in some instances, particulars so intimately personal that their subjectivity betrays itself; one may trace in them the suggestion of antecedent emotions and the influence of a dominant idea. Instances of this are not wanting in even such authentic revelations as those of St Teresa. Speaking for myself and under correction, I take the vision of “Eliseus” in glory—he was alive at the time—as a case in point. “I saw my Eliseus (a pet-name of her Confessor, Fr Jerom Gratian) there, not at all swarthy, but in strange beauty: around his head was a garland of precious stones; a multitude of damsels went before him with palms in their hands, all singing hymns of praise unto God. . . . I thought there was music also—the singing of birds and angels—which filled my soul with joy.” The supernatural favour, apparently, was a comforting assurance of the divine approval of the joint efforts of herself and her Confessor to reform the Carmelite convents; may we not look upon the remainder of the vision as subjective—a product of the subconscious mental activity set in motion by the trance and reacting upon the vision and the persons and circumstances associated with it?

For my part, I confess it is these revelations of self—manifestations of the lovable humanity in her—which are the charm of St Teresa’s mystical writings. As I read them I find myself thinking much oftener of the artist than the Saint. The child-like delight in rare and beautiful



*Church of Saint Teresa
Avila
AMP 1913.*

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things; the pretty way she has of tricking out her visions with a splendour that belongs to earth rather than to heaven; the sweet sympathy—that of the pure of heart—with all that is clean and wholesome in Nature and in Life; the sense of humour, never absent though not visible on the surface, felt rather than seen, like a warm heart-beat beneath the full rich drapery of the scholarly phrasing; the “rejoice with me” exclamation over the discovery of the right word or the telling image—a rejoicing none the less humble and free from vanity that it is frankly displayed, nor the less heart-felt that all the glory and praise of it is given to God; the *ed anch’ io son’ pittore* satisfaction when her book has found favour with some one of discernment and reputation;—it is the intimate grace of these touches of Nature—touches that make the reader akin with the Saint and herself akin with all the world—which entitles her books to rank among the masterpieces of literature. Like the paintings of the artist-monk, *il beato Angelico*, they should, and doubtless will, rank among the heirlooms of all nations and all times, whenever, by adequate methods of reproduction, other nations than Spain shall have the opportunity to make themselves familiar with their beauties. May the edition of her works begun by our Stanbrook sisters do for the masterpieces of St Teresa what the Arundel and Medici societies have done for the devout paintings of Fra Angelico and his Pre-Raphaelite contemporaries.

J. C. A.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

VI. THE TYPHOON

NOW that Abu Bakr' had reconsolidated the body of Islam, it became incumbent upon him to perform his missionary duty as Khalif and to send the words of the prophet out to the four corners of the earth, and it was against the Arabs of lower Mesopotamia and Hira that he decided the first attempt should be made. It is hard to attribute any deep policy to so simple a man as Abu Bakr', but there is little doubt that he could not have made a more artful choice than in selecting the Babylonian districts for the first essay at permanent conquest.

This borderland between Arabia and Iran had for so long been the scene of Arabian and Persian strife that the local nomads must have been imbued with a certain political enthusiasm in addition to the natural religious confidence of opinion with which they were inspired. Further, the sedentary native population of the lands adjoining Hira were strongly impregnated with a Jewish and Arabian leaven; their religious opinions tended towards Christianity or to some local forms of Manichæism and were opposed to the pure Zoroastrianism of the Persians.

The Kings of Hira had left a memory of Arabian dominion which could not be obliterated by the lax and unsettled government which had dethroned them. The Persian forces were generally discredited in the eyes of the Arabs by the disasters of previous years, and the battle of Dhú Kar was still a glorious record of what might again be repeated in the future.

The public knowledge that the people of Yemen had accepted Al Islam in favour of the Persian Yoke was one last preparative accident in favour of the aggressors. Hira and Babylonia were regions which had not been plundered for many years and had not shared the generally blighting consequences of the preceding wars—rich towns were surrounded by wealthy villages, water and food were within the reach of an invader, the winter was usually mild, the hot season held out no terrors to people from the South.

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From the preceding lines it will be noticed that hardly any circumstance militated against the probability of an early Moslem success. With the keen sense of a true Minister of State, Abu Bakr' refrained from hampering his generals by minute and unnecessary orders and omitted to draw up for them a detailed plan of campaign. Having selected the two ablest leaders amongst the Arabs in Iyadh-ibn-Ghanam and Khalid-ibn-Walid, he wisely separated them and their armies into two completely independent forces.

Iyadh was bidden advance on Hira from the Syrian Desert in the North-West, Khalid-ibn-Walid had orders to approach the same city from Najd in the South; the supreme command was reserved as a prize for the chieftain who first reached his destination.

Khalid had under his control a force such as perhaps Arabia had never produced, an army numbering perhaps not less than 18,000 men. It was no hungry horde butting blindly along the lines of least resistance in search of fresh pasture, such as had fought at Dhú Kar, nor was it a loosely knit confederation leagued together for a brief season as at the Fosse, nor yet a gigantic raiding party such as Osama had carried into Syria; the forces under Khalid were of an entirely different composition, they were organized into divisions, their enthusiasm was primarily for an ideal, and their hopes could not be fulfilled by a single campaign. Permanent conquest and the spread of their creed were the objects which the early Moslems had in view; that lust for plunder, riches and women may have revived their drooping spirits need not be contradicted, but that the motive power of their conquests was derived from higher sources no one can deny, for had merely piratical instinct been their guide the first success would have proved their ruin.

On the other hand, the Persians were disorganized, unpopular, and probably incompetent; the troops of the Satraps were in all likelihood undisciplined craven levies with neither hearts nor minds for battle. It is the merest presumption on my part, but I should certainly imagine that in the empire of the ancient Sassanians, except under peculiar circumstances, the very worst troops in the empire would be found marshalled under the greediest and most incompetent officials in a rich and

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peaceful province such as that of Hira. There the only business of a governor would be to remain on amicable terms with the nomads of the North, to extract taxes from the industrious and unwarlike cultivators of the soil, and to play off the various municipalities one against the other.

When war raged in the North with Rome, or in the East with the Turks, levies and treasures would be required of the Satrap; when the Arabs raided from the South a seasonable bribe would divide their hosts or bring others from the North to expel them. At the best a man would be selected for the post rather for diplomatic than military capacity.

We may also assume that at the date of Khalid's invasion little help could be expected from headquarters: a puppet King surrounded by wrangling and ambitious chieftains is not likely to prove an efficient source of military reserves. The true strength of the Persian armies lay in the wild mountain horse-men of the modern districts of Wazna and Shirwan; these were feudal levies, and when the life of a monarch is precarious and the succession doubtful the baron and tribal chief, if he be wise, will as a rule keep his men at home or, if he be ambitious, in the vicinity of the court. Consequently, when Khalid broke through the deserts and swampy belts which divide lower Mesopotamia from Najd he entered a densely populated but almost defenceless land.

The Persian governor, Hormizd, who had received intelligence of the incursion, gathered together his army to oppose the invaders. Hormizd was no coward, and the chivalrous traditions of an hereditary nobility prompted him to challenge Khalid to single combat in view of both armies—to a knight of the desert there could not have come a more welcome request. Khalid slew the Satrap after a brief engagement, and the fall of the Persian lord was a signal for the Moslem attack. With a frenzied roar the Arabs charged upon the wavering lines before them. Lance, mace and sword were soon dyed with blood. The Persians fled from the pitiless slaughter in vain. They were pursued and put to death without mercy. Many perforce had to bide their ground, being manacled together in living masses, thus offering only a more helpless target for the darts and weapons of the victorious Arabs. From this last circumstance

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Khalid's first battle was known to the poets as the Day of Chains, and those partial historians, ever ready to magnify the task of the victors, attributes this stratagem of the Persians to a courageous desire to perish on the field rather than fly; those who remember the wretched gunners found mangled in the batteries of Ras-el-Tin will perhaps attribute another cause. The victory opened the lower regions to Khalid, and he hastened to take advantage of it; the peasant population were neither plundered nor annoyed, they were commanded henceforth to pay their taxes to the Khalif of Medina and were permitted to rest in peace; a second Persian army which hastened down to endeavour to check the Moslems met with no happier fate than the first, the leaders were killed and the battle in which they fell was little more than a massacre. Towns and villages surrendered without question or were abandoned in haste—the plunder and treasures which were abandoned were enough to have satisfied three times the number of men Khalid had at his disposal; but this neither stayed the advance nor diminished the numbers of the intrepid Moslem army.

As Khalid marched further north a third array was prepared by the Persians to meet him—this consisted of a host of Christian Bedawin from the North, and a few apostates who had fled from Arabia during the late rebellion. Under its own Arabian Shaykhs this force endeavoured to stay the resistless onslaught of the invaders. If we have need of proof of the poor quality of the two previous divisions which had succumbed before the Moslems in the south, we have it in the fact that this motley assembly of undisciplined nomads offered the most serious resistance that had yet been encountered. So obstinately indeed did they contest the field that the remorseless Khalid swore a mighty oath that he would slay every prisoner that fell into his hand. Eventually the Christians gave way and a multitude were captured during their retreat. If Khalid had one object it must have been to inspire absolute terror in the active Arab supporters of the Persians. To the neutral peasant he was merciful, but to the warrior he was absolutely ruthless. For one day and one night the Moslems are said to have been engaged in slaughtering the wretched men they had made prisoners. From sunset to sunset on the bank of a canal the unfortunate

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Bedawin were beheaded man by man until its waters ran so red that it was known thereafter as the Stream of Blood.

Khalid had now passed far beyond the limits usually explored by the petty plundering expeditions of the border raiders, he had penetrated those highly cultivated regions which the science of ages had intersected with waterways for irrigation and transit, where the crops were ever abundant, where civilization had never received a check for nigh upon two thousand years, where wealth, prosperity, and certainty were the ordinary terms of existence.

This land must have appeared like the sudden realization of the phantom mirage of the desert to the lean and hungry warriors from the south. The populous and clustering brown mud villages, the olive green stretches of ripening corn, the vast groves of palms, the rigid, direct and well-controlled canals, the mighty towers and gleaming palaces of the cities moulded from plastic cement, the richness of the clothing of the inhabitants, the evident signs of intense and elaborate cultivation must have formed an incredible contrast to the land of barren wastes, tattered tents, scattered flocks and insignificant hamlets from which the Arabs had emerged.

At Hira the Persian officialdom was endeavouring to make a last despairing rally; the local nobles were bidden put the town in a state of defence, while the Governor of the city in person led the regular imperial troops southwards to meet the rapidly advancing enemy. Khalid in the South had collected a number of boats from Southern Mesopotamia, and apparently with the aid of the peasantry* was transporting his infantry and baggage along one of the great canals that led northward, while he himself preceded them with a cloud of horsemen.

The Governor of Hira advised of this fact sent forward a strong party of horse, under the command of his son, with the object of closing the locks of that waterway on which the enemy had embarked.

The Governor's orders were carried out. The stream was deflected and the Arabs, to their intense chagrin, were deposited in their boats on the dry bed of the cutting. Khalid

* It seems unlikely that desert Arabs could have performed this feat unaided.

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immediately divined the Persian scheme, and, hurrying forward with the whole of his cavalry, soon reached the point where the hydraulic engines were being put in motion by the Persian Prince and his troops.

With wild enthusiasm the Arabs fell upon their foes, scattered them in all directions, slew their leaders, reopened the locks and refloated the stranded infantry.

News of this disaster reached the Governor of Hira at the same moment as a dispatch from the Persian Court announcing the death of Ardashir the King. There could be now no question of fighting. The unlucky Governor knew that for the moment his troops would not obey him, that no order was valid, and that anarchy and confusion would be the only masters of Persia until a new King was proclaimed; accordingly he had no choice but to retire, leaving the cities and castles to fend for themselves.

The castles and monasteries surrounding Hira were occupied and the town was called upon to surrender. The dispossessed monks begged the inhabitants to consider the terms of the conqueror, and the morning after the blockade had been declared Khalid was interviewed by a deputation from the city. "Death, Tribute, or Islam" were the laconic terms which Khalid laid before the ambassadors. These men were of the same stock as the Moslems, knew and quoted the same poets, thought in the same language, indulged in the same sports and were moved by the same passions, but most of them were Christians. After a little hesitation their leader selected the payment of tribute as their choice. "Obstinate men, you are lost in a desert, yet you choose a stranger to guide you instead of one of your own." Amr', the leader of the deputation, had a simple wrapt in a packet hanging from his neck.* "What stuff is this?" said Khalid, pointing to the envelope. "A strong poison," replied Amr'. "For what?" inquired Khalid. "To slay myself if thou wert not inclined to mercy," answered Amr'. "The life of man is predestined, neither can he lengthen it nor shorten it," cried Khalid. "In the name of the compassionating and compassionate God,

* This is not an uncommon thing.

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nothing will harm the man who invokes Him," and with these words Khalid crammed the compound into his mouth. Beyond a little transient pain he felt no inconvenience from his rash act, and the deputation were duly impressed with the strength of the Moslem faith.*

Hira surrendered, and the surrounding lords and nobles accepted Moslem rule without a murmur: taxes were agreed upon and imposed, Governors appointed, garrisons and colonists distributed through the conquered country, and in a few days Khalid effected a settlement of the region he had annexed both thorough and businesslike.

That an Arabian Emir should perform all these things will perhaps surprise the reader, but, again, it must be remembered that it is only as regards material things that the Arab is dull, and that in the regions of policy, philosophy and poetry his wits are as nimble as those of other men.

Meanwhile all was in confusion at the Persian Court. Massacre, assassination, plot, counter plot, revolution, intrigue and conspiracy were the only employments of the ministers and nobles, and unfortunately for the Persian Empire no one seemed to gain the upper hand. All pretenders to the throne appeared equally unpopular, yet a sequence of assassinations seemed only to increase the exhaustible supply; whole families were extirpated, root and branch; princesses were slain lest they should prove with child, nobles were elevated to royal rank only to be flayed or throttled within the hour.

Amidst the daily discords which broke out in the Persian Court the messengers of disaster and defeat gave their tidings unheeded. The commanders of the armies remained in their cantonments and camps, paralysed and confused. No orders for concentration were issued, no plan of campaign was divulged, and the hosts of the Sassanian Empire stood in spell-

* As regards the credibility of this incident we have the following explanations: (1) That the story is an invention. (2) That the poison was of poor quality. (3) That Amr' and Khalid arranged matters beforehand. (4) That Khalid's faith was of an order similar to that of Christian scientists. (5) That he had a stomach similar to another Bedawi, to whom I gave ten Livingston Rouser Pills without producing noticeable effect.

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bound impotence before an empty throne. Presently the following dispatch reached the quarrelling nobles at Madain:

"In the name of God the Compassionate and Compassionating.

"Khalid the son of Walid to the Lords of Iran.

"Laud to the Lord who dissolveth your Dominion and shattereth your sword of power.

"Unite with us in the submission to faith or yield to our rule.

"By force or goodwill you shall accept our law, and it shall be given you by men who lust after death as much as ye lust after life."

This stern summons for an instant chilled the hearts of the wrangling chiefs; the words were as the ravings of a madman, but Hira had fallen, and the choicest province of the empire had been ripped away.

For a brief space the courtiers called a truce among themselves and chose one Ferukzad as regent and minister. But firm and hereditary tyranny was the only scheme of government then comprehended by the Persian people, and since the word of a temporary ruler carried little weight the Moslems were suffered to rest in peace.

Khalid now began to grow anxious as to the fate of his colleague Iyadh, who had vanished into the northern deserts above three months before the fall of Hira and concerning whom nothing had been heard: his advance on Hira had been planned from the north, and it had been presumed that he would first debouch on the Euphrates Valley before striking southwards. Accordingly, after Khalid had settled the government of the newly-conquered territories, he turned his troops toward El Faluja in hopes of encountering the tardy division from the Syrian desert. On his way Khalid captured the two frontier posts of Anbar and Ain Tamr. At either stronghold the local Arabs vainly endeavoured to assist the Persian garrisons; on each occasion the Persians abandoned their fortresses without offering any serious resistance.

At the last-mentioned castle Khalid received news from Iyadh. That chieftain, it appeared, had decided to attack the castle of Jaumat Jandal in the Oasis of Joj before turning east-

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ward. A glance at the map will immediately convince the student that such was a very necessary action, since all communication between Medina and the upper Euphrates lay at the mercy of the populous and hostile colony of settled Arabs who dwelled in the Oasis.

Further, the inhabitants of Jaumat Jandal could count on the co-operation of their affiliated tribes, and to have so strong a position untouched would have laid Iyadh open to the danger of irreparable disaster if he had sustained even a slight rebuff at the hands of the Persians. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that Iyadh had no guarantee or knowledge of the wonderful victories which Khalid had obtained, since a distance of not less than 500 miles separated the two columns at the outset of the campaign. However, at Jaumat Jandal Iyadh had encountered unexpected and serious opposition. He had endeavoured to carry the fortress by storm, and having failed in the first instance had been compelled to undertake the siege. During this operation the surrounding tribes had encompassed his force on all sides. At the time he established communication with Khalid, Iyadh was in a position of serious and extreme peril and he appealed to his more fortunate comrade for aid.

Leaving sufficient garrisons in both his newly-occupied posts, Khalid advanced at the head of his best troops to the relief of Iyadh. The distance of 200 miles he traversed in ten days and arrived just in time to intercept fresh tribesmen from coming to the assistance of the people of the Oasis. It is notable that these reinforcements had gathered from the Syrian border, hence we may infer that the Romans were not ignorant of the nature of the struggle which was taking place in the south.

The presence of Khalid and his men was sufficient to assure the Moslems of victory. The Christian nomads dispersed, the castle itself was stormed and captured and its defenders put to the sword.

Khalid did not delay one instant on the scene of his latest victory; he had given certain hostages to Fortune in his garrisons in Irak, but, like the sound strategist and tactician he was, he did not give that fickle lady a very long time to mature her plans.

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Fifteen days after effecting the relief of Iyadh he reappeared before Hira, where a host of new converts received him with shouts of acclamation. There it was learned that the Persians and Christian Arabs of North Mesopotamia had made a faint-hearted attack on the castle of Anbar. With commendable promptitude Khalid reinforced the garrison and himself set out to attack the enemy in the open. By means of a carefully-matured strategic plan it was arranged that Khalid's mobile force should make a night attack on the enemy in co-operation with the troops who held Ayn Tamr and Anbar. The bold and complicated scheme succeeded to perfection. The allied Persians and Arabs were surprised in three places at once and were utterly scattered and disorganized amidst a terrible slaughter. Having delivered this fearful blow at the most formidable body of his enemies, Khalid broke up his army for a short time into a number of small columns, pursuing, harassing and dispersing the remaining tribes and garrisons which had not hitherto had the fear of the sword of the Lord instilled into their breasts.

By these methods, ere a year had elapsed since Khalid had entered the modern province of Basra, he had uprooted the rule of the Persians, broken the power of the Christian Arabs, and subjected a whole country not only to a new government but to a new system of thought, a new religion and a new code of ethics. The energy, decision and mental balance which Khalid displayed in this brilliant campaign should place him among the great captains of history, yet how many soldiers have even heard of his name?

VII. THE TORNADO

While Khalid the son of Walid conquered in the east, the Khalif Abu Bekr' devised and prepared for the conversion of the west.

The imperial rule in Syria never appears to have recovered from the Persian invasion; to say that Syria had grown independent would be false, but it can hardly be denied that it had fallen into a semi-anarchical condition. Governors and officers there were indeed and even levies of ill-disciplined

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soldiers who burlesqued as Roman legionaries, but the imperial spirit of obedience and cohesion had vanished or decayed. The tribes of the Syrian border appear to have entirely lost their Roman veneer and become more closely allied to the Arabians; the towns of Bosra, Damascus, Tiberias, Cæsarea and Jerusalem looked more to themselves for defence than to Constantinople; the raging of the Christian sectaries, which for centuries had been sapping the foundations of belief, had subsided into a kind of formal apathy; the officers and generals were as often as not Arabs, Armenians, or Syrians with neither enthusiasm nor instinct for the empire. At such a time and at such a conjuncture of affairs whether a prophet, a leader, or a new idea came from within or without, it could have mattered but little; each section of the older machinery of government had gradually weakened and faded, laws were little more than a name, imperial traditions tarnished and dim, religion an exhausted fire.

Remained there only in Syria one dominant spirit and that was the spirit of Arabia, the spirit of rhetoric, compromise and argument.

The Syrians were still Semitic by nature, and the desert dialect had undoubtedly advanced even as the Roman and Greek tongues receded, and a Semitic tongue had once more formally reconquered that which it had never lost. The fact that the sonorous verses of the poets of the desert had been long welcome in the houses of the Christian nobles of Damascus is only the logical preface to the rapid spread of Al Islam. To the Arabian ear there is a wonderful magic in the swaying, undulating, vibrating cadence of the Koran; even as the lover of music will grow enthralled by some complex symphony of a great master, so will the Arab become wrapt and uplifted by the very sound rather than by the sense of the words of the Book.

During the last years of Mohammed's life the Moslem had broken each one of the desert barriers which lay 'twixt Mecca and the Mediterranean coast, the expedition of Osama had obliterated all memories of defeat, Christianity was falling from the northern tribes like a mantle, and Syria lay before the sword of Abu Bakr' like a ram for the bairam sacrifice.

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Shortly after Khalid-ibn-Walid had left for Hira another Khalid, the son of Said, gathered together an army at Tayma, and just as the army of Irak had been assembled from the men of Persian littoral so this second force was gathered from Yemen and the Red Sea coast. News spread quickly in the desert, nor was it long before the officials in Syria learned of the danger which was menacing them; there seems to have been no army to hand to repel the invaders, and the only defence of Syria lay in the Christian tribes of the border, which formed the only resource of the Romans. They were marshalled under their chiefs and set out to hurl back their brethren of the south, but instead of defending the desert line they melted away without striking a blow.

The Moslems advanced cautiously into the Jordan Valley and near Jericho (?) were attacked by regular troops under an Armenian named Bahan; the Christians were put to flight and Khalid-ibn-Said, feeling that the friendly deserts were now receding in his rear, paused for reinforcements. These were sent forward by Abu Bakr' under the command of two chieftains, named Ikrima and Dhu'l'kela, who joined the main army with orders to carry on the war in the Jordan Valley. Bahan, who had not been so hardly beaten as the Moslems supposed, retired slowly before them toward Damascus.

At the distance of one day's ride from the capital the invaders halted, as if puzzled by the slight resistance they had encountered.

Bahan had now lured the Arabs into the heart of an unknown land, which to them, by reason of its unaccustomed surroundings, was perhaps as confusing as the desert would have proved to a Roman soldier. The stone-walled fields, the paved highways, the innumerable castles and valleys, and the rocky and terraced hills cannot but have been unfamiliar to the Arabs from Yemen and the south. At Damascus, at Bosra and in the surrounding cities the Romans had not only garrisons but allies in plenty; by a fine strategic movement these scattered forces were made to converge on the Arab camp. Attacked at night in front and rear and on either flank, Khalid, the son of Said, was panic-stricken and helpless; with a good part of his men he fled in disorder to the desert, leaving Ikrima and Dhu'l'kela to hold their own as best they could.

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The irregular formation and general lassitude of the Roman forces may be judged from the fact that these two chieftains were not only able to cover the retreat of their cowardly leader, but contrived to hold the enemy at a distance after the first shock of battle had passed off. Abu Bakr' was undismayed by the news of this reverse which reached him soon after it had occurred, for it was completely outbalanced by the glorious and overwhelming success of Khalid the son of Walid in Irak. In Medina the news of these victories in the east and disasters in the west inflamed the minds of the Arabs with two equally violent passions—the greed of conquest and the desire for vengeance, both of which in an equal degree tended to unite and cement the new brotherhood which had grown up amongst them. The Khalif saw fresh armies spring into being for his use as quickly as he dispatched them to the front. Whole tribes who but a few months before had been compromising, prevaricating or breaking out into open rebellion were eager to prove their devotion to the Koran with their lives.

Hardly had the news been received and discussed ere Abu Bakr' dispatched into Syria no less than four armies destined to act in concert for the conquest of the land.

The disposition of these forces is worthy of some attention. The first division, under Yazid the son of Abu Sofian, held Moab and the southern end of the Dead Sea; the second, under Shurabil, advanced into the Jordan Valley, the third, under Abu Obeyda, traversed the houran and supported Ikrima and Dhu'l'kela, on the line of the Yarmuk; Amr, with the fourth contingent, swept south of the Dead Sea and threatened Ghazza and Jerusalem. A brief ten years before the most elaborate ideas of warfare of the Arabs had been raids, flights, cattle lifting, and the rapid collection of booty; the spirit of Islam had seemingly brought new faculties into play, and undreamed-of powers into action. No German theorist or learned staff officer could conceive of a more elaborate or complete strategic disposition for an invasion of Syria than was put into practice by Abu Bakr' and his comrades. Lines of communications, both lateral and rearward, were carefully laid down; the army extended over a front of two hundred miles, and yet was cohesive and compact, for the commanders

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acted on previously conceived schemes, and maintained constant correspondence with one another. Meanwhile the Romans were not idle. Heraclius the Emperor, at last roused to the seriousness of the situation, had proceeded to Emesa and there marshalled his armies even as had his predecessor Aurelian when confronted with the desert soldiers of Zenobia. But now the Romans were no longer facing mercenary desert chieftains, led by the merchants of a trading city, but were standing face to face with the Semites of the south united, transformed and ennobled by an idea. The weapons, the language, and the appearance of the enemy were as before, but the motive, the power and the actions were of another age. The Romans appear to have had but little conception of the struggle in which they were about to engage; their straggling and undisciplined armies were broken up into divisions and dispatched in different directions to attack the four Emirs. The Arabs, desiring to bring about a single and decisive action, contracted simultaneously on to the right flank, where Abu Obeida* held supreme command, while the Romans, who seemingly permitted the Arabs to dictate the whole course of the campaign to them, contracted in a similar manner so as to cover Damascus.

Abu Bakr', who was kept closely informed of the course of events, now took a step which shows him to have been a supreme master of strategy. The problem confronting him was serious and difficult. Khalid was master of Irak, Abu Obeida was confronted with superior forces in Syria, a victory was essential. With sublime courage Abu Bakr' sent a command to Khalid ordering him to join Abu Obeida with half his army, leaving Irak to be guarded by the remainder under Mothanna.

Khalid, having received his orders, led his troops directly to Daumat Jandal, where they had halted and rested; they

* I presume that Amr's division on its northward march encountered and defeated a Roman force near Ajnadin, between Jerusalem and Jaffa. If this be the case, it will make the battle of Ajnadin a minor operation and therefore comprehensible. It is impossible to imagine that Heraclius could have permitted a large portion of his army to proceed south-west when the Moslems were threatening Damascus from the south-east.

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proceeded by forced march to cross that portion of the Syrian desert which intervenes between the Leja and the Oasis of Ed Jof.

Khalid had now a task after his own heart. Swooping out of the desert, he appeared unexpectedly in rear of the Roman forces encamped on the Yarmuk. Between the main army and Damascus there were many encampments of Christian Bedawin. The great Emir knew full well that these were the enemies to attack, for a decisive victory over them would fill the whole of the Arab allies of the Romans with doubt and consternation, bring over the waverers and intimidate the remainder. Consequently Khalid's first blow was dealt at a Ghassanid encampment. The border Arabs were surprised and dispersed, and probably scattered far and wide among the other Christian tribes the news of the prowess and unconquerable valour of their brethren of the south. Khalid having achieved this politic victory swept southwards and surrounded the city of Bosra, which capitulated almost immediately. The cause of the sudden fall of Bosra is not given by any historian in a completely satisfactory manner. Situated on a level plain, it offers no facilities for a surprise or a siege; it was a city well built and well fenced, wealthy and populous, and even to this day contains a magnificent reservoir of good water. Taking into consideration the long desert march from Irak, we can hardly believe that Khalid and his men could have had at their disposal any other weapons than would suffice for cavalry or the lightest infantry, hence we are obliged to imagine that not only had the whole garrison been withdrawn, but that the inhabitants themselves had little objection to submitting to the conquerors.

Some hint of treachery we find in the mass of legend which has grown around the Syrian campaigns, and mention of the thousands of horsemen that Bosra relied on for defence suggests the presence of local Bedawin, hence I think we may presume that Bosra was in reality gained over from allegiance to the empire and to Christianity at one and the same time. The restless Khalid, having secured for himself the honour of accepting the submission of the first city in Syria to acknowledge the Kaliphate, proceeded north to join his comrades on the

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Yarmuk. There the Moslems and Christians stood facing one another, separated only by the narrow river. Either party kept a close watch on the movements of the other, neither seemed anxious to initiate the final engagement. The invaders were eager to obtain the defection of the Christian Arabs, the Romans seemed confused and infirm of purpose in the face of the new and unfamiliar enemy. For close upon a month the two antagonists remained in the curious position, during which time daily skirmishing served only to weaken the *moral* of the Romans and increase the confidence of the Moslems. At last the Roman leaders decided to bring to an end a situation daily growing more and more intolerable. Headed by venerable priests, encouraged by the chanting of psalms, fortified by the presence of sacred relics, encouraged by the sermons and exhortations of hermits, the Roman army was at last prevailed upon to march out to a decisive and final action. What that army was we have no means of ascertaining. Polyglot mercenaries from the Armenian highlands, irregular Arab horsemen, craven levies from Asia Minor, and half-hearted Syrians were doubtless among the components of a greater part. Perhaps some of the troops from Constantinople were well disciplined and well armed, but during the years of peace which had followed the Persian struggle the army of the Empire had been suffered to fall into decay, and throughout the course of history, of all the troops the Romans had, the worst had always come from Syria.*

The Moslems were early in the field, each chieftain at the head of his division, and each one eager to strike independently of the other. Khalid, however, announced that battles could no longer be won after the old fashion, that the chief command must be relegated to one man, and that command he assigned to himself. Without demur the Emirs admitted his pre-eminence, and Khalid took charge of the conduct of the battle. The Moslem horse and foot were marshalled in divisions, the women chanting in the rear, the Emirs and Shaykhs preaching and exhorting in the forefront. The shrill cries of the women pierced the air and made the desert warriors'

* This holds good of modern Turkey.

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blood to tingle: "Were they not the sons of such-an-one of such a tribe?" "The victorious, the unconquerable?" Pride of birth, pride of race, pride of name—each in turn was summoned to fan the courageous fires of the hearts of desert men; while the wives and daughters urged them on with verses and timbrels, the Moslems also hearkened to the stern adjurations of their leaders: "Strike for Paradise! Strike for the faith! Strike for the Prophet and his Book! Strike in the name of the Lord!" As if to add to the battle fury of the invaders, the Moslems saw paraded before them in the distance the crosses they abhorred, the images they longed to destroy, the pictures they hungered to rend, and heard the voices of the monks raised in the praise of Isa and Miriam, whom they had made Gods beside the God the Lord of all;—"liars and hypocrites, pagans and blasphemers!" Khalid watched for the favourable moment when to launch his army to the fray, for his practised eye alone knew the instant when the word might be given. Presently a man ran through the lines calling for Khalid. "A messenger from Medina," went up the cry. "All is well," said the man, as he ran to Khalid's side. Then, gaining his ear, whispered, "Alas! Abu Bakr' is dead and Omar is Khalif." Khalid bade him tell no man, and, seeing that all was in order, gave signal for the battle. The Christians held their ground manfully, the discipline and traditions of the legions held good, but, alas! the fickle Arab horsemen who guarded the flanks of the Romans, treacherous to the last, went over to the enemy, at first man by man, then squadron by squadron, then at last in a body. Betrayed, incoherent, and disorganized, the Christians turned to retreat into their camp, but the battle had been too violently engaged to permit of retreat. The Moslems followed close upon the Roman heels; retreat turned to rout, and rout to a massacre. The camp was a shambles, the river dammed with corpses, and the army of Heraclius a thing of the past. It is said that some of the imperial officers wrapped their cloaks about their faces and flung themselves on the swords of the enemy. Perhaps some dim memory of the great Cæsar prompted them to this; Armenians, Greeks, Isaurians or Bulgars, in the final agony of defeat they conducted themselves with a fortitude worthy



"STRIKE FOR THE FAITH, STRIKE FOR THE PROPHET & HIS BOOK."

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of the traditions, ensigns under which they served. The battle ended. Khalid regretfully opened the dispatch which had been brought from Medina at the commencement of the engagement. The Emirs then learned that Abu Bakr' the Khalif had taken a fever and had died even as had the Prophet. On his deathbed Abu Bakr' commanded that Omar should be his successor as Khalif, and that certain of his own should be sold to meet the expenses the people had been put to for his maintenance during his reign. Further, he had commanded that the moment a decisive victory had been gained in Syria Khalid should return to Irak to reinforce Mothanna. So passed away the first of the Khalifs. His death was as his life had been, disinterested, honest and simple. His last thoughts were of Islam and the Moslems, of obedience to his master's commands and the spread of his master's faith. Omar took over the charge from Abu Bakr', and on the very night of his death laid him to rest in a grave beside that of the Prophet. Henceforth Ayesha never came to mourn into the room of the dead save strictly and decorously veiled as in the presence of a stranger.

VIII. THE LOCUSTS

1. *Syria*

The moment Omar assumed office of Khalif he gave vent to his personal dislike of Khalid-ibn-Walid, of whom he had ever been jealous and with whom, but for the good offices of Abu Bakr', he would have more than once been engaged in actual combat.

By the same post which brought the news of Abu Bakr's death came an order for the degradation of Khalid from the rank of Emir, putting him for ever under the command of Abu Obeyda. However, the original discipline of the Moslems was such that this provoked neither disunion nor recrimination among the leaders, and henceforth, although Khalid fought for Islam in a subordinate position, he fought with the same indomitable courage and skill as he had when supreme commander. Omar, who seems, like his colleagues, to have been endowed with a kind of miraculous strategic talent, conducted the whole course of the Syrian campaign from Medina.

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Here are his orders to the Emirs after the battle of the Yarmuk: "The enemy must be struck in his vitals." "Commence by taking Damascus, which is the key of Syria." "Hold Fahl, Homs, and the district of Filistin in awe with cavalry while you press Damascus." "When you take the city, place Yazid and his army in charge of the town and district, and dispatch the three other Emirs and their armies to take Fahl and destroy the Roman army encamped there." "When this has been accomplished Abu Obeyda and Khalid will proceed with their forces to Homs, Shurabil and Amr will remain in the Jordan Valley to complete the conquest of that region and subsequently Filistin. Until these operations are concluded the other four armies will act in concert, and the supreme command will rest with the Emir in charge of the region where actual hostilities are taking place."

Against such organization and strategy, so deliberate and methodical, it was not to be expected that the dislocated and shattered forces of the Romans would make much resistance. Damascus surrendered after an obstinate resistance, and the inhabitants were given the usual choice of tribute, exile or death. What was the precise result of the imposition of these terms it is a little hard to discover; that the whole of the civil officials, the soldiers, many of the clergy, and a few of the native families departed, that a certain proportion of natives became Moslems, and that the majority preferred to pay tribute, would, I expect, be a pretty accurate summary of the event. The Syrian Christians themselves were perhaps but little affected by the change at first. The justice, administration and law of the Romans at the time of Heraclius was probably a mixture of intrigue, corruption and blackmail, and whether a man was plundered by a Hun or an Armenian with a Greek name, or whether he was robbed by an Arab Emir, would matter but little. We must bear in mind that for the empire of Constantinople there was no enthusiasm save in proportion to the measure of safety or wealth it assured to its subjects, and that neither of these benefits had been very noticeable to the generation then living.

Hence I think we may assume that when Yazid took charge of Damascus it was much the same city that Heraclius had

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visited a few years previously. The merchants were still in their shops, the monks and nuns in their sacred houses, the beggars and lepers without the gates doubtless clamoured for alms in the self-same whines that they utter to-day. In the market square, perhaps, the desert Arabs pitched their tents or encamped in the Governor's palace with much dirt and disorder, but otherwise there must have been but little change. Greek remained the official and business language. The Arabs had nothing to bring but the Koran, and, being by nature neither savages nor barbarians, they were glad to avail themselves of the arts and learning of their converts and vassals.

The strategic commands of Omar were obeyed to the letter. The district of Damascus was conquered completely; from the outlying fortress of Tadmor or Palmyra to the town of Derast, every Christian post or castle was taken and occupied. In the Jordan Valley the last remnants of the Roman army of the Yarmuk were utterly destroyed; Tiberias and its surrounding cities were captured, while Filistin, the last refuge of the Romans, and North Syria were separated by a solid and compact block of country entirely cleared of the enemy, entirely subjected and unlikely to revolt.*

2. *In Irak*

Mothanna, whom we left in Irak guarding the newly conquered lands with an attenuated and depleted army, soon began to feel the want of the troops Khalid had taken with him to Syria, and applied to Omar for reinforcements. The need of the Moslems on the Euphrates was serious indeed. The Persians, who had slain or blinded most of the royal princes and princesses, had by a process of gradual attrition reduced the number of possible claimants to a considerable extent. At last only two Princesses remained to contest the vacant throne. One was victorious through the aid of Rustem, Governor of Kharrassan, who, having blinded the less fortunate rival, made his client the Princess Buran Queen Regent of Persia.

For a moment there was a lull in the intestine quarrels of

* I suggest that probably the first converts would be the town-dwelling families of the Ghassanid Arabs and their relations by marriage.

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the Persian nobility. Rustem, who seems to have been a man of some ability, rapidly reorganized the Persian forces, gained over many of the lords who had surrendered to Khalid, and with their assistance prepared to expel the invader. In the face of this determined advance Mothanna was obliged to retreat from Irak, evacuate Hira and fall back with his weakened army on the desert border, there to await the succour he had asked Omar to send him.

These forces, under the command of Abu Obayd,* soon reached Mothanna, who was thus enabled to set out upon the reconquest of the lands he had been compelled to abandon. At first success attended the arms of the Arabs. By superior strategy they contrived to attack and defeat in detail two Persian columns who were operating in the vicinity of Hira. The Persians retired, and the native Arabs once more submitted to the Moslems. However, Rustem had by no means exhausted the powers at his disposal, and was able to dispatch from Madain a formidable array of troops to arrest the Moslem advance.

As far as may be judged from the accounts given, this army was the most effective the Persians had yet gathered together. Rustem himself having lately come from Khorasan, had probably brought in his train numbers of the Turks and other warlike inhabitants of the north; he had also contrived to enlist the services of many of the mountain tribes from the Kurdish highlands above the Zab, and the presence of a number of elephants in his line of battle suggests that he had probably gathered together allies from India and the east. The fact that the standard of the King of Kings was borne before the troops would lead us to infer that the army of Rustem was no longer a mere local levy, but in fact an imperial army such as had enabled Khosrau to march to Constantinople.

It is interesting to notice that this final martial array of the Empire of Persia bore a great resemblance to that presented by the last of the Parthian Kings when on the eve of the dissolution of his monarchy he turned back and overawed the legions of Macrinus. Rustem entrusted the command of

* He must not be confounded with Abu Obeyda.

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this great army to a noted Persian general, named Bahman, who proceeded immediately to that point on the Euphrates where the Moslems were encamped. The two armies were separated by the great river, which, however, was traversed by a bridge of boats at the very point where the two forces were stationed. On his arrival Bahman immediately sent an embassy to Mothanna and Abu Obayd, asking them whether they dared cross and give him battle or whether they chose to hold their ground and await him.

Abu Obayd, succumbing to that quixotic instinct of chivalry which Islam was doing so much to stifle, accepted the Persian challenge. In spite of the appeals of Mothanna, he ordered the Moslems to pass over and deploy along the Persian front.

In the ensuing battle Abu Obayd reaped the reward of his folly. The Arab horses would not face the elephants confronting them, and the Moslems were obliged to fight on foot at heavy odds. The Persians charged home in overwhelming numbers, and the Arabs, deprived of the accustomed support of cavalry, were unable to oppose the attack. Abu Obayd himself was crushed under the feet of an elephant, and his ghastly fate was the signal for general panic. The bridge gave way under the crowded weight of numbers, hundreds leaped into the river itself, and only the division of Mothanna held its ground.

This gallant band did much to minimize the disasters of the day by keeping the Persians back until the bridge had been repaired, when they retired in good order.

The whole of this defeat presents a peculiar resemblance to the reverse at Muta, when Bedawin chivalry organized disaster and Bedawin common sense in the person of Khalid covered the flight of an army whose foolhardy general had been slain.

The followers of Abu Obayd dispersed and fled, and Mothanna, with his gallant remnant of some 4,000 men, represented the total effective forces of the Moslems in Irak. The case of Al Islam looked black indeed. Mothanna could only hope to retire in good order before the advancing Persians, and the fruitful province which but yesterday was within the jurisdiction of Omar was once more engulfed in the Persian

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Monarchy. But Mothanna was not pursued, for hardly had the din of battle subsided than news was brought to Bahman that yet another revolution had burst out in the capital, that a revolted Governor named Firuzan was at that moment threatening Madain with a large army, and that his master Rustem was in immediate danger.

The Persian army hurriedly retraced its steps eastward and Mothanna and his weary men were granted a respite.

Omar in Medina hastened to dispatch reinforcements to his hardly-pressed lieutenant in the east. Tribes who, on account of their former perfidy, had hitherto been forbidden the privilege of joining in the holy war were now granted the inestimable privilege of dying for the faith. Thousands flocked to the sacred standards eager to spread the doctrines they had rejected, and in a short time Mothanna's army was again ready to take the field. Before the Moslems advanced a second time they received additions to their numbers that even the most sanguine could have hardly expected. Not only did Bedawin auxiliaries pour in from the south to sustain the Moslem army, but two important tribes from North Mesopotamia* also threw in their lot with Mothanna and abandoned the Persian cause and the Christian religion for ever. Reanimated by this unlooked-for increase of his power Mothanna once more advanced toward the Euphrates, where he was informed a Persian army was encamped. This latter force was under the command of one of the princes of the house of Mihran and had been dispatched from Madain by Rustem, who, having compounded with his rival, was once more firmly established in power.

The Persians, elated by their former victory, crossed the Euphrates and attacked the Moslems, but Mothanna was now fighting on his own ground, and, supported by masses of irresistible cavalry, he completely shattered his audacious enemy. Mihran was slain and his army put to flight, the fugitives being pursued to the very walls of Madain. The victory gave the Moslems opportunity of which Mothanna readily

* Strangely enough, they had come southward to sell horses, even as do the Shammar and Anazell to-day.

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availed himself. Hira was reoccupied and a campaign of reconquest undertaken with great vigour.

The mobile bands of horsemen scoured the whole of the lands between the two rivers, burning, destroying and sacking the dwellings of such as had played false to the cause of Islam.

The radius of these two operations extended from the Khabur in the north to Tekrit in the east and the swamp in the south.

Within that region the whole country was systematically cowed, converted or destroyed. So crushing had been the defeat of Mihran that for nearly a whole year the Persians were unable to assemble an army or take any offensive measures to interrupt this fatal industry of their enemies. The Persians were obliged to remain inactive, not on account of the incapacity of their leaders, the poverty of their exchequer, or the unreadiness of their troops, but because no Royal King of Kings could be found to mount the empty throne. The pride of the nobles and governors was such that no one of them would obey any save a Royal Prince of the true line; their provinces were wasted, the enemy bearded them in the very suburbs of Madian, but still they would not bend their proud necks to even a temporary dictator or regent.

At the last moment a Princess, who had been a concubine of Shariar, that unfortunate son of Khosrau the Conqueror, announced that she indeed had borne a son, that he had been reared in secrecy and so escaped the knife of the executioner. The Persians eagerly grasped at this opportunity of reconstituting the monarchy, and perhaps without making a very strict inquiry into the reputed heir's antecedents, eagerly acclaimed him as King of Kings. Under the leadership of Yezdejird Persia was once more united and, outwardly at least, presented a very fair semblance of her former strength and power. Omar quickly realized how serious an enemy was now confronting the army of the faithful in the east, and decided to push on every man at his disposal to its assistance. The elders of the council at Medina must have felt that the crisis in their fortunes had now arrived. If they lost Western Irak once again it would pass out of their power for ever.

The situation was certainly grave. Not only had Persia suddenly revived into a martial and united empire, but Moth-

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anna, who had steered the faithful through so many storms and difficulties, fell sick of an old wound and was unable to continue in command.

So serious was the danger that Omar was at first inclined to proceed to the frontier in person, but on being dissuaded he appointed Sad, the Emir who fought by the Prophet's side at Ohod, to take charge of the army of Irak.

Sad immediately proceeded to Irak, carrying with him considerable reinforcements on his way. On reaching the borders of Irak he encountered the bulk of the army of Mothanna, from whose leaders he learned that their Emir was dead and that he was alone in supreme command. On taking charge of the army Sad followed very exactly the lines which Mothanna had indicated as those calculated to achieve ultimate success.

South Mesopotamia, or Irak, was one of the few regions of the Persian Empire which had known no serious wars within the memory of that generation. The chaos and bloodshed of revolution had been confined within the walls of the palace or at least of the capital; the intensity of cultivation, the bigness of the population, the multitude of cities and dependent villages were all in the favour of the invaders. The more prosperous and highly civilized a country is the more keenly does it suffer from the effects of war in general, and predatory and irregular war in particular.

In the desert a raid is a merry sport, the loss of one thousand camels a matter of regret, the death of a warrior the subject of an ode, the capture of stock a cause for rejoicing, and the whole course of hostilities a keenly exciting form of amusement,

But in a rich and crowded country irregular hostilities carry with them a host of unbearable miseries. In spring the crops are trampled under foot, in summer they are fired; the villages are wrecked, the towns bankrupt, communications destroyed, canals and engines of irrigation suffered to decay, and the unhappy population confronted with utter ruin.

These tactics were pursued by Sad the Emir with relentless severity. By incessant raids he galled the Persians and irritated their subjects, by harassing their smaller towns and cutting up their lesser detachments, and continually acting on an irregular offensive he kept them in a continual state of alarm, curtailed

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their powers of concentration, disorganized their system of supplies, and mutilated their interior commerce.

The unfortunate subjects of Yezdejird implored him to put an end to their torments by a decisive battle, and although the situation was by no means favourable to such a proceeding it was impossible for the Prince to remain deaf to their entreaties.

At all hazards the King of Kings decided to marshal his army and strike one desperate blow at his elusive yet terrible enemy.

Yezdejird concentrated the whole of his forces at Madain and placed them under the command of Rustem and directed that officer to march upon Kadesiyah near Hira.

If we required proof of the terrible effectiveness of the policy of Sad, we should find it in the fact that the chief difficulties the army of Rustem experienced on its southward march arose from a want of supplies. When it is remembered that Irak had always been the chief source from which the food of former Persian armies operating in the north had been drawn, we shall find this circumstance striking enough.

During the whole period of the Persian advance the Arab bands had withdrawn without giving battle, concentrating at Kadesiyah, where Sad himself was encamped. At a slight distance from this point Rustem halted, perhaps hoping that the invaders would retire into the desert. However it soon became evident that Sad was ready to give battle; accordingly the Persian general prepared to attack him. Although it had been by slow and painful degrees that the army from Madain had made its way into the territory of Hira, it nevertheless presented a formidable array when it finally assembled. Historians have computed its numbers at perhaps not less than 120,000 horse and foot, assisted by a body of 33 armed elephants. It was marshalled under the famous banner of Khosrau, and if a Persian army could have been fired with enthusiasm certainly that of Rustem must have had sufficient cause. The Persians were fighting under a popular and able leader, for their rightful and sovereign lord, the descendant of a long line of mighty kings and conquerors. They were about to attack an ancient and hereditary enemy, who now appeared not only as plundering freebooters, but as destroyers of their sacred religion, which, with the kingship, was one of the

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symbols of their national unity. The banner which Rustem had raised had last been unfurled at the battle of the Bridge, when the Persians had learned that the Moslems were not unconquerable and could flee with the most sceptical of unbelievers. If the army of Sad could but be dispersed, there would be no others to follow in its wake for many a long day, for before the Persians stood the whole of the Moslem army. The Persians must have realized that this battle would be final and decisive; there were no armies in rear to assist either party, no reserves upon which to fall back, and crushing ruin or complete and decisive victory were the only alternatives of a general engagement.

To the Moslems the fortune of the day was equally important. They were confronted with the loss of all the rich territories that Khalid had won for them, all the converts who had accepted their creed, all the booty they had made their own.

Both Rustem and Sad appeared to realize the intense gravity of the struggle on which they were about to embark. For several days before serious hostilities were commenced messengers, not of peace but of war, passed frequently between the camps of the opposing armies. At length the field of battle was decided upon, and both forces prepared for action.

At the last moment a sudden illness confined the Emir Sad to his bed. Reluctantly he gave Khalid the son of Arfata charge of the troops and bade him fearlessly lead the faithful to victory.

The contrast presented by the two armies must have been striking in the extreme. On the one side we see the glittering array of the Persians, gathered around Rustem, who, after the ancient eastern custom, surveyed the field from the eminence of a throne of gold raised upon a portable dais. To his right and left the barons and lords of Iran headed their squadrons and cohorts of retainers and men-at-arms, while above the whole mass of the army towered the huge dark forms of the elephants, bearing on their backs wooden castles filled with marksmen.

Opposite stood the ragged gathering of the Moslems, now carefully marshalled in a disciplined and ordered host. Every thousand was commanded by a veteran Emir, every hundred led by a trusty Shaykh, every ten captained by a selected warrior, every man imbued with a fierce and determined desire to conquer or to die.

Rise and Decline of the Empire of the Arabs

Up and down the ranks marched poets, singers and reciters of the Koran, urging and encouraging men already almost mad with excitement. The warlike words of the Prophet mingled with the swinging verses of the desert bards, the extemporized couplets of the moment rang out amidst the mighty words of prayer and the shrill treble notes of the Arabs' charging war-cry.

The final issue commenced with Homeric duels between champions of either party, which eventually merged into a close engagement.

From morning till evening the two armies remained locked in close fight. When the evening came neither side had gained an appreciable advantage, and the weary troops drew off to snatch a season of rest—the Arabs somewhat disheartened, since their horses would not face the elephants; the Persians holding their ground, unconquered. With the morning of the second day the uncertain battle recommenced with redoubled fury. By way of revenge for the panic the elephants had spread among the Arabian horse, herds of camels covered with streaming rags and cloths were driven against the Persian cavalry, whose steeds took fright and fled in consternation; still no decided advantage was gained by either side. The Persian nobles bore themselves with superb courage, bearding the Moslem leaders in the hottest press of battle, driving back the wildest charges of the frantic Arabs at every point in the field; but if the Persians drove back the attack of their assailants, so were they themselves hurled back when they ventured to the assault. Once more the sun sank to rest and once again the warriors withdrew from the still undecided field. With the first streak of the dawn of the third day the equal and bloody contest was again resumed. The Persians battled with bravery, but when the Moslems attacked they seemed inspired with a new-found confidence. Soon it was seen that they had received an immense and unexpected reinforcement; hosts of fresh horsemen and infantrymen added further power to the terrible onsets of the preceding day. This fresh assistance for the fainting Moslems was composed of that division which Khalid had carried into Syria on the eve of the battle of the Yarmuk, and which Omar had dispatched to the help of Sad

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the moment it could be spared. By some freak of fate the lethargy of the Persians had allowed this division to be withdrawn from Irak for the final undoing of the Romans; now the fatal inactivity of Heraclius permitted of its returning to complete the destruction of the army of Rustem.

The Persians struggled on throughout the day, but the fates fought against them. They still held their ground, but were unable to do more. The elephants were driven forward as a last resource in hopes of breaking the Moslem line. At first the huge beasts carried all before them, but at last one, maddened with the pain of a wound, became uncontrollable and rushed up and down the line of battle between the two armies. The remainder, stricken with panic, followed suit, and for a time the action was suspended, while either side stood dumbfounded, watching the careerings of the infuriated herd. Presently the distracted brutes, after striving vainly to find an exit from the battle, hurled themselves against the Persian line. Breaking the ranks of their masters, they trampled a deadly way through the army, and with one accord, dashing across the Euphrates, vanished down the road to Madain, leaving panic and disorder behind them. Once more the Moslems charged upon the broken Persian ranks; once again the army of Rustem endeavoured to repel the attack. Darkness came, but with it no lull in hostilities. Throughout the livelong night the hoarse, confused noise of battle continued, the rumbling of the distant charge, the roarings of the Emirs, the yelpings of the Bedawin warriors, the fierce calls to God for assistance, the neighing of the stallions, the shrieks for mercy and the howls of savage triumph seemed all the more horrible in the impenetrable obscurity. Till dawn the issue of this hideous strife was yet uncertain, but the first glimpse of morning light served to show the Persians fleeing, broken, panic-stricken, and utterly routed; the valiant Rustem himself slain; the army of Yezdejird dispersed and Irak a defenceless victim at the feet of the conquerors. The land of Babil, which for one thousand years had been in Iranian hands, now fell back once more under Semitic dominion.

MARK SYKES.

(To be continued)

THE DIRGE FOR DORIS

O H, to think dull earth must press
That white bosom, veil those eyes,
Hiding all the loveliness
Of fresh fields and cheerful skies :
Oh, that suns must rise and set,
Light and shade each other chase,
When the morning dews are wet,
O'er the grass that hides thy face :
And the wandering mountain-bee,
Heard no more, draw near to thee,
Humming all the golden noon
To deaf ears his drowsy tune.
Softly, softly shall the snow
O'er thy grave her mantle throw,
When the winter nights are long
And 'tis dark at evensong.

JAMES BARTON
(in *Denys of Auxerre*)

NENIA

S ICCINE, dulce caput, tenebris obnubet ocellos,
Sic niveum pectus terra tenebit iners,
Prata tibi velans vernantia ruris honore,
Aethere ubi nitido ridet amoena dies?
Sol ignes referet quos vespere condidit undis :
Alternant rapidas lumen et umbra vices :
Praeque diem veniens lacrimis rorabit Eous
Gramina quae celant heu ! decus omne tuum.
Florenti volitans Hybles apis immemor aestu
Irrita mulcebit murmure somnifero.
Cumque ferent gelidam matura crepuscula noctem
Molle tibi sternant vellera cana nives.

E. E. T.

TWO SONNETS.

I

IF one might always clasp Thy piercèd hand,
Climbing with Thee; and 'neath the plaited
thorn

Might see the steadfast love, by sin unworn,
Yearn from Thine eyes to all the thankless land,—
How gladly then, and needing no command,
Would the heart toil Thy toil from earliest morn
Till latest night, and joyful share the scorn
That falls on Thee and all that with Thee stand,

How lightly then, and with no lingering glance,
Would be passed by all ways of pleasant ease,
Since Thy ways have no fellowship with these,
E'en as a mother nursing her child's pain
Turns from the empty music of the dance,
Sickened at thought of sharing joy so vain.

II

But ah! how often on the climbing hill
A sudden veil of fog, thick, cold, and wet,
Strikes in the climber's face, and seems to let
His further going. Lonely now and chill,
He weighs his vanished Lord's remembered will
Against the living homes beneath him set
Of men that climb not. Will he press on yet?
That is love's test—in exile to love still.

A child could love while looking in love's eyes.
The man hears now with shamèd thanks the call
Of warriors who the true-love way have trod,
Of flaming-heart Teresa, and of Paul,
And thine, true priest, who rising biddest rise,
And all the nation of the sons of God.

J. B. McL.

January 1913.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE following were the school officials for the term:

Captain of the School and Head Monitor	N. J. Chamberlain
Monitors	F. W. Long, B. E. Burge, L. T. Williams, R. J. Power, E. J. B. Martin, G. E. Farrell
Captains of the Games	E. J. B. Martin, I. G. McDonald
Librarians of the Upper Library	J. O. Kelly, H. F. Marron
Librarians of the Middle Library	C. S. Cravos, N. Fishwick
Librarians of the Lower Library	J. E. P. Douglas, A. Pollock
Journal Committee	C. R. Simpson, J. B. Smith
Football Committee	N. J. Chamberlain, L. T. Williams, C. B. Collison
Captain of the Fifteen	N. J. Chamberlain
Hockey Committee	N. J. Chamberlain, B. E. Burge, L. T. Williams

THE following boys left at the end of last term: J. D. Telfener, J. L. Lacy, H. Hickey, O. S. Barton, J. and G. Heslop. Our best wishes accompany them. The following boys joined the school: R. G. Agnew, A. F. Corballis, H. Renwick.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Noel J. Chamberlain, who was elected to an Exhibition in Modern History at University College, Oxford, in January.

* * *

Also to V. Knowles, the winner of the Ampleforth Society Scholarship.

* * *

THE building operations on the gymnasium site proceed apace, in spite of some difficulties in the getting of materials. *Balbus latericulus desiderabat*. Let us add this further touch, one surely of poignant sorrow, to the life-story of that great man. But it should not be long before we have the completed structure. The position is directly south of the theatre block. The plan of the building is not intricate, and even the lay mind can follow its simple outline. The main portion is, of course, the gymnasium proper, measuring eighty feet by forty. On the east, lying

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along the length of the building, will be a covered shooting range. To the south are two covered courts for Rugby fives, and the heating apparatus. We believe the future will see more of these courts, placed to the south of the two that are building at present, but these are as yet on the knees of the gods. May we soon have profit of this welcome addition to the school buildings.



WE neglected to record a change in the horarium introduced at the beginning of last term. Night preparation for the Upper School was abolished, and the time thereby lost to work was recaptured by making half-past seven the supper hour.



HIS MAJESTY's General Post Office has seen fit to bestow on us a sub-post office of our own, which figures in the *Postal Guide* as Ampleforth College. It is temporarily housed in the cottage at our gates. Some doubt exists as to whether the move is altogether a disinterested one, but it is a small mercy, for which we are very properly thankful, while hopeful that it will soon be converted into a postal and telegraph office. Its present shelter was for many years the cottage of a very old and faithful servant, our herd Cawood—a familiar figure in the fields in front of the school—who died this winter. R.I.P.



THE winter months have not been favourable to the progress of the work of levelling near the Ball Place, but a good beginning of a large scheme has been made. Its completion is, however, a long way off, but things have "looked up" since an ingenious amateur successfully engineered a light railway for expediting the removal of the enormous mound of earth concerned.



WE have to thank the Swarbreck family, who have given two stained glass medallions of the armorial bearings of the Swarbrecks. Several others, we understand, have been given, but they have not yet appeared. We hope to record the names of the donors in our next issue.

School Notes

NOEL CHAMBERLAIN and Cuthbert Collison were chosen to play for the Public Schools XV against Liverpool.



As the choir must keep its bow strung all the year, so it may justly claim to have its prowess judged on an inclusive view of all its achievements; actually its performance in Holy Week is the crucial test. But this year the broader and the narrower view furnish the same judgment. The singing has regularly been satisfying and often deeply impressive. The improvement in tone has been great; great, too, the advance past mere simultaneity of utterance to delicate expression of unity of feeling; and the trebles at last sing the Solesmes Plain-song confidently. The skill and feeling consistently displayed throughout the term forecasted and ensured a satisfactory rendering of the Holy Week music, and probably few while listening, say, to the devotional but difficult *Collegerunt Pontifices* and *Pueri Hebraeorum* on Palm Sunday, remembered the weakness in which the choir began the year.



THE captain has collected £8 10s. for Mr Norman Potter's work.



WE have to thank Madame Giglio for an excellent collection of music and books, which she has presented to the school as a remembrance of Victor Giglio. Nothing of Victor Giglio's could be more valued by us, for he was certainly one of the best pianists the school has had in the last few years. We take this occasion once again of recommending Victor Giglio to the prayers of his old schoolfellows. They will hardly need to be reminded that he was one of the victims in the "Titanic" disaster.



WE congratulate Dom Gerard Blackmore, who was ordained priest on Sunday, March 2. Also Dom Francis Primavesi, Dom Illtyd Williams and Dom Ildephonsus Barton, who were raised to the diaconate.

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THE Upper Library has been out of use this term, but happily its books have been accessible. It is undergoing considerable renovation. When the work is finished, it will certainly be one of the finest rooms in the whole of our buildings. Its members have been lodging in the Middle Library, which in turn has sent down the Lower Third Form to the Lower Library. The billiard table has disappeared, and the billiard room is being prepared as a fifth library. This latter change has been necessitated by the demand for more accommodation for the Middle School. Both rooms will be ready for use early next term.



THE secretary of the Fishing Club has furnished no details of the doings of that mysterious body, but we learn that the fears expressed in the last number of the JOURNAL about the disappearance of trout from the Holbeck, after the landlords' united efforts to ameliorate its course by the clearance of vegetation within the stream and on its banks, are rapidly giving way to feelings more akin to hope—surely the last virtue of a good fisherman!



WE have to record some valuable additions to the Museum: A ciborium-cum-monstrance, evidently belonging to the penal times (presented by Father E. C. Jarvis), an old plan of Lambspring Abbey (presented by Bernard Robinson, Esq.), several coins of the Dutch states (presented by Gaston Lintner). The Natural History Department of the Museum are indebted to Mrs Bisgood for two skins, an alligator's and a ratel's, obtained by her in Mexico, and to Miss B. M. Corballis for some birds. To all these kind friends we accord our grateful thanks. The Napoleon death-mask has at last been suitably mounted and covered. This mask, which was formerly in the possession of the Napoleon family, is now all but unique. There is only one other original mask in existence, so that the care lately bestowed has come none too soon.



THE new cricket ground has made good progress since our last issue, and work still continues. May it do so until the whole

School Notes

large scheme is quite completed! The erection of a second pavilion worthy of the new ground ought not to be postponed any longer. Apart from the fact that the present pavilion is not situated on the new ground, we have outgrown its slender accommodation; but the solidity of its structure guarantees it many years of useful life as a refuge from inclement weather and a store-room for the junior sets.



THE Rackets season, which started as usual on Laetare Sunday, has been a good one. Rumour persistently asserts that the Ball Place is to be taken down. It would be greatly missed and would with difficulty be replaced by other courts. At present it serves many purposes, which Fives or Squash Courts could not serve. But there is no reason why we should not have Fives and Squash Courts as well. Our old games of Rackets and Handball have a lot of life in them still, and because we are building Fives Courts we are not compelled to abandon them. Let us keep them all! The main point in favour of the removal of the Ball Place is the "view argument." If this is sound, then let it be removed, but not lost to us. But as it stands it is surely capable of adaptation, and could be an excellent feature. The work now being carried out near it suggests the possibility of adding "Squash Courts" on the other side.



THE steed which moves to and fro on the cricket ground has always been a source of merriment. Hitherto it has not been necessary to know much about horseflesh to discern its weak points. Last year's beast evidently decided that it had no further call to precede the mower and roller and committed suicide by drowning. Can it be doubted that "she did it in her own defence"? Its successor appeared towards the end of the term, and is on the whole appreciated. May it die in the stables, when it has seen us safely through several cricket seasons.



DOM OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR was elected Abbot of Fort Augustus on March 13 and was solemnly blessed on April 9.

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We offer him our sincerest congratulations and *ad multos annos*. Father Abbot was one of the assistant prelates on the occasion of his "Blessing."



GERMAN airships are said to have been hovering over us! More than one of the school have testified to strange lights. Some go further and assert that while crossing "the square" from the theatre at night they saw a strange aircraft which was making in the direction of the village. This, it is declared, was the property of our Germanic cousins. Surely the corps have missed their opportunity.



ON Easter Monday the school enjoyed time-honoured "outings." The Sixth Form and Monitors went to Mount Grace, the Fifth and Fourth to Lastingham via Kirbymoorside, the Higher Third to Crayke Castle, the Lower Third to Scawton and Helmsley, and the Second Form to Helmsley. The Choir were accorded a special day at Castle Howard. These are, without doubt, among the best of schooldays. Would that they came more frequently! But possibly they would then be appreciated less. A day at Fountains or Mount Grace or Castle Howard is not only a joy but, in part, an education—a statement we commend to the Head Master and his staff.



THE retreat this Easter was given by Dom Basil Mawson. Our best thanks are due to him. It was attended by many old boys: C. Hines, A. Hines, J. Pike, G. H. Chamberlain, O. L. Chamberlain, B. Collison, C. Ainscough, G. W. Lindsay, C. Farmer, W. V. Clapham, A. Clapham, H. Rochford, H. Weissenberg, H. W. Weissenberg, C. Clarke, A. P. Kelly, T. Dunbar, F. Mackay, P. J. Neeson, P. A. Martin, W. O'Connor, L. Miles, A. F. M. Wright, D. N. Wright, M. Wright, B. Hardman, and C. Lowther.



THE following old boys also visited us during the term: P. Williams, A. F. Smith, V. Narey, J. Barton, E. Keogh, W. Sharp, O. L. Chamberlain, F. W. Wright, M. Worthy.

School Notes

THE following boys are heads of their forms:

Upper Sixth, F. W. Long.	Higher Third, N. Fishwick.
Sixth, J. O. Kelly.	Lower Third, T. Welsh.
Fifth, J. Caldwell.	Second, D. Rochford.
Fourth, M. Ainscough.	First, A. F. Bisgood.



THE school staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (*Head Master*)

Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.
Dom Joseph Dawson.	Dom Bruno Dawson.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Benedict Hayes.	Dom Hugh de Normanville,
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	B.A.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Francis Primavesi.
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Ildephonsus Barton.
Dom Adrian Mawson.	Dom Iltyd Williams.

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*).

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing and Painting*).

J. F. Porter, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (*Medical Officer*).

R. Blades (late Yorkshire 2nd XI), (*Cricket Professional*).

Sergeant-Major Grogan (Sergeant-Instructor, late Irish Guards).

W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster, West Yorks).

Mrs Doherty (*Matron*).

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*).

LECTURES

DOM ANSELM WILSON

ON January 23 Dom Anselm Wilson gave a lecture in the Middle Library on "Francis Thompson." This is not the first time that we have had the pleasure of hearing him discourse on the subject of poetry, and we felt on this occasion that it was something more than the writing of a great poet that inspired his eloquence. He spoke of the poet and his work with genuine enthusiasm, and ended by the recital of "The Hound of Heaven" and other poems.

HERR OBERHOFFER

HERR OBERHOFFER's lecture on "Chopin" was a very vivid and interesting appreciation of the work and personality of a great artist. The main events of Chopin's brief life were explained in connexion with his various musical works. In this method there is a danger of seeming to suggest that the work of an artist can be explained by the material circumstances and chances of his life, and, as a fallacious deduction, that a work of art is necessarily the reproduction of a "real" experience. Into this danger Herr Oberhoffer did not lead us, and his method had the great positive advantage of emphasizing the relation between art and life, and of giving to art that wide human interest from which it should never be divorced. Particularly is this necessary in the case of a distinctively lyrical composer like Chopin, for whom the symphonic form had no attraction and whose genius was completely realized in the concentrated utterance of a momentary mood. The lyrical character of Chopin's work was abundantly exemplified in the illustrations played by Herr Oberhoffer. These included the "Raindrop" Prelude, four of the Nocturnes, four waltzes, two Mazurkas, the Berceuse (Op. 57), a brilliant example of construction on a single recurring base, and the famous Ballade (Op. 47). In the course of the lecture an

Lectures

analysis of Chopin's methods as a pianoforte player gave occasion for some valuable suggestions on the subject of technique.

DOM MAURUS POWELL

DOM MAURUS lectured to us on some of the Italian painters. As usual, his slides were excellent. The lecturer began by suggesting to us the influence of Byzantine art on that of Northern Italy, and showed how Giotto, who was the first to give a natural and dramatic treatment to sacred themes, became the ideal of all who followed for nearly a century. With the Renaissance came a return to the pagan ideals of Ancient Greece, but side by side with this movement rose Christian sculptors and painters in some of whom the influences of Christian and pagan art were strangely blended. In the pictures of Fra Angelico the purely religious art was exemplified, while Masaccio, by his "Tribute Money," became the father of modern painting. The idyllic charm of Filippo Lippi, the wistful sentiment and beauty of Botticelli, the grace and the classic detail of Filippino Lippi, all received their meed of praise. Gozzoli, copious in detail; Ghirlandajo, cold in feeling and Dutch in finish; Fra Bartolomeo, highly spiritual and a colourist; Andrea del Sarto, small of soul but beautiful in form and approaching the Venetians in colour, were used as illustrations of the development of art until it reached perfection in Leonardo da Vinci. Finally Dom Maurus ended a most entertaining lecture with a very searching analysis of the style and work of Michelangelo in sculpture and fresco. Our best thanks to Dom Maurus.

DOM SEBASTIAN LAMBERT AND DOM BENEDICT HAYES

"THE Faculty of Geography," represented by Dom Benedict and Dom Sebastian, announced two lectures on the British Empire, embellished by lantern slides issued by S. H. Benson's Lantern Lecture Bureau, and illustrative of the extent and

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resources of India and our Colonies. The exigencies of time necessitated a very broad survey, but the school welcomed with enthusiasm this patriotic and educational stimulant administered with much cheerfulness and prepared with great care. Despite an assurance from the lecturers that they had no desire to drive us to the Antipodes, the picturesqueness of the presentment most surely awakened in roving dispositions a desire to visit these "woods and pastures new," which are our country's pride. We proffer our best thanks to the lecturers.

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, January 26. In Private Business Mr Williams was re-elected Secretary and Mr Burge, Mr L. Williams and Mr Chamberlain were elected on the Committee.

In Public Business Mr Leese moved "That a republican form of government would be welcomed in England at the present day." His chief argument was of a financial nature. Now that monarchy was divested of its real power it was an expensive luxury. France, as became a nation which was above all things logical, had thrown off the burden of kingship as soon as its kings had lost their power. It was otherwise with Germany, where the Kaiser was truly an emperor. The mover closed his speech with some scathing criticisms of the law of primogeniture.

Mr D. Long opposed. He considered England of to-day to be in a very prosperous condition and therefore deprecated any constitutional change. The French Revolution should serve as a warning. The speaker referred to the usefulness of the monarchy as supplying a strong link between the mother country and the colonies. Lastly Mr Long spoke of the advantages monarchy gave a nation in the sphere of foreign politics.

Mr Knowles disagreed with the mover on the question of the relative financial merits of monarchy and republicanism.

Mr Simpson, convinced of the excellency of the British Constitution in all its aspects, was opposed to the motion.

A high note of loyalty was struck by Mr L. Williams, who drew a vivid picture of monarchy as a source of inspiration to a nation in time of war.

Mr Hayes felt that a republic was a source of higher inspiration than a single member of the reigning family. Returning to practical details, he laid before the house an ingenious scheme for utilizing the royal palaces under a republican form of government.

The motion was lost by seven votes to twenty-two.

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On February 2 the Society met to hear Mr Lintner read an instructive and interesting paper on "The Island of Java."

The third meeting of the term took place on February 9. Mr W. Rochford moved "That this House sympathizes with the Suffragette movement." His main contention was that as woman had to bear the burden of citizenship she should be allowed to exercise the rights of a citizen. The present state of affairs had resulted in legislation for men alone. A woman's charter was a crying need. The present agitation, with its methods of violence, bore a striking resemblance to man's struggle to gain the franchise.

Mr L. Rochford spoke against the motion. The empire had a double aspect, the public and the private. Woman's sphere was the home and the nursery. For the sake of the welfare of the nation it was essential that she should not be called upon to bear the burdens of public life.

On motives of abstract justice Mr Hayes supported the motion. Further, he considered that domestic legislation would be safer in woman's hands. The debate was adjourned.

On Sunday, February 16, the debate of "Woman's Suffrage" was continued by Mr Chamberlain. He regarded the whole agitation as an impracticable attempt to reconcile the difference between man and woman. While he welcomed their activity in local government, he held that women should have no part in the larger sphere of imperial politics.

Mr Hall, who spoke next, felt that it would be unsafe to allow women to vote on matters of national importance. They were ruled too much by emotion rather than by reason. Moreover, he doubted whether the majority of the women of this country desired the franchise.

Mr Power hesitated to support the motion by reason of the numerical superiority of the female sex.

The motion was carried by thirteen votes to eleven.

The fifth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, March 2, when Mr Power read to the House an able paper on "The Indian Mutiny."

The sixth meeting was held on March 9, when, in Public Business, Mr Collison moved "That this House approves of the Insurance Act." After speaking of the Act as intended

Senior Literary and Debating Society

primarily to improve the condition of the working classes, he proceeded to an examination of its details and concluded by saying that it had been successful in teaching employers of labour the duty of supporting their servants in the time of sickness.

The Hon. R. Barnewall took a wholly different view of the Act, which he classed with a series of similar enactments as an attempt to deprive the people of their freedom and to establish the principles of socialism. The Act had merely usurped the functions of voluntary societies in the relief of sickness. The debate was continued by Messrs Chamberlain, Simpson, Hayes, Hall, and others, and when finally put to the vote the motion was lost by twelve votes to twenty-two.

At the seventh meeting of the term, held on Sunday, March 16, Mr Lancaster moved "That our present military force was insufficient for the defence of the Empire." He was opposed by Mr Lynch. After an interesting debate the motion was lost by sixteen votes to seventeen.

The eighth meeting of the term was held on Easter Sunday. Several "old boys" were present and took part in a debate on the motion "That the present unequal distribution of wealth was the greatest cause of unhappiness in the world," proposed by Mr N. J. Chamberlain, who, after giving a long list of cases in which the burden of taxation fell unequally on the poor, went on to show that if this injustice were removed most of the evils and consequent unhappiness of their lives would disappear.

Mr G. N. Chamberlain, who opposed, denied that happiness was dependent on wealth. Many unhappy people were rich, there were many happy and contented lives among the poor.

A lively debate followed, in which Mr A. J. Kelly, Mr Hall, Mr Neeson, Mr W. Clapham, Mr Simpson and others took part. The motion was lost by nineteen votes to twenty-six.

At the ninth meeting of the term Mr Hardy discoursed to the Society on the subject, "Why do we read poetry?" illustrating his remarks by the reading of several beautiful lyrics. His very instructive and interesting paper was much appreciated.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

THE 211th meeting of the Society was held on January 19. As it was the first meeting of the new session the usual elections took place, with the result that Mr N. Fishwick was voted Secretary, and Messrs Beech, Mackay and Unsworth members of the Committee. Mr Agnew was then elected a member of the Society. The rest of the meeting was occupied by a very stimulating and helpful address on "Public Speaking" by Father Dominic. A cordial vote of thanks to him concluded the proceedings.

At the 212th meeting, on January 26, Mr G. Mackay moved "That the House of Lords should pass the Home Rule Bill." He drew an affecting picture of the woes of the sister isle, which were the result of the interference of the Anglo-Saxon. He ridiculed the idea of Ireland being a danger to England, and laid stress on the modesty of Ireland's demands.

Mr MacMahon opposed. Accepting for the sake of argument the hon. mover's picture of the sad condition of Ireland, he urged that Home Rule would multiply those evils by arousing internecine strife and inevitably bringing the country to a state of bankruptcy. He further called attention to the danger of alliance between Ireland and England's enemies.

Mr H. Martin dwelt on all that England owed to Ireland, and demanded some return in the shape of Home Rule.

Mr Beech based his remarks on the proverb, "L'union fait la force," and drew a lurid picture of the horrors of the civil war which might be expected if Ulster's claims were not respected.

There also spoke: Messrs Long, Morice, Gerrard, Simpson, Lythgoe, Le Fevre, Barton, Field, McDonald, MacPherson, S. Lancaster, Unsworth, R. Liston, Hefferman and C. Cravos. The motion was lost; votes for, nineteen; against, twenty-four.

The 213th and 214th meetings were occupied with the motion, "That the Government should include women in the Franchise Bill."

Mr Unsworth was the mover on February 2, and argued from the absolute need for feminine influence and knowledge

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in certain branches of legislation, and then drew attention to the impossible position at present, where the rich, well-educated lady had no vote, but her own servants, with but little at stake, and a very small amount of education, enjoyed the full benefit of the franchise.

Mr C. MacPherson opposed and demanded that women should confine their activity to their natural sphere, viz., the household. He saw a danger in their possible presence in Parliament.

Sixteen other members spoke, among them Mr Beech, who said that it was clear from the mad or rather criminal antics of the militant suffragettes that women were naturally unbalanced in character and liable to hysteria, and hence their entrance into politics would certainly give rise to embarrassing situations in international and other questions.

The adjournment of the debate was proposed and carried.

Mr Hawkeswell opened the discussion at the next meeting (February 9). He proved, with the aid of a wealth of historical allusions, ranging from Sparta to the Boards of Guardians of to-day, that women have shown their capacity to take part in the government of the country.¹

Mr Beech opposed, showing how the feminist movement in general was undermining the family life.

A spirited debate ensued, in which fifteen members took part. The motion was lost by a majority of one. Votes: For, nineteen; against, twenty.

At the 215th meeting, on February 16, Mr ffield moved "That Esperanto should be adopted as the universal language." He dwelt on the need for greater facility in international communication and proceeded to show the simplicity of Esperanto.

Mr Welsh opposed. He argued that there was no call for such a language, and said experience, from the Tower of Babel to the multiplicity of modern dialects, showed that its introduction would be futile.

Mr S. Lancaster developed this last point; asked interesting questions about the language used by Adam and Eve, to which he himself supplied somewhat original replies.

Viscount Encombe urged that the interests of the Peace

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Conference would be promoted by the introduction of Esperanto.

Seventeen other members spoke. The motion was lost. Votes: for, fourteen; against, nineteen.

The 216th meeting was held on March 2. Mr F. Cravos moved "That a monarchy is a better form of government than a republic."

Mr Morice opposed.

Messrs S. Lancaster, Bisgood, Le Fevre, Simpson, ffield, Long, Lythgoe, Agnew, Beech and Father Paul took part in the debate.

The house showed its strong monarchical sentiments by supporting the motion by a majority of thirty-two. Votes: for, thirty-five; against, three.

The 217th meeting, on March 9, considered the motion: "That capital punishment should be abolished." Mr Allanson, the mover, described the brutalizing influence of this mode of punishment on those concerned in its infliction, urged the danger of miscarriage of justice, and held that more efficacious modes of punishment were at hand, rendering the death penalty unnecessary.

Mr J. Moriogh-Bernard, in opposing, said the death penalty was necessary as a deterrent from serious crimes. The sickly sentimentality of the day, which shed tears over the fate of the vilest murderer, was a distressing feature of modern civilization; the alternative, viz., long imprisonment, merely hardened the criminal.

Twenty-two members continued the discussion, and Father Bruno also addressed the meeting. The motion was lost by ten votes to thirty-two.

At the 218th meeting, on March 16, Father Bruno and Mr Hardy were present as visitors. Mr Blackledge moved: "That aerial navigation is a danger to England." He said England's strong defence was her insular position. The introduction of aerial navigation deprived her of this protection; she ceased to be

"This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war."

The Government had recognized the danger, and had made

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regulations about the entry of air-craft into England, but these rules were so futile as to bring ridicule on this country.

Mr Knowles opposed. He described the precautions taken against aerial invasion, and outlined a plan of defence. He said the utility of air-craft in war was much exaggerated.

Viscount Encombe, in supporting the motion, lamented the comparative lethargy of the War Office in the formation of an Aerial Corps. Mr C. Rochford proved that the chief use of the aeroplane in war was for scouting. Sixteen other members and both the visitors spoke. The motion was carried by twenty-five votes to eighteen.

On Easter Sunday, March 23, the 219th meeting was held. The following visitors were present: Father Placid Corballis, Mr F. Corballis, Mr Hardy, Mr J. Pike and Mr Lowther. Mr G. Simpson moved "That the press stands in need of reform." He pointed out that the bad style of the journalist destroys the taste for good literature, that the information was often very unreliable, and that detailed, sensational accounts of crime lead to further violation of the laws.

Mr L. Lancaster, in opposition, based his arguments on the principle of liberty, and showed the good done by the modern press in checking headstrong politicians, and in showing up any corruption that existed among public men. Mr ffield instanced the Marconi inquiry in support of this last statement. Nine others spoke, as well as Mr F. Corballis and Mr J. Pike. The motion was lost by one vote. Votes: For, 19; against, 20.

At the 220th and last meeting of the session, on March 30, Mr J. Bisgood moved: "That the construction of a Channel Tunnel is now necessary for the welfare of England." He showed how the expenditure would be quite justified by the certain prospect of immediate and large profits—the greater facilities for transit of goods would develop trade, and larger numbers of visitors would come to us from the Continent when the dreadful demon of the deep, *mal de mer*, had been circumvented. The tunnel, he argued, would also ensure food supplies to this country in time of war if our fleet should chance to meet with a reverse.

Viscount Encombe opposed. National sentiment, he said, was against such a scheme; we could afford to run no risks;

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there was no guarantee that France would always be our ally. Expense also was to be considered, and the great difficulties of construction to be faced. He outlined an alternative scheme of ferries, as a safer and cheaper plan of meeting the need.

When ten other members had spoken, as well as Father Benedict and Mr Humphrey Johnson, who were present as visitors, the motion was put to the vote and lost by seven votes to thirty-seven. The vote of thanks to the Committee, Secretary and Chairman concluded the meeting and the session.

FIRST THURSDAY SPEECHES

FEBRUARY 6.—A concert took the place of the usual February speeches. It was much enjoyed. We give the programme:

Overture	<i>Gillet</i>	Orchestra
"Mihi est propositum" (Song)		The School
"Lieder ohne Worter," No. 6 (Piano)	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	Emery I
"The Golden Vanity" (Song)	<i>From Folk-Songs</i>	Burge
"Shepherds' Dance" (Violin)	<i>German</i>	Knowles I
"Forty Years On" (Song)	<i>Bowen</i>	The School
"Ave Maria" (Violin Quartette)	<i>Henselt</i>	Dom Joseph, Emery I, Power I, Knowles I
"Flevit lepus parvulus" (Song)		The School
"Nursery Rhymes" (Songs)	<i>R. R. Terry</i>	Long II, Welsh, Kelly II, Le Fevre, McMahon, Lythgoe
"Myosotis" (Violin)	<i>Lowthian</i>	Power I
"The Veteran's Song" (Song)		The School

March.—"Speeches" were held in the Theatre on March 6. The First Form, in "The True Story of the Hare and the Tortoise," caused much mirth. I. G. McDonald spoke very well, but the preparation of some of the others had evidently been curtailed. The musicians were good.

Sonata (Op. 10, No. 3) (Piano)	<i>Beethoven</i>	Burge
"La maison que Pierre a bâtie"		Second Form
"King Alfred and the Cakes"	<i>G. K. Chesterton</i>	Fishwick I
"Dover Beach"	<i>Mathew Arnold</i>	Simpson II
"The True Story of the Hare and the Tortoise"	<i>E. Philpotts</i>	First Form
Bolero (Violin)	<i>Hoffman</i>	Knowles I
"The Haunted Palace"	<i>E. A. Poe</i>	Gibbons
Gavotte in G (Violin)	<i>Carl Bohm</i>	Power I

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"Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth"	Leese
"School Revisited"	Byron
Fantasia (Violin)	Dancla
	McDonald 1
	Welsh

April.—The April speeches were held on the day before the "break up." The programme was a welcome return to the style of a few years ago. The music was particularly good. In "The Death of Wallenstein" Allanson recited well.

"The Death of Wallenstein"	Schiller	Lower III
	(Translated by S. T. Coleridge)	

Richard II. Deposition of the King. *Shakespeare*

Richard	Farrell
Bishop of Carlisle	Emery 1
Northumberland	Liston 1
York	Leach
Henry Bolingbroke	Lancaster 1

Midsummer Night's Dream. The Mechanics' Play. *Shakespeare*

Theseus	George
Hippolyta	MacDonnell 11
Quince (Prologue)	Blackledge 11
Wall	Mawson
Moonshine	Loughran 1
Lion	Power 11
Pyramus	Fitzgerald
Thisbe	Bisgood 11

Berceuse (Violin)	Ludwig	Welsh
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Schotte

"Restless Nights" (Piano)	Stephen	Emery 1
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Heller

Chanson Polonaise (Violin)	Wieniawski	Knowles 1
Sonata (Violin Quartette)	Mendelssohn	Power 1, Knowles 1,
Golden Sonata (Violin Quartette)	Purcell	Emery 1, Welsh

"There Swings the Mellow Midnight Bell"	Roukel	Trebles and Altos
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OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

THE following boys joined the contingent at the beginning of the term: J. Barton, Hon. C. Barnewall, C. ffild, Hon. M. Scott, L. Spiller, G. Cuddon, A. F. Corballis, C. Robinson.

The following promotions were posted at the beginning of term:

To be Corporals: Lance-Corporal Hall, Cadet Leese.

To be Lance-Corporal: Cadet J. Kelly.

The band, which was only started last term, has already gained some proficiency. All its members are not equally skilful, so that as yet there does not always exist complete unanimity as to the notes, but both they and their preceptors are to be congratulated on the good results attained in so short a period. Two new members have been added—Cadets Lynch and Gerrard.

Two shooting matches were arranged with Giggleswick School, but we were most unfortunate in having two really cold days on which a strong gale was blowing. This makes a considerable difference in judging the relative merits of the teams, for Giggleswick shot their rounds on a covered range—a luxury shortly to be ours. We were accordingly beaten in both matches—on the first occasion by ten points and on the second by seventeen. The following were the scores of our teams:

FIRST MATCH:

	<i>Slow</i>	<i>Rapid</i>
Colour-Sergeant Williams . . .	14	16
Corporal Hall . . .	18	10
Corporal Leese . . .	16	17
Cadet C. Lancaster . . .	14	14
Cadet Dobson . . .	14	18
Cadet W. Smith . . .	19	17
Cadet Cravos . . .	12	13
Cadet W. Martin . . .	16	18
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	123	123

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SECOND MATCH

	<i>Slow</i>	<i>Rapid</i>
Corporal Hall . . .	12	13
Corporal Leese . . .	16	14
Corporal Long . . .	15	16
Corporal Collison . . .	15	13
Cadet Dobson . . .	12	12
Cadet W. Smith . . .	16	16
Cadet Caldwell . . .	17	10
Cadet C. Lancaster . . .	15	18
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	118	112

We have to congratulate Sergeant Simpson on gaining "Certificate A," and to condole with Col.-Sergeant Williams, who was unable to enter owing to sickness.

The event of the term as far as the corps was concerned was the Field Day at Beverley. We had been invited to the Public Schools "field day" at Rossall, but the journey was prohibitive. Accordingly some of the Yorkshire schools held one of their own at Beverley. They were joined by the regulars from the East Yorkshire Depot. After an early breakfast and a distribution of rations, we fell in on the square and marched to Gilling, where we entrained for Beverley. We arrived at the scene of operations at a quarter to eleven, and the attack began immediately. We suffered no casualties, though at the outset we lost two scouts. Unfortunately the "pow-wow" was too late in the afternoon for us to attend, but Major Berthon, commanding the depot at Beverley, wrote to our O.C.: "I was sorry your corps could not remain. I particularly wanted to congratulate your boys on the excellent way they shaped." We arrived home at half-past seven, after the best of days. The efforts of the band were greatly appreciated, not only by those whose duty it was to march with them, but apparently by the denizens of Oswaldkirk, who turned out in force. We were expecting every moment that the story of the Pied Piper was to be re-enacted before our very eyes; but happily only the human population were moved by the thrilling strains.

We have to thank Mr Cussons, of Kirbymoorside, for a continuance of his First Aid lectures, accompanied by most helpful demonstrations.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

WITH the game against Giggleswick on March 8, our second Rugby season came to an end. The following are the tabulated results of the matches:

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Result</i>	<i>Points</i>	
		<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
Royal Scots Greys . .	Lost	3	20
Pocklington School . .	Won	17	0
St Peter's School . .	Lost	11	13
Ripon School . . .	Won	21	0
Yorkshire Wanderers .	Lost	0	20
St Peter's School . .	Won	21	3
Harrogate Old Boys . .	Lost	6	21
Pocklington School . .	Won	48	0
Royal Scots Greys . .	Lost	0	42
Giggleswick School . .	Lost	3	8
Total		130	127

The record of four wins and six losses is unsatisfactory from a "league" point of view; but then the league spirit is fortunately foreign to English Rugby. The Scots Greys, Harrogate Old Boys and Yorkshire Wanderers are first-class club sides, and are so heavy forward that a school fifteen is greatly handicapped in the struggle for the possession of the ball. We had never any hope of beating these sides. Two inter-school matches were lost, one against St Peter's School, by the narrow margin of two points. This defeat was amply avenged in the return game, when Ampleforth won by twenty-one points to three. The other defeat was at the hands of Giggleswick, who on the day's play deserved their victory. Unfortunately, we were without L. T. Williams, and as the run of the game went this made all the difference. Williams seems to be the only player who can keep up to W. A. Martin. Martin's pace in this game took him time and again through the Giggleswick three-quarter line, but he was unable to beat the back single-handed, and in Williams' absence no one could keep sufficiently near him to take his pass and the openings he made. Throughout the year the best of the pack have been

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N. J. Chamberlain (Captain), E. J. Martin, C. B. Collison, W. G. Chamberlain and F. G. Morrogh-Bernard. At stand-off half J. O. Kelly was a great asset, both in defence and attack. He was to some extent handicapped by the slow passes of L. H. Rochford from the base of the scrummage. This was a serious weakness in the team's play, though Rochford was a good defensive player. Williams, as has been already indicated, was invaluable as a partner to Martin. He was presented with a number of easy-looking tries as the result of openings made by Martin, but that his scoring was not by any means effortless was well brought out by the utter inability of anyone to take his place with success. Martin (left-centre) and Farrell (right wing) are both possessed of great pace and dash and a thorough knowledge of the three-quarter game. Simpson (right-centre) was the necessary link between the two, and, though rather deficient in pace, knows how to draw the defence before giving a pass. His tackling improved towards the end of the season. McDonald, though patient of fits of fumbling, was, on the whole, a good back, and there was always much hope until he was beaten. His touch-finding was very good. As far as seems probable at present, eight of the fifteen will be available for next season, so that we should start 1913-14 with rather more than the nucleus of a really good side. The following were the school fifteen: *Back*, I. G. McDonald; *Three-quarters*, L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, C. R. Simpson and G. E. Farrell; *Forwards*, N. J. Chamberlain (captain), E. J. Martin, C. B. Collison, C. S. Cravos, W. G. Chamberlain, W. P. St Leger Liston, R. J. Power and F. G. Morrogh-Bernard.

The Second Fifteen were unlucky in having many of their games scratched. They won their three inter-school matches, one only, against St Peter's School, with difficulty, and should provide next year's First with a satisfactory complement of good players. F. G. Doherty, C. Knowles and G. F. Mansfield Hall are all promising "threes," and O. J. Collison may develop into a really good stand-off half. The forwards were all good, H. J. Emery, G. L. Beech and J. M. Gerrard being perhaps the most prominent in the matches. A sympathetic appreciation of the fifteen by E. H. D. Sewell, with a photograph, appeared in *The Daily Graphic* of March 28.

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AMPLEFORTH v. HARROGATE OLD BOYS

Played at Ampleforth on January 29, and ended in a win for Harrogate by three goals and two tries (twenty-one points) to two tries (six points). Owing to a cold, Farrell was unable to play, and Hall took his place at right wing three-quarter. The game opened altogether in favour of Harrogate, and for the first quarter of an hour we were quite unable to keep the ball away from our line. The Harrogate backs, among whom was Depledge, the Yorkshire County three-quarter, were always exceedingly dangerous when in possession. A few minutes after the start a clever movement on the "blind" side of the scrummage let in Depledge, who, when tackled by McDonald, passed to Barrett on the wing, who scored far out. A few minutes later McDonald fumbled an awkward-looking punt from Depledge, who followed up quickly and scored. This try was converted. The School forwards then got into their stride, and with a great rush took the ball to the Harrogate twenty-five. Here one of their halves, in trying to punt, missed his kick, and the ball went out to the left just over the Harrogate goal-line. Appleyard and Williams raced for it, but the bounce of the ball favoured the former, who snapped it up, ran the whole length of the field, and, easily handing off McDonald, scored behind our posts. Depledge kicked the goal. The rest of the first half was rather in favour of the School. Our forwards began to get possession more frequently, and though the "threes" were on the whole outpaced, one very well executed movement was completed by Williams, who outflanked the defence and scored in the corner. The goal kick failed.

In the second half play was even. The school forwards at first quite held their own and played with great dash and confidence in the loose. Eventually a fine piece of dribbling led to a try by Collison under the posts. The goal kick, a perfectly easy one, failed. Only seven points behind, Ampleforth pressed hard for a time, but were ultimately beaten off. In the last five minutes Harrogate scored twice and won as stated.

AMPLEFORTH v. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

This inter-school match was played at Ampleforth on

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February 12, and resulted in a win for us by six goals and six tries (48 points) to nothing. The tries were scored by Williams (5), W. A. Martin (2), Simpson (2), Doherty, Collison and N. J. Chamberlain. Kelly kicked the goals. Doherty was played on the wing for Farrell, who was unable to turn out owing to a cold. Ampleforth soon scored. Some desultory play in the Pocklington twenty-five led to the ball going out to Doherty, who had an easy run over on the right. After this the game resolved itself into bouts of passing among the Ampleforth backs occasionally assisted by the forwards, and tries came quickly. Simpson took up the scoring, going in near the posts after completely bewildering the defence with a series of feints. At half-time the score was: Ampleforth twenty-one points, Pocklington nil. The second half was largely a repetition of the first. The forwards invariably got the ball in the scrummages. Kelly was quick in setting the "threes" going, and Martin and Williams exhibited on the left a pace and understanding of each other's methods that quite outpointed the defence. From the spectators' point of view, the game left nothing to be desired, though of course there was an entire absence of match-excitement about it. Pocklington deserve much praise for the way they played up right to the end. But for the consistently good tackling of Hepton and Wood, the score would have been even greater.

AMPLEFORTH *v.* ROYAL SCOTS GREYS

This match was played at York on February 19, and was won by the regiment by three goals and nine tries (forty-two points) to nothing. The score is not deceptive in suggesting that the teams were ill-matched, yet during three-quarters of the game the contest was spirited, and during half it was nearly even. In strength and weight and their scientific use the Scots Greys were greatly superior, but the School's persevering tackling and fine execution of combined movements delayed for a time the effect of this superiority. During the first quarter of an hour the Greys were always attacking, and scored three tries, of which one was converted. There was no further score before half-time, nor during the earlier part

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of the second half. The School backs again and again took the ball to the Greys' twenty-five, only to lose possession there, and the forwards, by combined foot-work, repeatedly reached, but never passed, the point at which the ball has to be picked up and carried over. But the School's attacks were not only less formidable than their opponents'; they were more costly. For, unable to obtain the ball by the peaceful method of the scrummage, the school players had to seek it at the hands or feet of men who were heavy and fast. That they so often got it was creditable, but the effort required made the organization of their counter-movements difficult, and left them exhausted when there was still twenty minutes for play. During this last period their defence broke down, and the Scots Greys scored nine times.

AMPLEFORTH *v.* GIGGLESWICK

This match was played at Ampleforth on March 8, and resulted in a win for Giggleswick by a goal and a try to a try, a score which well represents the comparative merits of the sides on the day's play. It was a fine game, fought out at a great pace and with full measure of that friendly ferocity for which Rugby alone gives scope. The play was not, as might be expected in an even game, mainly in mid-field. Each side took turns in testing thoroughly the defence of the other, so that the alternating hopes and fears of the spectators had time to develop a peculiar intensity. For some time after the start Ampleforth pressed, and forwards' rushes and backs' passing movements frequently ended very close to the goal line. The effect of Williams' absence was at once apparent. His initiative and dash and his sympathy with Martin would have greatly increased the chances of a win for Ampleforth. The play changed to the other end of the field, and first on one wing and then on the other the goal line was in imminent peril. In the loose the packs were evenly matched. In the scrummages Giggleswick were just the stronger, and secured the ball slightly more often. What was much more serious was that Rochford, at "scrum-half," was no match for his very capable opponent, with the twofold result that the Ampleforth backs

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often derived little positive benefit from the success of their forwards and suffered unduly from their failure. For perhaps ten minutes the struggle continued in the Ampleforth twenty-five, until at last, just when the defence seemed about to prevail, a Giggleswick forward obtained the ball, broke through the *disiecta membra* of a loose scrummage and scored near the flag. The try was not converted. Then Ampleforth took a turn in prolonged attack, and failed by the same narrow margin as before. Shortly before half-time the ball returned to the Ampleforth half—well within it—and a particularly fierce struggle followed. At one moment an Ampleforth player—indistinguishable in the throng—was seen to touch down just in time; soon afterwards, on the opposite wing, an opponent crossed the line with the ball, but was safely removed from the field by McDonald. From one wing to the other the play passed with bewildering rapidity, until at last a Giggleswick three-quarter dashed over the line and scored near the corner. The try was converted with a beautifully judged kick.

Early in the second half, Ampleforth, aided by Kelly's excellent touch-kicking, took the play to the Giggleswick end of the field. There was a scramble of a vigorous but indefinable kind, and the ball rolled over the goal line. Beech followed it and scored. The place-kick failed. Thenceforward the play was less varied, though not less strenuous. Ampleforth pressed almost continuously, with short intervals of desperate defence. Several times Martin got clear away from all his opponents save one, but Martin has no wiles, and to-day he had not Williams, and he fell an easy prey to the full-back. The severity of the struggle increased as the available minutes became fewer, but the Giggleswick defence was successful and there was no further score.

The following played for Ampleforth: *Back*, I. G. McDonald; *Three-quarters*, G. E. Farrell, C. R. Simpson, W. A. Martin and G. D. Beech; *Half-backs*, J. O. Kelly and L. H. Rochford; *Forwards*, N. J. Chamberlain (captain), W. G. Chamberlain, E. J. Martin, C. B. Collison, C. S. Cravos, R. J. Power, C. P. Liston, and F. J. Morrogh-Bernard.

HOCKEY

THE early Easter and bad weather combined to shorten the Hockey season this year. The Eleven are to be congratulated on winning the few matches it was possible to play. Both in attack and defence the team has improved considerably since last year, though there cannot be said to be any players of outstanding merit. On the other hand, there is no weak player in the side. The problem of the full-backs was ultimately solved by the inclusion of Mackay, who was promoted from the Second Eleven. Though inclined to get out of his place a good deal, his pace generally enabled him to get back in time, and he proved just the player to partner Collison, who, though sound, is not quick. At half-back McDonald on the left proved a tower of strength, his stick work being perhaps the best on the side. W. G. Chamberlain (centre-half) breaks up a combination well but does not feed his wings sufficiently. L. H. Rochford (right half), if weak in taking part in a forward movement, was always quite good in defence. Of the forwards Kelly (outside left) is a clever player; his stick work was consistently good, and his centres hard and well judged. L. T. Williams (outside right) was kept out of most of the matches through illness, and though Hall, Emery and Gerrard were all fairly capable substitutes, Williams can take the ball down the wing more surely and swiftly than anyone else who has been tried. Burge, W. A. Martin and N. J. Chamberlain were the insides. The last two were more prominent in the open and Burge the best in the circle. Though not the greatest goal scorer, he was quite the best shot on the side. Appended are the results of the matches and the team.

- v.* Malton, won, nine goals to one.
- v.* Pocklington School, won, nine goals to nil.
- v.* "Old Boys," won, four goals to two.
- v.* Ripon School, won, three goals to one.
- v.* St Peter's School, York, won, two goals to one.

Total, twenty-seven goals to five.

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FIRST ELEVEN.—*Goal*, G. L. Beech; *Full-backs*, C. B. Collison and F. G. Mackay; *Half-backs*, L. H. Rochford, W. G. Chamberlain and I. G. McDonald; *Forwards*, L. T. Williams, B. E. Burge, W. A. Martin, N. J. Chamberlain (captain) and J. O. Kelly.

“Colours” were given by the captain to McDonald, Collison and Kelly.

The Second Eleven lost to Ripon School Second by one goal to nothing and beat St Peter's School Second by eight goals to one.

The following played for the Second Eleven: *Goal*, E. C. Leach; *Full-backs*, E. J. Martin (captain) and J. G. Dobson.; *Half-backs*, J. C. Caldwell, W. P. Liston and F. J. Doherty; *Forwards*, J. M. Gerrard, H. J. Emery, G. F. Mansfield Hall, D. J. Collison, and H. J. Marron.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

THE Sports this year took place on April 7, the day before the Easter break-up. In consequence of the very large number of entries the heats were run off on the 6th, when the Hurdles and High Jump were also decided. The track was placed this year in the southern half of the new cricket field. Consistently wet weather interfered almost wholly with practices. Indeed it was only possible to get on the track twice before the Sports were held. On the day itself the ground was soft and holding, and a rather strong cross breeze blew during most of the events. This makes the “times” read poor, though we are convinced the actual merit of the performers was not less than is desirable on an occasion of this sort. In one event, the Third Set Hurdles (boys 13–14½ years of age), A. T. Long put up a great performance in beating the record for the set above him. His time for the ten flights of hurdles (the height in this set is 3 ft.) was 22¾ sec. He was pressed the whole way by J. Morrogh-Bernard, who seemed to

Athletic Sports

be leading slightly over the last flight, but was beaten by less than a foot in the run home. In the First Set Hurdles Farrell and W. A. Martin took a long lead from McDonald, but both came to grief, and McDonald took the race. The Quarter-Mile Race in the First Set produced a good finish between Farrell and Martin, the former just winning in the last few yards. The competition in the Second Set was rather spoilt by the absence of Mackay, who was unable to run owing to a cold. Caldwell had almost a walk-over in every event for which he entered. This year the Upper School were divided into Divisions for purposes of collective competitions. This did much to encourage emulation and was partly responsible for the large number of entries. The prizes were given out in the evening. We wish to thank very sincerely Mrs Bisgood for the gift of a very handsome Challenge Cup for the Champion Athlete of the School, and Mr F. J. Lambert for the splendid trophy he has presented for the First Set Hundred Yards, an event Mr Lambert won himself at the Ampleforth Sports of 1868. Also to Mrs Dalby for a handsome prize, Colonel Anderson, Mr C. H. Farmer and Mr W. Sharp for Cups presented respectively for the Cross-Country Race, Quarter-Mile, and Hurdles, the best thanks of the School are due. Appended are the names of the winners of the Cups and a complete programme of the Sports:

The "Bisgood" Challenge Cup (for the Champion Athlete of the Year), presented by Mrs Bisgood: GERALD E. FARRELL.

The "Anderson" Cup (Cross-Country Race), presented by Colonel Anderson: IAN G. McDONALD.

The "Farmer" Cup (Quarter-Mile), presented by Mr C. H. Farmer: GERALD E. FARRELL.

The "Lambert" Cup (Hundred Yards), presented by Mr F. J. Lambert: WILFRED A. MARTIN.

The "Sharp" Cup (Hurdles), presented by Mr W. Sharp: ALFRED T. LONG.

Aggregate Cup (for Champion Athlete of Junior School): CYRIL J. FFIELD.

EVENTS.	SET I.	Result	Record	SET II.	Result	Record	SET III.	Result	
	WINNERS			WINNERS			WINNERS		
<i>Red Is</i>	1. W. A. Martin 2. G. E. Farrell 3. L. T. Williams	11½ sec.	10½ sec.	1. J. B. Caldwell 2. J. G. MacPherson 3. J. M. Gerrard	12½ sec.	11½ sec.	1. H. Rennick 2. C. S. MacPherson 3. S. F. Rochford	13½ sec.	12½
<i>Yards</i>	NO RACE		25 sec.	NO RACE		26 sec.	1. H. Rennick 2. C. S. MacPherson 3. J. Morrogh-Bernard	32½ sec.	28
<i>ter-</i>	1. G. E. Farrell 2. W. A. Martin 3. L. T. Williams	62 sec.	57 sec.	1. J. B. Caldwell 2. J. M. Gerrard 3. E. Blackledge	65½ sec.	61 sec.	J. Morrogh-Bernard 2. C. P. Power 3. R. P. Liston	70 sec.	64½
<i>-Mile</i>	1. G. E. Farrell 2. G. F. M. Hall 3. G. D. Beech	2 m. 26½ sec.	2 min. 10 sec.	1. J. B. Caldwell 2. V. G. Knowles	2 m. 37½ sec.	2 min. 20 sec.	1. L. G. Lythgoe 2. C. P. Power 3. J. Morrogh-Bernard	2 m. 41½ sec.	2 m. 30
	1. I. G. McDonald 2. G. F. M. Hall 3. G. D. Beech	5 m. 39½ sec.	4 min. 52½ sec.	1. H. G. McMahon 2. R. Lynch	5 m. 55 sec.	5 min. 20 sec.	NO RACE		
<i>les</i>	1. I. G. McDonald 2. G. E. Farrell 3. W. A. Martin		20 sec.	1. J. B. Caldwell 2. J. M. Gerrard 3. J. G. McPherson		23 sec.	1. A. T. Long 2. J. Morrogh-Bernard 3. R. P. Liston		23½
<i>p</i>	1. G. E. Farrell 2. I. G. McDonald 3. W. A. Martin	4 ft. 10½ in.	5 ft. 1½ in.	1. J. B. Caldwell 2. J. M. Gerrard 3. O. J. Collison	4 ft. 5½ in.	4 ft. 6½ in.	1. J. Morrogh-Bernard 2. S. F. Rochford 3. G. Simpson	4 ft. 4 ft. 3½	
<i>p</i>	1. G. E. Farrell 2. W. A. Martin 3. I. G. McDonald	16 ft. 6 in.	18 ft. 6 in.	1. J. M. Gerrard 2. J. B. Caldwell 3. C. Knowles	15 ft. 10 in.	17 ft. 0½ in.	1. A. T. Long 2. C. S. MacPherson 3. G. Simpson	14 ft. 3 in.	14 ft. 6
<i>ing the ght</i>	1. C. B. Collison 2. I. G. McDonald 3. G. E. Farrell	25 ft. 8 in.	30 ft.	1. J. B. Caldwell 2. O. J. Collison 3. J. G. MacPherson	22 ft. 3 in.	25 ft.	1. S. Lancaster 2. J. C. Cravos 3. L. G. Lythgoe	21 ft. 3 in.	22 ft.
<i>owing Cricket</i>	1. F. G. Doherty 2. W. G. Chamberlain 3. C. B. Collison	78 yds. 1 ft. 6 in.	100 yds.	1. O. J. Collison 2. J. B. Caldwell	69 yds. 2 ft.	80 yds.	1. A. T. Long 2. J. C. Cravos 3. G. H. Newsham		70 yds.

EVENTS.	SET IV.	Result	Record	SET V.	Result	Record	EXTRA EVENTS.	Result
	WINNERS			WINNERS				
Hundred Yards	1. C. J. ffield 2. J. A. Dalby 3. V. J. Cravos	13 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	1. W. J. Mawson 2. D. George 3. J. K. Loughran	14 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.		Cross Country Race: 1. I. G. McDonald 2. L. G. Lythgoe 3. C. P. Liston <	

THE GOLF CLUB

THIS year Golf has not attained the popularity of former years, and the untiring Secretaries have so far failed to find a remedy. The existing members are well inoculated with the Golf germ, but unlike its old self and kindred germs it has not been "catching." But it must not be thought that the Club is suffering from moribundity; this is only a climacteric. When the crisis has passed, and its more "pushing" rival "Rugger" is less novel, Golf will step forth in all its old strength. In the meantime some improvements have been effected on the course, notably the relaying of one of the greens. At Easter a match was played with some of the "Old Boys," who ended "one up." The School Club consoled itself with the thought that all the talent displayed had been fostered on the Ampleforth course. The Secretary wishes to thank the "Old Boys" for their handsome subscription towards meeting the expenses of the Club. Finally we have to record that the "Marwood Prize" was won by W. P. Liston, who beat Killea by the small margin of two strokes.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

THE activities of the members of the Photographic Club have been greater than ever. The ubiquitous camera is alternately a source of anxiety and of joy. For scenes from our lives are reproduced with unfailing regularity. The unwary and the unfortunate find records of much they fain would forget. But it cannot be doubted that the camera is popular, even with those who use it not. Many are its willing victims! The photographer, animated by purely æsthetic motives, may exist, but he is a *rara avis*. For the most part he "is out for fun," too often successfully. The quality of the

The Photographic Club

Club's work is undoubtedly improving, although desire not to miss "something good" too often ends in undue haste and under-exposure. The number of photographic albums is increasing, and with them comes greater care of details, upon which so much depends. Many of the Club are naturalists, and hope to produce a fine series of "Nature" photographs in the summer term.

April 1 was selected for a special expedition to Coxwold, having in view the many interests of the home of Laurence Sterne and the beauty of its environs. The selection, as it turned out, was singularly appropriate, for members starting with the intention of entraining at Gilling, one and all missed the train, and fell to walking. The sun was high in the heavens, and, in the words of the poet,

". . . was shining brightly,
Shining with all its might."

The few drops of rain that followed were regarded merely as the first efforts of April to do its duty by the flowers. But on the approach to Newbury Priory and Coxwold the rain began in deadly earnest, continuing until late in the afternoon. On its cessation, some of the more enthusiastic, desirous of not appearing that which they really were, turned back to photograph the ruins of Byland Abbey, long after they had been first passed. The only other photographs taken that day were groups of the band of unhappy brethren.

OLD BOYS

CAPTAIN B. JOHNSTONE, of West Kents, has been appointed to the territorial adjutancy at Rugby.

Mr MATTHEW HONAN was selected (without competition) by the Liverpool Education Committee to design new Council schools.

Mr W. V. CLAPHAM has passed his Intermediate Law examination.

Mr C. AINSCOUGH has obtained a commission in the Manchester Regiment.

Mr WILLIAM BRADLEY has gained the degree of Doctor of Letters at the University of Münster.

Mr A. P. KELLY has played for Trinity College, Dublin, at Rugby.

Mr STUART LOVELL is tea planting in Ceylon.

Dom ANSELM PARKER gave some of the Sunday Conferences to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford last term.

Dom PAUL NEVILL and Dom CELESTINE SHEPPARD preached a course of sermons in April at Westminster Cathedral.

A successful gathering of "Old Boys" took place on January 23 at the Imperial Hotel, Birmingham. This was the fourth centre of reunion for this year. Father Abbot presided. Mr J. W. Dawes gave the toast of "Alma Mater," Mr V. G. Gosling "The Guests," and Mr A. J. Gateley proposed "Father Abbot." All concerned in the organization of this function, more especially Mr J. Pike and Mr V. G. Gosling, its chief promoters, are to be congratulated. By the way, the menu card was a work of art and its compositor ought not to remain nameless.



WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of John Pegge, who entered the School in 1872, and of Mr Steinman, an old friend of Ampleforth. May they rest in peace.

NOTES

SO water has been found on the thirsty hillside at Oswaldkirk—water in millions and millions of gallons, with a pressure sufficient to lift it half-way up to the hilltop, able at short notice to serve up an allowance of twenty gallons per diem to each of the 6,000 presumably unwashed or imperfectly washed inhabitants of the vale between Oswaldkirk and Malton. A turnover of 170,000 gallons per diem is a handsome income—or should we say “excome”?—from an eight-inch pipe, and if the other printed version of the facts, telling of 170,000 gallons an *hour*, be correct, the output is next door to miraculous. Of its quality we can only say that, like mercy, it is not “strained” and will not need the filter; neither is it as hard as the nether millstone, though it is likely to have some similar substance in its composition. The analysis is not to hand. “There is lime in this sack, too.” We believe that the water will prove to have about the same degree of hardness as that of our College wells, lower than that of the Holbeck, but greatly higher than that of the decently soft stuff from Ampleforth.



PROFESSOR KENDALL, at whose advice the well has been sunk, is reported, in the *Yorkshire Herald*, to have “laughed heartily” at the pretensions of the divining-rod expert. The laugh, assuredly, is on his side in this instance. The “conjuring trick” on the other side of the valley, at Amotherby, has called up waters from the vasty deep in vain. Our own water-wizard is at present prospecting for water and other things in “the land of opportunity and hope” and cannot appear to answer for himself. It would be presumptuous for the like of us to speak for him. We once walked solemnly about the hillside with a forked hazel held *secundum artem* in our hands, and it refused to misbehave itself; we walked close to, and all around, and above, and across, a covered-up well—it lay low and did nothing; when, a little later, the rain fell upon it, and it remained unmoved as though in a land where no water is, we threw it away. In other men’s hands the twig may show casual

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symptoms of hydrophobia, or some such complaint, but are we able to diagnose just exactly what these symptoms mean? However, let us say of Father Basil Clarkson that he has a very genuine faith in his own gift of divination with the rod. We may say also that we know of at least half-a-dozen notable triumphs of his in finding water where experts have been at fault. Moreover—and this we think tells best in his favour—we have never heard of his shirking a difficult water-problem when it presented itself, or of his making a real blunder when tackling it.



ALL the countryside knows that Father Basil discovered an excellent and constant well-spring on the same hillside and in the same line as that sunk by Professor Kendall. It was in use for many years and was closed only when the College made common cause with Ampleforth village in a joint water scheme. True, Father Basil stoutly and openly declared that the tract of land between the College and Oswaldkirk was barren and unprofitable for ordinary well-sinking. But he did not doubt that there was plenty of water to be had if you bored deep enough down to get at it. We cannot say whether Father Basil's rod was or was not sensitive to wireless messages from the other side of 300 feet of solid rock and clay. But we can say he was not looking for any, nor was he prepared to take any notice of them. He had in mind well-sinking of the country village variety, not of a costly steam-driven artesian pipe, boring like a gimlet, through the crust of the earth to a depth (342 feet) suggestive of the shaft of a coal-mine.



SOME of Professor Kendall's geological remarks will be a novelty to many Ampleforth readers. We had better give his words as they were taken down by the reporter. "There exists down this valley what is known to geologists as a 'trough,' by which I mean two walls of rock laid in horizontal fashion on each side of the bed in the valley. This trough extends from the mouth of the Tees along the line of the Cleveland and Hambleton Hills, and takes the turn round the corner of

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Rowlston Scaur, and down the valley which stretches towards Malton. On each side of the valley there is a similar barrier of rock and the water is pressed underneath this below a bed of the Oxford clay." Professor Kendall pointed out that on "the north side there was a huge quantity of limestone rock, and with layers of Kimmeridge Clay pressing on the body of water underneath, which caused it when tapped to spurt out of the bore-hole. This was because the formation of the rock prevented its escape upwards."



A good deal of this formal statement clashes with our apprehension of some geological facts we have gathered at haphazard from various sources. The rock of our hillside is, we think, invariably designated as Middle Oolite and cannot, therefore, be standing upon layers of Kimmeridge Clay, since the Kimmeridge Clay belongs to an upper and more recent formation resting on top of the Middle Oolite. The further side of our valley is coloured in a recent geological map as Lower Oolite, and we should have thought it is the clay of this formation (Cornbrash) beneath which the water has been found. The strata from east to west across Yorkshire and Lancashire are tilted on their edges, leaning diagonally from west to east. If we take a dozen volumes, whose normal position in a book-shelf is flat on their faces, one on top of the other, volume one, the earliest issued, lowest, and volume twelve, the latest, on top, and then turn them over on their front edges, letting them lean diagonally towards our left hand, we shall have a rough sketch of the arrangement of the strata looking at them from the south. The top volume (twelve) is the Red Chalk of Flamborough Head; the next (eleven), west of this, is a thin strip of Greensand; the next (ten) is the Upper Oolite and Kimmeridge Clay of the Rye Valley and of the Ampleforth surface; the next (nine) is the Middle Oolite of our Hambleton Hill; beyond this (eight) the Lower Oolite of our valley; then (seven) the Lias of Yearsley Moor; then (six) the Marls of the Vale of York (at Boroughbridge); then (five) the New Red Sandstone; then (four) the Magnesian Limestone (at Ripon); and then, after outcrops of two Carboniferous strata,

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comes, lowest and earliest in point of time (one), the Red Sandstone of the Lancashire coast. Of course, we do not actually find these formations in straight lines: the strata are crumpled up and there are twists and bends and faults innumerable. But at one time these strata lay one upon the other with the Lancashire coast at the bottom and the Flamborough district on the top. We have not seen the record of the strata pierced through in the boring operation. But we should have supposed the waterfound to be underneath a Lower Oolite bed. The dip of the rocks in our valley should be from Yearsley Moor to a point at the foot of the hill behind the College. Very likely our geological conceptions are old-fashioned—Professor Kendall is the leading authority—and it is certain that sooner or later they must need revision. But are they and our atlas altogether mistaken?



As Professor Kendall remarks, our valley is a trough—it is in the nature of a valley to be a dish of some sort, with one, at least, of its sides broken down—and a portion of the Hambleton watershed pours its drainage into it. But what connexion can this trough have with that other trough which empties itself into the sea at the mouth of the Tees? Is there not a tract of hilly country—the Cleveland range—between our vale and the Tees valley? Our trough has its two ends knocked off and is, therefore, eminently unfitted to contain even its own water; from Wass a brook makes westward to the Swale and thence by the Ouse southward to the Humber; from Wass another brook flows eastward and makes for the Derwent, and thence again by the Ouse to the Humber. It is very difficult to conceive water pouring into the trough through either of the two ends by which it is accustomed to flow out of it.



It is common knowledge that from Ampleforth village to Stonegrave the hillside is barren of streams, and an ascertained fact that the drainage of the watershed is lost to view by percolation through the interstices of the rock. The fissures and holes are innumerable. Some of them are cleavages, which,

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apparently, extend nearly from the summit to the base. One that we came across in quarrying stone for the new monastery, with an opening that a thin man could just squeeze through, was of so cavernous a depth that we made use of it as a sort of dustbin for the debris and sweepings of the quarry floor. We thought we detected the sound of water at the bottom of it. Let us say that most of us have been of Professor Kendall's opinion that at the base of the hill, all along the line, there is water to be had if we go on boring till we reach it. But we did not conceive of the vale as being in its breadth and length a sort of shallow underground lake. We had ideas of hidden pockets and reservoirs of water communicating with, and relieving themselves by, thin streams moving eastward along a floor of some impervious stratum of rock or clay. We wonder if Professor Kendall is justified in his theory that the force of the outflow at Oswaldkirk is due to the pressure of the superincumbent rocks upon a thick skin of clay above a body of imprisoned water, which squirts through the new bore-hole as through a prick in a water-cushion when someone sits on it. It is, of course, possible, and the Professor knows vastly more about such matters than we do. But the theory does not take our fancy. It seems to demand the supposition of a great solid body of water very closely imprisoned—if diffused throughout a water-bearing stratum it would not, we imagine, be sufficiently sensitive to the pressure. It seems to require that the stratum of clay be already very tightly compressed, and more flexible and compact than is usual or natural with beds of clay, and also that the lateral thrust of the rocks, relieving the downward pressure, should have, by some chance, been interfered with. But we write as one less wise. Professor Kendall's theory may have evidence in its favour we are not acquainted with. He is a man of very great experience and learning.



It is late in the day to say how pleased we are that our brethren of Fort Augustus should have chosen as Abbot the first Head of our Oxford House, our most excellent and esteemed friend, Father Oswald Hunter Blair. But we have not had the opportunity. May we say that we have hoped and believed that a

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day would come when he would be summoned to rule over the House and Community which owes so much to him? We have known by our own experience how well fitted he is for the position of Superior, and are confident that the Community will be happy and energetic under his rule. May God be with him and bless and prosper his work!



WE referred to the Golden Jubilee of our old friend, Father Ildefonsus Brown, in our last number. It will interest our readers to read the sequel:

PARBOLD PRIEST'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

PRESENTATION TO THE VERY REV. FATHER BROWN, O.S.B.

APPRECIATION FROM ALL CREEDS AND SECTIONS

The Very Rev. Father Brown, O.S.B., of Our Lady and All Saints' Church, Parbold, has attained his golden jubilee as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. It is not given to many men in Holy Orders to attain such a distinction, and it is only fitting that the event should be signalized in a manner commensurate with such an important and interesting occasion. Especially does the event merit public attention when the guide in matters spiritual has, so far as has been humanly possible, been a living example of his great Master, and has invariably exhibited a broadmindedness and tolerance for the beliefs of other denominationalists, without in any way subordinating his love for his own particular Church. These exemplary traits have endeared Father Brown to practically everybody in his own immediate world of Parbold, non-Catholic equally with members of his own faith; in a phrase, the real and sincere esteem and affection in which the rev. gentleman is held is embodied in the word "universal." Father Brown has, so far as his means and possessions would permit, practised one of the greatest of human virtues—charity—without discrimination as to sect, and there is not a more popular personage in the countryside than he to whom this honour has been paid.

Notes

Father Brown is a native of Wigan, and received his education at Ampleforth College. He has ministered at many missions, but has been stationed at Parbold during the last twenty-one years. Father Brown celebrated his jubilee at the same time as Bishop Hedley, of Newport; therefore, this week's proceedings were the second notable "milestone" in the rev. gentleman's long and honourable journey in the priesthood. When the interesting period was approaching, a Committee was formed for the purpose of giving public expression of the respect in which Father Brown is held, and the subscriptions poured in from all sections of the community so liberally that the handsome sum of over £120 had been received ere the list was closed. With this it was decided to present to Father Brown an illuminated address recording the happy and auspicious event, and to hand over the balance to him in a purse.

THE PRESENTATION

This ceremony took place on Thursday evening at the Catholic Schoolroom, Parbold, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion, and was filled by people belonging to all denominations in the district. When Father Brown entered the room the audience gave him a hearty and magnificent reception. Mr James Ainscough presided. He was supported on the platform by the Rev. Thomas Gleave (vicar of Douglas Parish Church, Parbold), Dr Weaver, Mr S. Graham, J.P., Mr Jas Ireland, Capt. Walkley (hon. sec.), Mr R. Kendal (hon. treas.). Among those present we noticed Mrs Ainscough, Miss Ainscough, Miss Annie Ainscough, Mr and Mrs Hugo Ainscough, Mr and Mrs Tom Ainscough, Mrs Kendal, Mrs Weaver, Miss Weaver, Mrs Stobart, Miss Rogers, Mrs Walkley, Mr R. L. Rennick, Mr Jos. and Miss Polding, Mrs Ashton, Miss Ashton, Mrs Ireland, Misses Ireland, Mrs T. Arkwright, Miss Gillett, Mrs Eccles, Mrs Rhodes, Miss Rhodes, Mr and Mrs Bullen, Mr and Mrs Edward Lindsay, Miss Lindsay, Miss J. Lindsay, Mr J. R. Holding, Mr Mather, Mr Whiting, Mr Allan Ashton, Mr and Mrs Sykes, Miss M. A. Carr, Miss Brady, Misses Jackson, Mrs Jas Hunter, Mrs J. Blackburn, Mrs Jos. Halton, Mr Thos Halton, Mr and Mrs J. Price, Mrs Walsh,

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Mr Briggs, Mr F. Gibson, Mr Wm Sheldon, Mr W. Moss, Mr and Mrs J. Gillett, Mrs J. Walsh, Mr H. Alty, Mr Postlewhite, Mr Jos. Marsden, Mr Hugh Fisher, etc.

The Chairman said they were met that evening for the purpose of presenting to Father Brown an illuminated address and a purse of gold, in connexion with the attainment of his golden jubilee as a priest. Every one knew how richly Father Brown deserved the tribute of respect which they proposed to pay him. He had well earned it. He had been their pastor for more than twenty-one years, and he (the Chairman) was sure there was not a member of his congregation who would not bear testimony to his great worth. The ready response and hearty good will manifested in the testimonial, not only by his own people, but by members of other creeds, were evidence of the esteem in which Father Brown was held. He hoped he would still be with them for a goodly number of years. (Applause.) He had received letters of apology for absence from Father Rigby, of Mawdesley, Mr J. M. Ainscough, J.P., Mr J. Speakman, Mrs R. L. Rennick, Mr D. A. Ablett, and Mr Robt Jackson.

Mr J. Ireland then addressed a few words to those present, and expressed the hope that Father Brown would be spared to be with them for many years.



WE hope to hear of Father Ildefonsus's complete recovery from his recent illness, and believe that he will be with us for many years yet. He has never lost heart, and is not likely to do so. We have faith, therefore, that his cheerful courage and stout constitution will enable him to win through against an even more severe and protracted illness than has yet assailed him. Our warmest and best wishes.



DOM PAUL NEVILL and Dom Celestine Shepherd were honoured by the invitation to preach in Westminster Cathedral during the Sundays of April. Dom Paul preached at the 12 o'clock Mass, and Dom Celestine in the evening, on the following subjects:

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Dom Paul:

1. The Absence of Ideals in Religion.
2. The Divorce Between Faith and Practice.
3. Wholeheartedness in Religion.
4. The Wholeheartedness of Christ.

Dom Celestine:

1. Christ the Desire of Our Souls.
2. Christ the Finisher.
3. Christ the Rock of Offence.
4. Christ the Disappointment of the Worldly Wise.



AN Oxford note: Our readers are probably aware that a crowded meeting of Convocation threw out the proposals to alter the Divinity Degrees by an overwhelming majority. Quite alarming was the influx of clerics into Oxford on the morning of April 29, all in readiness to record an emphatic *non placet*. One heard the effect of these proposals, which evoked such a determined opposition from the body clerical, likened to the overturning of a great stone causing countless "black things" to emerge in protest. On the merits of the statute itself we are not prepared to commit ourselves. It provoked many questions: its opponents detected the inevitable "wedge" in each clause of the proposed statute. It has become evident, however, that the attitude of a section of the non-resident body in thus constituting itself a court of appeal on two questions only, viz., Compulsory Greek in Responsions and Divinity Degrees, is rapidly exhausting the longanimity of those residents, who, scared by the contingency of a Royal Commission, stake everything on effecting reform from within.

It is officially announced that the Prince of Wales is to continue in residence for a second year. In expressing the general satisfaction at this decision the *Oxford Magazine* quotes the words of one of the Prince's fellow students delivered in Magdalen College Hall:

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“ Mense Octobri, Princeps Walliae, dilectissimi regis filius, in hoc collegium receptus est, qui omnes comitate et simplicitate sua oblectavit, in studiis diligentissimum se prae-buit, in ludis acerrimum atque strenuissimum.”

We failed to mention in our last issue that Dom Cyril Maddox joined the Hall last Michaelmas term.

We offer our congratulations to Dom Stephen Marwood on taking a third in Hon. Moderations. He is now reading for the school of English Literature.

Two members of the Hall are faced by Finals at the end of the current term. Dom Sylvester Mooney and Dom Alexius Chamberlain are taking respectively Natural Science and Modern History. We wish them every success.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

The Summa Theologica of St Thomas Aquinas. Part I. Third Number. Washbourne, 6s.

THE interest of some of the problems dealt with in this number—knowledge, free will, the origin of man—should make it the most popular yet issued.

One is sometimes in doubt as to the attitude of modern philosophers to scholastic philosophy. Do they reject it in a lump, as useless lumber, or do they accept it as the obvious and common-sense statement of the facts about which they wish to philosophise? It sometimes seems that they do both, on different pages; using it in their constructive work, rejecting it in their criticism. To one who believes that St Thomas's account of some of these fundamental problems will never be shaken, the difference seems to be this: The scholastic philosopher gives an account of all the facts, and in their proper relation to each other, while admitting the difficulty and mystery of their meeting-points; whereas the non-Catholic philosopher is inclined to take firm hold of one fact (mind—ether—passion) and push it through all meeting-points into the ribs of all neighbouring facts, calling on them to acknowledge that they are not themselves at all, but only Fact No. 1 in disguise.

Knowing that this volume gives in English the most powerful presentation of the Catholic view of these problems that is ever likely to be written, one tries rather anxiously to estimate how it will appeal to the English reader. It must be confessed that it is very difficult reading. It is not the book for a beginner. Like a Higher Algebra, it is written for those to whom the elements are familiar. Its purpose is to examine the familiar problem and the familiar solution from every side and satisfy the expert that every difficulty which occurs to him can be dealt with reasonably. The conscientious student must not set himself resolutely to master one article before going on to the next. Probably he is needing a key which is indeed in the book in clear and simple form, but possibly many pages ahead. For instance, there are many chapters to be read about active and passive intellect, abstraction, intelligible species, before occasion leads St Thomas to mention what these things are. When he does mention it, he makes the meaning obvious and convincing. Bearing in mind (1) that there are always a thousand things within our reach which we *might* think of—the pressure of clothes on the shoulders, the contact of finger with finger, the town noises, the size of the print on the page, the spacing—and that these things, though within our reach all our life, can never make us know anything about them unless *we* begin to notice them and think about them; (2) that when we want to think

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hard we shut our eyes (and sometimes our ears) that our phantasms may be at the service of our thought and not of our senses; and (3) that sometimes we get a thing (e.g., a phrase of Browning's) into our minds quite a long time before we know what we "make" of it;—bearing this in mind, we can understand St Thomas's explanations.

As to the need for the Active Intellect:

"Forms existing in matter are not actually intelligible. It follows that the natures or forms of the sensible things which we understand are not actually intelligible. . . . Phantasms, since they are images of individuals and exist in corporeal organs, have not the same mode of existence as the human intellect, and therefore have not the power of themselves to make an impression on the passive intellect. . . . We must therefore assign on the part of the intellect some power to make things actually intelligible, by the abstraction of the species from material conditions."

As to its work of "lighting up":

"It throws light on the phantasm, because, just as the sensitive part acquires a greater power by its conjunction with the intellectual part, so by the power of the active intellect the phantasms are made more fit for the abstraction therefrom of intelligible intentions."

And its work of "abstraction":

"The active intellect abstracts the intelligible species from the phantasm. . . . Not that the identical form which previously was in the phantasm is subsequently in the passive intellect, as a body transferred from one place to another. . . . The active intellect, by turning towards the phantasm, produces in the passive intellect a certain likeness which represents, as to its specific conditions only, the thing reflected in the phantasm."

Why this is called abstraction:

"We are able to disregard the conditions of individuality and to take into our consideration the specific nature, the image of which informs the passive intellect. . . . We consider colour and its properties without reference to the apple which is coloured. . . . An apple is not essential to colour, and therefore colour can be understood independently of the apple. . . . This is what we mean by abstracting the universal from the particular, or the intelligible species from the phantasm; that is, considering the nature of the species apart from its individual qualities represented by the phantasms."

As to the difference between the "intelligible species" and the "word of the mind":

"There are two operations in the sensitive part. One, in regard of impression only, and thus the operation of the senses takes place by the senses being impressed by the sensible. The other is formation, inasmuch

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as the imagination forms for itself an image of an absent thing, or even of something never seen. Both of these operations are found in the intellect. For in the first place, there is the passion of the passive intellect as informed by the intelligible species; and then the passive intellect thus informed forms a definition, or a division, or a composition, expressed by a word. . . . Words do not, therefore, express the intelligible species themselves, but that which the intellect forms for the purpose of judging of external things."

These passages, of course, are fragments pieced together from many chapters. St Thomas presumed that these things would be familiar to his readers. They will serve to give some idea of the style of the English translation, which, if not easy nor flowing, at least seems to grow more consistent and uniform as the work advances.

As an instance of St Thomas's wayside gems, we find in the discussion on the order of our knowledge a sentence which is the test for distinguishing Catholic from anti-Catholic theories of evolution. Those Catholics who believe that the development of the individual repeats in short the history of the development of the species, do not arbitrarily exclude from this theory the chief factor in that development. The undeveloped individual, indistinguishable externally from embryos of other species, has yet within itself that which will develop it quite definitely into its own form and no other. Its soul has a programme; environment may defeat that programme, but not change it. The soul will build a dog and a dog only; a dog formed or deformed depends on environment. The anti-Catholic evolutionist quietly takes for granted that in the development of the species this state of things is reversed, that the soul has no programme, and is the servant of environment, and that environment provides it not only with a programme, but with the power of insisting on that programme for all future time in defiance of all environment. St Thomas calls this programme the "intention of nature," and points out that the intention is to make the perfect thing though the first step is to make the imperfect. "In generation and time the more common comes first in the order of nature; as appears clearly in the generation of man and animal; for the animal is generated before man." But in the order of perfection or of the intention of nature "the less common comes naturally before the more common; as man comes before animal. *For the intention of nature does not stop at the generation of animal, but goes on to the generation of man.*"

There are some serious misprints, due rather to the editor than to the proof-reader; e.g., the omission of the negative on p. 494 in "It seems that there can be [no] strife."

J. B. McL.

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The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament: The Gospels—Jesus Christ. Translated from the French of Augustus Brassac, S.S., by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S.T.L. Herder, 10s. 6d. net.

"It is a sad commentary on the scholarship of the Scripturists of the Church, both in England and America, that we possess, in the whole realm of English Catholic literature, no reliable and scholarly Introduction to the New Testament." This lament, with which the Translator begins his preface, is only too well justified. It is true that Jacquier's *Histoire des Livres du Nouveau Testament* is now accessible in English dress; and that work, though of very unequal merit, is of considerable assistance to the Catholic novice in the study of the New Testament. But what is chiefly wanted is a manual corresponding with the familiar text-books of Theology, which may serve as a foundation upon which subsequent and more solid work may (at least in ideal) be based. M. Brassac has endeavoured to respond to the need, and the present work is a translation of the volume *Les Evangiles* in his well-known *Manuel Biblique*. The Translator has done good service in bringing this work before the notice of English-speaking Catholics, and we hope that the other volumes of the series, dealing with the rest of the New Testament, will in due course appear in our vernacular. The present book will amply justify the labour of translation if it succeeds in stimulating a zeal among the clergy for the sadly-neglected study of Holy Writ; and the cultured laity, too, will find the handbook of great interest and utility, for it is highly desirable that educated Catholics should have some idea of the true value of the common objections against Catholic doctrine which masquerade in the stolen trappings of Biblical criticism. M. Brassac is a safe and competent guide. He is not one of those people who are perpetually decrying the Higher Criticism—or, rather, a bogey of their own creation to which they give the name; nor is he of the class who scent "Modernism" in all that is at variance with their self-constituted standard of orthodoxy. He possesses the spirit of the scholar working by the light of the Catholic faith. He is evidently well read in modern non-Catholic literature on the New Testament, and he knows how to be fair with other views and to recognize the merit of any theory or hypothesis that presents itself with respectable credentials. True, the book before us does not dive into the deeps of the subject, and often it merely skims the surface. But that is what we naturally expect in an introductory handbook; and, within the limits which he has set himself, the author has succeeded remarkably well. He gives a very fair and lucid presentation of the chief problems—textual, critical, literary or exegetical—which have become prominent in the modern study of the Gospels, and a goodly store of archæological and historical matter is

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provided, which will tend considerably to the better understanding and appreciation of the sacred writings. There is indeed scope for further improvement. The chapter on rationalistic criticism is far from perfect; the author wastes too much time over the defunct extravagancies of Strauss and Baur, and treats too summarily the more modern of the German critics. It is strange that little or no mention is made of the so-called "Eschatologists" who have been so prominent in recent years. Their apostle, Schweitzer, might at least have figured in the bibliography, if only for the sake of the interesting sketch of the history of German rationalistic criticism which is contained in his *Quest of the Historic Jesus*. With regard to the Synoptic problem, M. Brassac seems to be somewhat pessimistic as to the utility of the labours of recent scholars. The author's own attempt at solution does not help us much, and he might have meted out more justice to the so-called "Two-document hypothesis" which, in one or another of its forms, has found wide acceptance in recent years among Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Now and again we feel that M. Brassac might have stated a problem better than he has done. For instance, he minimizes unduly the case against the authenticity of the concluding verses of S. Mark's Gospel. Again, he might have presented in a stronger light the defence of S. Luke's accuracy on the question of the Enrolment under Quirinius—a subject on which the student might profitably have been referred to Sir W. M. Ramsay's *Was Christ Born at Bethlehem?* which, however, is not so much as mentioned. Usually, however, M. Brassac is as thorough as is desirable in such a work; and he is sane and cautious, while not laying himself open to the charge of an obstinate stone-wall conservatism. The bibliography, which is an important element in a text-book, needs a little more revision; we have pointed out one or two omissions, and others might easily be noted, especially the silence as to the valuable and important collection of essays published in 1911 under the title *Oxford Studies in the Synoptic Problem*. The translation occasionally leaves something to be desired; now and then it is rather trans-Atlantic in expression and turn of phrase; and we object to the employment of such nouns as "make-up" in literary English. We have also noticed a regrettable number of misprints. Still, the existence of defects does not destroy the excellence of the book as a whole, and we heartily wish it a wide circulation among English-speaking Catholics—yea, even unto many editions.

W. C. S.

The Interior Life. Edited by the Very Rev. Joseph Tissot. From the French. Washbourne. 5s. net.

THIS book is a systematic exposition of spiritual teaching based on the

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doctrine of St Ignatius. The writer, being convinced that much modern piety has no solid basis, and is vague, shiftily and sentimental, proposes to himself the task of simplifying the large mass of common spiritual teaching and reducing all to the fundamental principle, the glory of God. This task he fulfils with great precision and clearness. The book shows the French genius at its best in accuracy of outline and Gallic *netteté* of statement. There is here, at any rate, no trace of sentimental extravagance or devotional vagary, nothing of the perfervid pietism that is too evident in the generality of French spiritual literature that is offered to English readers. But we fear that the book will suffer for its severely logical style and its emotional restraint. Logic by itself is a cold and bloodless thing. It needs some strength of mind and no little power of spirit to take its cold and naked bones—though they be well and cunningly jointed—and to clothe them for oneself in warm flesh and make them live. So that we fear that this book may be voted dull and dry by the many. Yet for those who have had a dogmatic training, and for those whose work lies in the exposition of spiritual doctrine, it should be of great value. The translation is well done, though there are occasional words and phrases that are unfamiliar. "Feeding" in one passage and "manducation" later in the book seem to be words that might be described as stylistically the excess and defect of the normal "eating." Unfamiliar is such a phrase as "fastened to creatures by the mucilage of pleasure," or "a certain viscosity which fastens me to created things." Again, "If I live in a state of imperfection, this state inevitably reverberates upon those acts . . ." The following is somewhat difficult: "Call it worldly piety, modern piety, or by any other horrible name, but however much it may desecrate this fine word, it will never be cutting enough to lash the wretched mania for hunting after piety where it is not to be found."

The author says of the rule of religious bodies that "it usually keeps a severity of demeanour, a coldness of appearance, which appeals directly neither to the imagination nor to the feelings. . . . The rind is hard. He who knows how to break through this rind and to discover the substantial fruit beneath, knows what rich and invigorating and wholesome food is to be found therein." He has written his own review.

P. J. McC.

Confessions of a Convert. By Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

"FAITH, after all, is a divine operation wrought in the dark, even though it may seem to be embodied in intellectual arguments and historical facts." With this admission, Mgr Benson proceeds to give us an outline

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of the arguments and facts in his own case, and their sequence and development; the method he follows is mainly historical, and he leaves his readers to draw their own psychological conclusions. Those who, in view of the author's introspective writing as a novelist, were hoping for an account of the psychology of conversion on some such lines as were taken by Professor William James, will be disappointed, for Mgr Benson, like his many predecessors, has written an account of his preparation for conversion rather than of his conversion in any accurate sense. *Unum scio quia caecus cum essem, modo video*—it may be that there can be given ultimately no other account of this working of especial grace; St Augustine, with his *Tolle, lege*, and his text from St Paul, gives us a psychology no more adequate than the effect that his own *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* had upon a great convert many centuries later. No satisfying account can be offered to the companions of one's former faith, because, as Mgr Benson says, "two equally sincere and intelligent souls may encounter the same external evidences and draw mutually exclusive conclusions from them. The real heart of the matter lies somewhere else." No one short of the Angelic Doctor could reveal to us that other region. If only St Thomas had been a convert!

As well as its primary subject, the book contains many secondary interests, which for some will perhaps outweigh the main theme. There is a striking light cast upon the character of the author's father, the Anglican Archbishop; upon Protestant schools, Eton in particular, and their attitude towards faith and morals; and upon attempts, as at Mirfield, to revive the religious life in the Church of England. Finally Mgr Benson has dealt in a noble and eloquent passage with the spirit of Rome and the Renaissance, as opposed to our Northern love for the Gothic aspiration with its lines that run up into the twilight—a passage we would gladly see reprinted as a leaflet by means of which the notion that Rome is synonymous with paganism might be finally demolished.

N. H.

Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus. Edited by T. N. Taylor, Priest of the Archdiocese of Glasgow. Burns and Oates. 6s. net.

THIS new translation of *L'Histoire d'une Âme*, together with some of Sœur Thérèse's poems and letters, an account of her last months written by the Prioress of the Carmel, and recollections of her conversations with her novices, has been so clearly a labour of love that criticism is rendered difficult for fear that it should imply lack of sympathy. To discharge this duty and to get it over, we will say at once that we find hovering about the book (and finding expression especially in the illustrations) what will seem to many a mist of hot-house sentimentality, from which Thérèse's

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own writing is remarkably free. We feel sure that her friends would not thus endanger her cause, were it not that they tend unconsciously to lay undue stress upon the merely childish side of Sœur Thérèse; by so doing they leave out of sight many elements in the complex psychology revealed by the Autobiography, and utterly destroy the delicate balance of qualities that go to make it credible.

"Jesus has always treated me as a spoilt child," wrote Thérèse in a letter; and similarly the Prioress writes of her that "her soul was indeed laden with graces, and it was easy to discern the Spirit of God speaking His praises out of the mouth of that innocent child." But it must always be borne in mind that Thérèse was a child in no simple sense. The Autobiography is the work of a fully self-conscious intellect which has succeeded in retaining (or more probably in regaining) on the same level with that self-consciousness, and by the very rarest of graces, the clear-cut *naïveté* of real childhood. No one who has heard in use those phrases of hers, torn carelessly from their context, such as the "legion of the Little Victims of Divine Love," would be likely to begin upon the Autobiography without prejudice; but before reading far one comes happily to suspect that she was no less conscious of the dangers in her method of expression than her severest critic could be, and that the ignoring of these dangers was involved in her intention, conscious or unconscious, as the means of braving them out. Perhaps one of the most striking and simplest passages in the book will show clearly our meaning.

One of her novices said to her: "You are ever seeking to be as little children are; but tell us what must be done to obtain that childlike spirit. 'Remaining little'—what does it mean?" "'Remaining little' means: to recognize one's nothingness, to await everything from the goodness of God, to avoid being too much troubled at our faults; finally, not to worry over amassing spiritual riches, not to be solicitous about anything." The child who gave this advice, and described the "little way" by which she would lead souls as "the way of *spiritual childhood*, the way of trust and absolute self-surrender," was no child in any ordinary sense; her childhood was rather that of the "further shore," for love of which we stretch out our hands.

The book is beautifully printed and produced. The translator of the poems has failed to convey the simplicity which is the main charm of such poems as "J'ai soif d'amour"; but for the admirable translation of the Autobiography we have nothing but praise. In fine, the editor and his helpers will have the happiness of knowing that through them the words of Sœur Thérèse will touch the hearts and minds of many to whom she has hitherto been little more than a name and a worker of wonders.

N. H

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The "Praise of Glory." Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, Carmelite of Dijon, 1901-1906. Translated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Washbourne. 3s. 6d. net.

THE saintly subject of this memoir was born in 1880, and was the daughter of an officer in the French army, by name Captain Catez. From the time she was seven years old she had made up her mind to be a nun, but until she was twenty-one her mother refused to allow her to enter religion. The short years of her religious life were spent in the heroic fulfilment of the Carmelite vocation. Her chief characteristic was a marvellous spirit of interior recollection. The account of her life and many of her letters which the book contains may be of great assistance to souls both in the cloister and in the world; it is full of interest and edification. This is proved by the fact that since 1909 it has passed through five editions in French, and has been translated into seven languages. The present translation is an admirable one, such as one would expect from the nuns of Stanbrook Abbey. Father Benedict Zimmerman, in his Introduction, compares this Life with that of Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux. He points out how serenely happy Sister Elizabeth was in the midst of great suffering, and then says: "It would seem, however, that she was spared—as was also the 'Little Flower'—the keenest trials, such as a sense of dereliction and interior darkness; perhaps these are reserved for maturer years." It is incredible how anyone acquainted with the Life of Sœur Thérèse could say such a thing, seeing that she spent her last eighteen months not only in utter desolation of spirit, but undergoing severe temptations against faith. In this matter there is no similarity between the lives of these two saints of our own day.

M. D. W.

The Real Democracy (First Essays of the Rota Club). By J. E. F. Mann, N. J. Sievers and R. W. T. Cox. Longmans, Green and Co. 4s. 6d. net.

It is refreshing to find that there exists in the country a club which, while condemning the present state of affairs, suggests remedies opposed to collectivism. It is a good thing to meet Socialism with destructive criticism; it is a better thing to fight it by a constructive programme of reform.

The "Real Democracy" first appeals to one as a vindication not only of the rights of property, but also of the utility, nay more, of the essential need of private ownership. The writers proceed to show how the masses in this country have gradually been divorced from the

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possession of both property and that which without property is impossible, political freedom. It is boldly asserted that the democracy of England is a sham. As proof of this statement, it is shown that the "wage-earners" are yearly being placed more and more in a position of dependence on the capitalists.

The constructive side of the book suggests redistribution of property by a gradual scheme to make the mass of the people not wage-earners but profit-sharers; and a reconstruction of our representative system which would make Parliament express the opinions of communities based on local and industrial fellowship. Mr Sievers reminds us that the House of Commons originally meant not the "Representatives of the Common People," but the "Representatives of the Communities." And he asserts that the important point is not "one man, one vote," but "one member, one effective constituency."

The "Real Democracy" is composed of six essays, each author contributing two. From the nature of its composition the work lacks a certain unity. The style of the authors vary; which fact, coupled with the difference in mental training of the three writers, makes the whole somewhat disjointed. Mr Mann views the problems he deals with in a practical and economic frame of mind. Mr Sievers is evidently an historian; while one is inclined to think Mr Cox has spent some considerable time not far distant in reading for "Greats."

The first chapter contributed by Mr Sievers is an historical survey of the "Process of Dispossession." His English is clear and forcible; his illustrations are apt and illuminating. One is inclined to think this chapter, the shortest in the book, might well have been longer. For instance, while dealing with the enclosure movements, one would have liked an opinion on the question how far the exhaustion of the land in the sixteenth century demanded the temporary, at all events, substitution of pasturage for ploughed land; and, in the eighteenth century, how far cultivation on a large scale was needful to meet the demands of a population increasing in an unprecedented way. The next chapter, by Mr Mann, deals with the alleged substitution of "paternalism" for "democracy." Mr Mann writes clearly if somewhat laboriously. We should have liked to have seen him devote more attention to what may be termed the spiritual effects of such legislation as he discusses, or in other words, the undermining of the moral strength to look after oneself. Moreover, one is inclined to think that he has underrated the effect of modern legislation in one particular. Mill repeatedly urged that the only sure method of bettering the condition of the working classes was to raise their standard of comfort. In as far as free education, pensions, and insurance do this, so far do they prepare foundations for the realization

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of the true Democracy. The next two chapters by Mr Cox are as it were a parenthesis. They are a detailed criticism of Fabianism in its various forms and Syndicalism, and a justification for private property. Mr Cox, we must confess, in his desire to reach fundamentals, becomes a little tedious. But perhaps as means of propaganda they will be a useful foundation for the rest of the book. The climax of the book is reached in chapter five. Here Mr Sievers, with great enthusiasm and in a truly charming manner, sets before us what the Real Democracy of the Associative State is. But we will not anticipate Mr Sievers. The book closes with a chapter by Mr Mann putting forward some practical reforms intended to lead to the main object of the book.

Once again we should like to congratulate the authors. Their scheme takes man as he is, and suggests reforms which disturb neither nationality, morality, nor religion. Mr Wells and his colleagues have planned out a Great State. But this Great State postulates man as he has never been. The "Real Democracy" suggests a Great State for the England we love.

H. A. C.

The Notre Dame Series of Lives of the Saints. St Gertrude the Great.
Sands. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book is not a "Life" of St Gertrude in the ordinary sense of the term, it is an attempt, and a very successful attempt, to portray the spirit and to set forth the chief devotions of this great Benedictine saint. The task of writing it must have entailed a very thorough study of St Gertrude's writings. We are told by St Teresa and by others that it is impossible to express adequately in human language the experiences and revelations of mystical contemplation. The imagery which St Gertrude often employs in narrating her revelations of Divine Love may appear to us fanciful and sometimes even crude, but beneath it there is a wonderful wealth of teaching as to the intimacy of God's love for the souls of His servants.

On p. 28 there is an obvious mistake with regard to the order of the liturgical hours. "Tierce and Prime were first recited in choir, and then the religious went to the chapter-room, where the martyrology of the day was read."

Dom Gilbert Dolan contributes an interesting and scholarly introduction, in which he traces the gradual development of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

This is the first of the Notre Dame Series of Lives of the Saints which we have had the pleasure of noticing. If the other volumes are of the same standard of excellence, they are a valuable addition to devotional literature. The book is well produced, and the illustrations enhance its worth.

M. D. W.

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A Hundredfold. By the author of *From a Garden Jungle*. Washbourne. 2s. 6d.

IN *From a Garden Jungle* the author gave a story which terminated in a conversion to the Catholic faith; in this book we have the same pleasant style and deeply religious atmosphere with the development of a religious vocation for the theme. The description of the Bohemian life in Bruges and of the life in a comfortable country house in England is well done, and provides a good contrast. Lady McNaughten we have met in the former book; here she carries on the same good and discerning work. With the boy Tod alone does one feel dissatisfaction, and the account of his very rapid reception into the Church rather takes away one's breath. For many who have the cause of God at heart the book will provide stimulus and help as well as entertainment.

H. D. P.

A White-Handed Saint. By Olive Katherine Parr. Washbourne. 3s. 6d.

THIS is a beautiful story of the combined influence of a saintly and sorely afflicted life and of the love of a good man upon a gifted and generous and quite non-religious woman. It is told with great freshness and truth and much subtlety in the portrayal of character, and the passionate feeling of many of the scenes is never hysterical. For this, the reader will find no difficulty in pardoning the exaggeration of the characteristic qualities of the leading characters, the loose construction of the story, and the too free use of that blessed word "mysticism."

H. K. B.

Our Lady in the Liturgy: Considerations on Certain Feasts of the Mother of God. By Dom Michael Barrett, O.S.B. Sands. 3s. 6d.

THIS book is a collection of short papers contributed by the author to a well-known Catholic periodical published in America. Its purpose is before all things devotional, and as such it will be of assistance to many of the devout laity who desire to deepen their knowledge and appreciation of the principal festivals of Our Lady. It seems to us, however, that the author treats too seriously a considerable amount of extra-Scriptural legend, which, however much it may have influenced popular devotion, is derived ultimately from such unsound sources of tradition as the early Christian apocryphal writings. It may be questioned, too, whether it is wise, even in a book written for devotional purposes, to perpetuate the notion that the Annunciation took place four thousand years after the Fall of our first parents (p. 50). It is difficult to see why there should be a divorce between "edification" and historical accuracy.

W. C. S.

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The Love Story of Gaynor Dace. By Kirke Brampton. Washbourne. 5s.

THIS story makes an interesting novel which holds one's attention from the first page of the book to the last.

The scene of the story is laid in Devonshire. We have revealed to us the character of Gaynor Dace, a girl of independent mind, without any religious training, but possessing great personal charm. Captain Gerard Hambrough, a young Catholic officer, obtains her love and seeks to bring about her conversion. For this end he is ready to sacrifice even his own happiness. His act of self-renunciation is accepted, and upon this the whole story turns. We are early introduced to a Mademoiselle Suzette Vivienne de Brissant, who lays her little plans and succeeds in wrecking the faith and trust of this "village maid," as she calls Gaynor. Gaynor, in pride and resentment, tries to forget the past and banishes the thought of religion from her mind, stubbornly resolved to pursue her own course through life. She pays dearly for her folly, but learns her lesson. She is to be tried by suffering and gradually brought round to accept it with patience and resignation. Through many vicissitudes love and faith finally triumph, and even Suzette is forgiven.

We have but briefly outlined the motif of the story, putting on one side the many charming characters which are dispersed throughout the book.

J. G. B.

The Adventures of Turco Bullworthy. By J. S. Fletcher. Illustrated. Washbourne. 2s. 6d.

THIS is a book for boys, containing six adventures of two boy friends. The stories are sufficiently interesting on the whole, but the author seems to have written some parts of them when his own interest had lapsed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From WASHBOURNE

- Spiritual Progress*. Vol. II. 2s. 6d.
Life, Science and Art. By Ernest Hells. Translated by E. M. Walker (Angelus Series). 1s. 3d. net. Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
Manual for Nuns. 1s. 6d. net. Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
Daily Praise. By Olive K. Parr. 1s.
The Beggar Woman. A play for girls. By Alwyn Compton. 6d.
Lourdes and the Holy Eucharist. By Rev. Paul Aucler, S.J. 1d.
The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses. By Dismas. 1s. 6d. net.
The Cult of Mary. By the Rev. T. J. Gerrard. 1s. net.
A Wreath of Feasts. By Marie Ellerker. 6d. and 1s. net.
Behold the Lamb. By Marie Ellerker. 6d. and 1s. net.
Communion of Saints. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. 2d.
Gospel Verses for Holy Communion. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. 1d. and 6d.
The Graduated Catechism of Christian Doctrine. 1d.
Confusion and Certainty in Faith and Practice. By Wharton Hewison. 2d.

From SANDS

- Thirty Ways of Hearing Mass*. Compiled by Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Leather, 3s. 6d. net.

From LONGMANS

- The House and Table of God*. By Rev. W. Roche, S.J. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net.
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WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Beaumont Review*, the *Downside Review*, the *Edmundian*, the *Raven*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.

OBITUARY

R. D. RALPH JEROME PEARSON, O.S.B.

MENTALLY and physically Father Jerome Pearson had been a wreck for some years before he died—a wreck which broke up slowly, painfully, piecemeal, like a stranded ship at the mercy of wind and waves. It was a piteous ending for a man like him, always full of life and energy, ever young in mind and manner, so obtrusively cheerful, brim full of fresh ideas and plans for the future. Doubtless he had his hours of depression—reaction of some kind there must have been—but they were never in evidence; he was too kindly and considerate to serve up his low spirits and ill-humour for the entertainment of his friends. We knew him well—one side of him, at least; the one which was always in the sunshine. He was not, however, an optimist; much of his conversation was a breezy criticism or a good-natured grumble; but this was invariably in defence of some opinion or theory or person that he thought to be misjudged or ill-used. He could grow eloquent on two subjects: first, in praise of the mediaevalism of the Pugin school, concerning itself mainly with the Gothic revival in architecture, ritual and chant, and, secondly, in the chivalrous attempt to win sympathy for something or somebody out of fashion, out of favour or out at elbow. In his athletic days—he was a superb football player, and was good, if not excellent, at most games—he liked, and schemed, to be included in the weaker side, and was invariably at his best when trying to snatch for it an unexpected victory. In later years, only his patent loyalty to the Church and the Order saved him from trouble through the indiscriminate identification of himself with lost causes, or because of a generous, if thoughtless and useless, interference on behalf of people very properly and justly under a cloud. It was generally enough to enlist his outspoken sympathy that they had somehow got themselves into a scrape.

Father Jerome did very good work on the mission in Liverpool (at St Mary's and St Anne's), at Ormskirk, in Cumberland, on the east coast at Bedlington, and, in later years, at Barton-on-Humber and Easingwold. But he has left no

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notable achievement behind him, and he will be best remembered for a warm-hearted loyalty to his friends, and for many thoughtful and unexpected acts of kindness—trivial, perhaps, in themselves, ill-judged, perhaps, at times—which brought comfort and encouragement to some who had need of it, if they did not rightly deserve it.

He died on January 8, 1913, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, the forty-ninth of his religious profession and the forty-second of the priesthood. May he rest in peace.

